Outdoor America

NOVEMBER
1925

Price
15 Cents

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

ZANE GREY, CHARLES ALEXANDER, JACK BAUM
DONALD HOUGH, J. R. JONES

The Crew

Captain John Hoag, writer; Frank Wilton, news reel photographer and famed as cameraman with the Oakland Museum's African expedition; Val Woodbury, business man and former naval officer.

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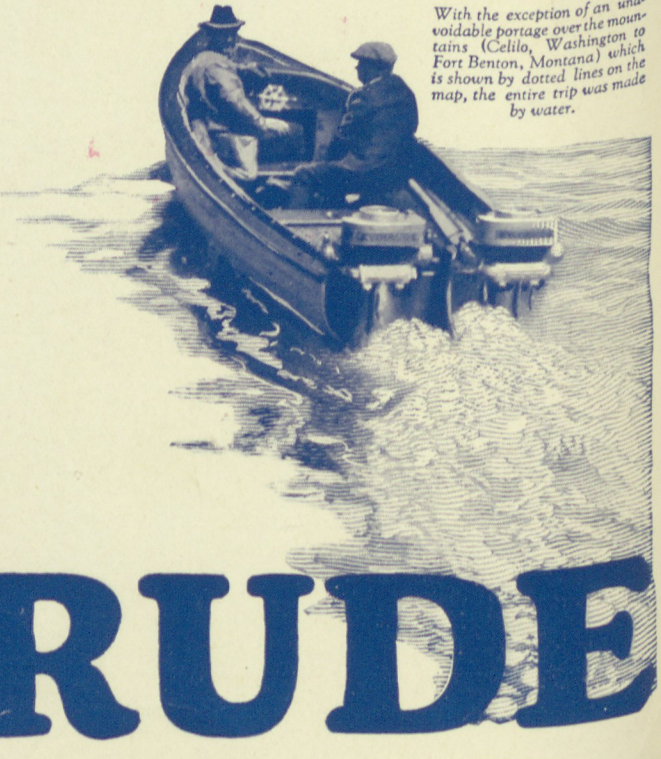

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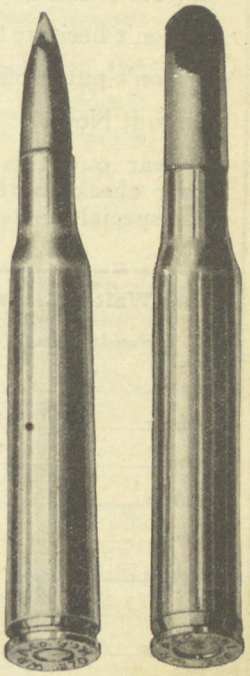

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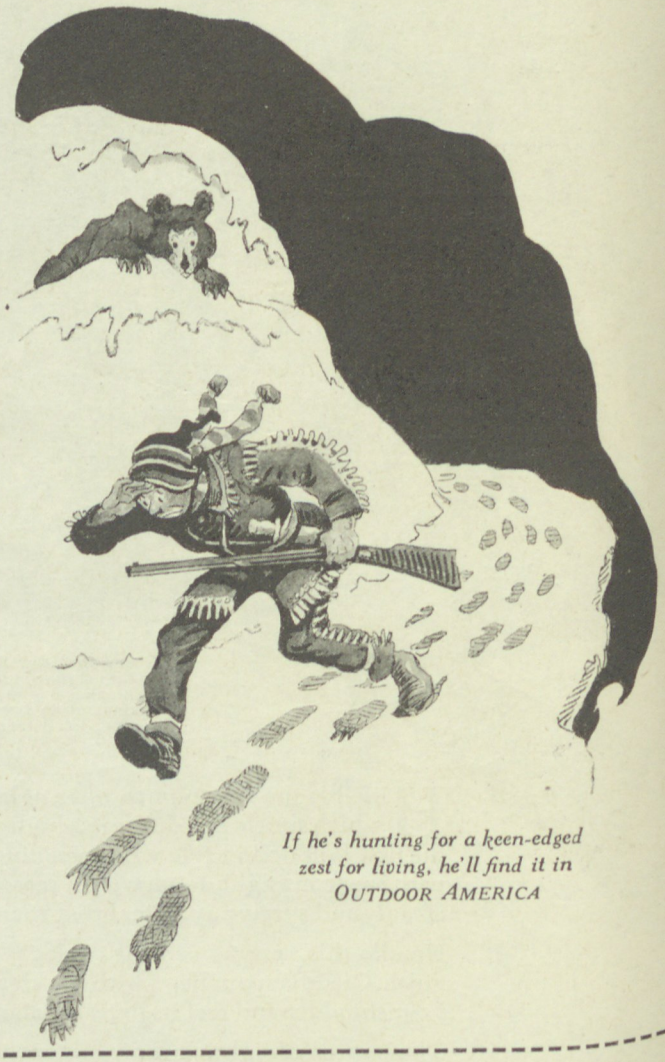

If he's hunting for a keen-edged zest for living, he'll find it in OUTDOOR AMERICA

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Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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30 days' notice must be given for change of address.

Painted for Outdoor America by William Shearer

Dad's

What would you give, Old Timer, just to climb in the loft once more
And swipe Dad's gun and his hunting coat as you did in the days of yore?
What would you trade, Old Timer, for an hour with those mongrel pups?
To feel the thrill of companionship that is lost to the staid grown-ups.

What of your boy, Old Timer, will his memories also glow,
Will he know the joys of the out-of-doors and the other things you know?
What have you done, Old Timer, to perpetuate sports for the lad?
Get busy now, Pardner, and do it so that he will respect his old Dad.

—E. H. R.

Vol. 4 No. 4

November Outdoor America 1925

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Bucks that Play Possum

By CHARLES ALEXANDER

Author of "Fang of the Forest," etc.

FRANK BUSSARD, the leader, stopped sharply in the trail. Behind him the rest of us—the four of us—stopped imitatively and imitatively brought rifles up, ready to pull and shoot. Frank half-stooped, watching under the limbs of the straggling scrub oaks and red laurels. The four of us, like mannequins, likewise stooped.

We saw them. They were our first deer in the Umpqua forest. We were perhaps a mile out on the ten-mile trail from the road to Beaver Creek, where we would camp for ten days. It was just dawn; the light was gray and subtle. Back at the road, back at the ranch of old Isadore Rondeau, chief of the canyon, Mart Bussard, patriarch of the outfit, would be helping load our pack train to follow us in. In darkness we had precariously crossed the Umpqua River on tricky rocks and in darkness found the trail. A deer or two we had heard jump and run from beside the trail.

Now it was light enough to see. Four rifles sprang up. The rifle of Frank, the leader, slunk down again to his side. "Don't shoot," he said. "All does. Jail-bait."

They stood, scarcely distinguishable in the faint light, all poised at attention, heads flung up, big rabbit ears trained in our direction. They were does and yearlings, a spike or two among them possibly, but a spike's horns, screened by his ears, are hard to see. And after a moment, with a bound or two, like rubber balls bouncing, the five of them cleared a great bleached snag and disappeared; and the five of us moved on along the trail.

Photo by W. F. Bartruff.

Only a Doe but a Crackerjack Shot (for a camera).

The white-tail is not especially big, and certainly he is not dangerous; when you return from deer hunting you will be unable, by the grossest misuse of imagination, to compete with the yarns the boys bring home from jungle, sveldt, and muskeg barrens. What you will have is a stock of memories to go to sleep with of winter nights. In your own mind you will know you have stalked one of the fleetest fellows on four feet, and likewise one of the most sagacious. You will have found further, that it is idle to attempt to describe to outsiders what feats you have seen these deer put over. When, for instance, some brother at the soft-drink bar asks about your trip to the Umpquas, and you launch into a really telling word-picture of the buck who disappeared down-hill in forty-foot bounds, you notice the bored tolerance in his eyes. He does not believe you. You have, in fact, reduced the actual bounds to make them reasonable; you found, by stepping it off, that the buck covered fifty-three feet at one bound over brush and windfalls; but even making allowance for the brother's ignorance and cutting the figure to a round forty, he only nods and murmurs to the bartender: "Root beer, please," and to himself, "Horsecollar."

Again, until you have hunted in Southern Oregon, you are in the same position as that unfortunate who had never had the D. T.'s: "You ain't been nowhere and you ain't seen nothin'." Cow Creek, Wolf Creek, the Umpqua, the Rogue, draw their sportsmen each season from Seattle, Portland, San Francisco and way points—a thousand miles of coast-line. Permit me to

suggest that my enthusiasm be overlooked—a week from today I am off for Southern Oregon again.

I don't know what we shall find, but it will be plenty. All considerations of the weather, the moon, the ripeness of prunes and the prohibition regime leave me certain that the unexpected will greet us. I am chary even of Frank Bussard's expert opinions. For Frank, last year, led us to the Umpquas; he had hunted there for five years and knew, in advance, when, where and how many bucks we should secure. He ran every draw he had found bucks in before, and to his surprise no bucks were forthcoming; he led us over burns on mountainsides where he had killed bucks for years, and put up a barren doe or two; and after he had tried everything he had ever tried before he sat down in camp and announced sadly:

"Boys, I'm hornakaboodled. I admit it. It's got me guessing, and I don't mean perhaps."

The author contemplates the mysteries of dish washing.

Not that we saw no deer. We saw hundreds. On the ten-mile trail into Beaver Creek, we had counted up to forty-some before losing count. Big red does, for all the world like Jersey cows, stood indolently under scrub oaks in the natural meadows. Black fawns just born, spotted fawns, towheads, yearling does, red does, singly and in groups of four or five, trotting the trail, standing among the laurels, feeding in the five-acre meadows, hurtling up the hillsides—they were as numerous as jackrabbits and, like jackrabbits, wore no horns. Frank was forever whispering as we watched a group of deer: "Don't shoot. All does."

We had come to the Umpqua not for scenery, not to act as hosts to thousands of yellowjackets, not to write poetry or manufacture moonshine, but to knock down one or two of the thousands of bucks all the veterans of Southern Oregon insisted had to be driven out of camp each night. For scenery, we could have hunted mule-deer in the Paulinas, for example, with five snow-capped peaks of the Cascades ever in sight; for poetry, a copy of Whiz-bang would have sufficed; had we desired only to stand around and ogle demure does, we could have visited a public park anywhere.

How a San Francisco editor looks in Oregon. Fred Michelson, of the Golden Gate.

For bucks we had come to Southern Oregon. Frank had shown us fifty spots where he had killed two or three bucks at one shot in previous years, but no bucks were there now. "They're not where they used to be," Frank continued. "I know they're here, but where? Something's wrong this year. It's a peculiar season. I've felt peculiar all summer. Maybe it's that earthquake in Japan."

"You're going," Hustler Knighten said ominously, "to feel more peculiar yet—oh, much more peculiar indeed—if you don't produce those tame bucks of yours. You're holding out on us."

After order was restored, we sat down to piece together the life-history of male deer with horns, and to dope out, if possible, where the bucks were holding their convention just now, and why. They laid rather high on the low ridges during the intense heat of July, we knew, but by the middle of August were supposed to be moving around and commencing to dispose of their velvet. This was the first trip to the Umpquas of all of us save Frank Bussard, but he gave us his marine oath that always before he had found the bucks moving about Beaver Creek by August 15. We had come in later this year—September 10; it was now September 14, and still no bucks were to be found, save for a few spikes and forked-horns.

Still, this had been the dryest season in history—Mrs. Rondeau, an aged Indian, had assured us that she had lived in Deadman for sixty years and never had she seen such a long and dry summer. Whither, in the light of this, had the bucks scamooched to? We had toiled for a terrific day on a great high burn, among rattlesnakes and fallen pole timber; for two days we had hunted Picket Butte, the highest point for miles, dividing and circling the butte in two parties, working to its top, and finding no bucks. They must have moved, Frank thought, entirely out of the state of Oregon; they were not high and they were not low; but the rest of us were ignorant enough to imagine they could not be far away, since so many hundreds of does browsed everywhere in the lower meadows.

You know all kinds of deer hunting; driving the thickets with your scent, playing the wind, trailing, placing your men and driving a draw, and all the tricks. They all are based on the assumption that the bucks are wary and sneak for home at the first sight, sound or whiff of man. When we found these bucks we found them under our noses, and we found them behaving opposite to anything I had ever seen, heard from the lips of hunters, or read in the books of those experts whose writing exceeds their information. An Indian ranger came through and said: "Look in the vine-maples." It seemed further, from his talk, that for a period of one week or two, immediately before the rutting season, the bucks lay under vine-maples, nibbled nothing but the maple leaves, never moved from their tracks and emerged only when the rutting fever conquered them, then to rampage and keep rampaging for several weeks without pause. We had struck the Umpquas exactly at the time when the bucks were bedded morosely, horns hard, awaiting the indefinable signal that should call them forth.

The Indian rode on. The first vine-maples were perhaps three hundred yards from camp. It was mid-afternoon, and hot. We hurried to the vine-maples, sending four does scuttling

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 43]

"Dad" Bussard, who met a timber wolf on the trail.

CARRIGAN'S GHOST, or the ballad of "MOONSHINE SHACK."

(Lines found written on a piece of birch bark.)

Revised and Illustrated by

EVERETT E. LOWRY

EDITOR'S NOTE: In submitting this queer MS. for publication, the finder, Mr. Lowry, believed it to be either a hoax, or the vagary of some idling genius, but inquiry has since disclosed the fact that there actually did live, in the neighborhood referred to, a character tallying with the descriptive verses written on the birch bark. It seems that he was a sort of independent distiller and chemist—in a quiet way, of course—and was quite popular among muskie fishermen of the older school. His sudden, if not violent, retirement from business was a shock to his many friends, it is said.

OH, a hunted man was Carrigan,
With record black as sin,
Who never knew, while mixing brew,
When shootin' would begin;
But hummed a tune, and brewed the
"moon—"
Likewise synthetic gin.

His shack stood near a glassy mere,
(It was the lake called "High")
Where he might note each passing boat,
And keep a watchful eye—
For look-see men had marked his den,
And he was a dangerous guy.

NOW "Muskie Dan" was a real He-man,
Up there in the Big Outdoors;
A silent chap, who chewed his "scrap,"
And manned two steady oars;
And smoked a pipe that was o'er ripe,
And he slept in his underdrawers.

With axe and saw, and Mackinaw,
He had cut a swath full wide
As Lumber Jack, but now, alack!
For vanity and pride,
He needs must row the H2O,
A meek and lowly guide.

He needs must row the H2O—
His birthright he must sell—
And hark to tales of captured whales,
His simple scholars tell,
The while he tours with dripping oars,
The snag-toothed littoral.

But "Muskie Dan" and Carrigan
Were as companions boon,
And the weary guest, who came for rest,
Or to trail the listless spoon,
Was rowed to gin, in a sylvan inn,
Or introduced to "moon."

Dan cocked his head for the next weed bed,
On "High," or old "Fishtrap,"
While from shore to shore served as cuspidor,

And the weary guest, who came for rest, or to trail the listless spoon, was rowed to gin in a sylvan inn, or introduced to moon.

As he took a chew of "scrap";
But you knew naught of his secret thought,
For he was a silent chap.

Yes, you knew naught of his secret thought,
Though his fancies may have strayed
To the mad, free fun of the "big spring run,"
Or the "jam," or the "old stockade—"
Or to drinking dens, "when friends *were* friends,"
Or fought o'er fickle jade.

Then would it seem Dan's eyes would gleam,
And his pipe stem gurgle hoarse,
As for "Moonshine Shack" he'd take a tack,
And grimly hold his course—
Ambrosial cup! One fiery sup!
Ye gods ! ! - ? * ! ! but what remorse.

Now should you ride with Dan the guide—

"IT'S an even bet they'll get you yet,"
Quoth Dan, facetiously,
As he drank a toast to Carrigan's ghost,
And the devil on a spree.
But Carrigan said he'd not stay dead,
But come back for a jamboree.

Thus Carrigan defied all men—
All law, and the devil too;
For he claimed "Old Nick" was just plumb sick
For a jolt of his home brew.
"But I'll see him in hell 'fore he gets a smell,"
He grinned and his boast came true.

A NIGHT attack took "Moonshine Shack,"
In the twinkling of an eye.
It disappeared in a manner weird—
(No corpus delicti)
But the natives tell of a sulphur smell,
As High Lake went bone dry.

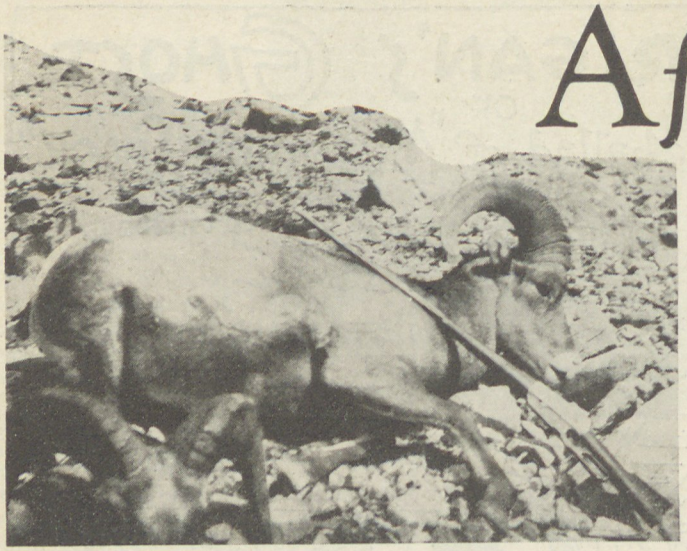
Now should you ride with Dan, the guide,
You'll note, at evenfall,
How, beneath the tan, this big He-man
Pales at the loon's sad call.
He strikes a light, to take affright
At shadows on the wall.

For on frozen nights, 'neath Northern Lights,
Says Gossip, with eery thrill,
A spook glides back to a vanished shack,
In search of a battered still.
But if Dan keeps faith with this tipsy wraith,
'Tis quite against his will.

Yet he must suppose, when the night wind blows,
And whines around his shack;
Or growls in tousled pine, and howls
Through creeking tamarack;
Or bangs the door—the bolted door—
It's Carrigan, come back.

After Bighorn

By JACK BAUM



We don't know yet whether we got the biggest in the bunch.

Mr. Baum, a nationally known authority on hunting, has just returned from Alaska, where he has spent the last five months hunting and studying the habits of the Kadiak bear. His story of this splendid trip will start with the January issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

CLIMBING for mountain sheep is the hardest work in the world. But its rewards are proportionate. There is no other sport left upon the American continent to compare with it. Why?

Because the bighorn inhabits the most rugged, most stupendous and inaccessible sections of our mountain regions. The most magnificent and awe-inspiring scenery of the continent is a part of the bighorn's front lawn. His doorstep is a mighty crag with a thousand foot sheer drop to swift and turbulent glacier-fed streams. From the old ram's front porch the world lies outspread thousands of feet below the hunter. Range upon snowy range, cloud-capped, may be seen for a hundred miles on a clear day from the old monarch's bailiwick. In the sight of the sheep hunter the hills and valleys and prairies below stretch away to infinity like the billows of a vast and frozen sea.

Your old ram alone or possibly with several of his massive horned boon companions takes his station literally upon the top of the world. And upon those high and jagged sky-piercing pinnacles the old Trojan is at home to receive his Nimrod callers. To the experienced sportsman with imagination and a real love of nature in her wilder aspects there comes, in these elevated solitudes, a rare appreciation of the vastness and magnitude of the earth and a healthy realization of his own littleness that strikes home with a keenness at times that almost causes actual pain. The grandeur and surpassing beauty of that panorama of mountain and glen, canyon and plain, crag and butte and snow-capped peak has an effect upon the spirit and morale of the sheep hunter that cannot be described in words. It must be known and felt to be appreciated. Which brings us down to the story.

It was not without some misgivings that we learned, just before the middle of September, the date set for our departure from the ranch on upper Green River, Wyoming, that our cook had been ravaged away to perform his intricate culinary operations on the roundup; that another cook could not be found in the country upon short notice and that we should therefore be compelled to do our own cooking.

"Can any of us cook anything, and if so, what?" inquired Dick, as he bent over to fold the big tent.

"I can't cook a thing," volunteered Jay, hopefully, "but man, oh man, I can sure eat things! You'd—be—surprised!"

"Cooking?" questioned Tex, with a retrospective air. "Seems to me I've heard of that before. 'Tis a pastime or indoor sport played with pots and pans and a fire. Am I right?"

"Did we ever let a little thing like cooking whip us? I ask to know?" remarked Dick.

"Never," we chorused as we sat full fed in the midst of camp duffle scattered on the floor. And again: "Never!"

That night, I remember, I dreamed of Jove, god of the ancients, seated not upon Mt. Olympus as he should have been, but perched high upon the rocky spires of Fremont's peak overlooking the ranch. He was surrounded by a Greek phalanx of greasy cooks while a noble bighorn ram with wide curling horns sat at his right hand and a giant bull elk stood at his left. The great Jove was amusing himself hurling, not his usual thunderbolts, but grimy pots and pans at our little pack train as it wound slowly past the foot of his throne bound for Green River lake. I could see the horses stampede, scattering our outfit over a thousand hills. Hills covered with asphodel or sagebrush, I could not make out which. Thank heaven, it was only a dream!

It should be understood that neither Jay, Dick or Tex had ever hunted anything larger than birds before. In fact Jay and Dick had never been west of Pittsburgh. The law requires one guide for each group of three non-resident hunters. I was, therefore, officially guide of the party, although for the most part we hunted alone and took turns with the cooking.

There is a great cliff on the south side of Upper Green River lake that rises sheer to a vast height. It appears straight up and down and, looking across the lake as our pack train wound around the north shore, one would not have thought it possible that an animal could have found footing anywhere along that stupendous rock wall. But as we came in sight, Tex, who was riding in the lead, called back and pointed. There in plain view was a small bunch of mountain sheep, evidently startled by our approach, dashing with reckless speed fron the lower part of the cliff on a precarious zigzag trail to the top. It was a revelation in acrobatics. We sat our horses and watched, spellbound! There were eight in the herd, several were lambs, and as we watched I know we all expected momentarily to see one or two miss the footing and come tumbling to the base of the cliff. But the sure-footed animals did not pause and all disappeared over the top in short, but ground covering, buckjumps. We pitched camp a short distance above the upper lake.

Pack horses are as temperamental as opera singers. There never were two pack horses alike. Some are excellent camp

DR. C. J. SWAN, who recently visited the grave of Izaak Walton in Winchester Cathedral, England, tells of the following quaint inscription engraved on the marble slab covering the grave:

"Here resteth the body of Mr. Izaak Walton, who died the 15th of December 1683. Alas hees gone before—gone to return no more. Our panting breaths aspire after their aged sire, Whose well-spent life did last, full minutes, years and past But now he hath begun that which will ne'er be done. Crowned with eternal bliss, we wish our souls with his."

This indicates the high esteem in which our patron was held by his followers and we thank Dr. Swan for sending it to us.

animals and others will stray away and hide in the timber regularly. But there seems to be one point upon which all pack horses are agreed; that they should start for home, hobbles and all, on the first night out. I have never known them to neglect this little procedure. And, of course, the next morning our horses were nowhere in sight. But as it turned out in this case it was fortunate for me that those ponies left. With an armful of bridles and halters I started on the back trail after a hasty breakfast, and had not covered more than a mile when I found one of our saddle animals, Teddy, caught fast with hobbles tangled in the down timber. Expecting a long chase I rode him back to camp, put a saddle on, and shoved my thirty-forty in the scabbard.

An hour or two later, as I topped a rise in somewhat open country, I happened, by the merest luck, to be looking in the right direction to see two big gray wolves trotting unconcernedly up a wide draw. If I had not seen those two pirates of the range the very instant that my head appeared over the crest they would have seen me and as they were fully a quarter of a mile away, I should never in the world have gotten a shot. As it happened they did not see me at all and I pulled my horse back down the hillside, dismounted, tied the reins to a stirrup and crawled on hands and knees back to the top of the low hill.

The two wolves were evidently returning from a nocturnal foray of some sort. Perhaps the carcass of a calf elk somewhere in the timber bore silent witness to their operations. They were now making their way leisurely up the draw. And as I lay in the grass on the low hilltop and watched them, I knew just why it is that one so seldom sees a wolf even in a country where many are known to exist. For the precautions they took as they loafed along up the draw were the most careful and painstaking imaginable. There was scarcely a moment's time when one or the other was not sniffing the breeze and every few yards in their progress one would stop dead still and calmly turn his head, deliberately watching not only the back trail but all sides as well. Several times one or the other sat down on his hunkers, thrust his gray nose into the air and tested the wind for the taint of possible enemies. Their system of watchfulness was the last word in efficiency.

The course they were following would lead them past my place of concealment at right angles but would not bring them closer than five hundred yards. There was no possible way in which I could circle ahead and intercept the two marauders. The country was too open for that. There was nothing to do but raise the sights, wait until one stopped to look around and take a chance on a long shot. Lying on the brow of the hill with a good rest on the ground in front I did this. The one I shot at was standing immediately in front of a gravelly bank. The bullet passed about a foot over his back, striking the bank on his other side, sending a shower of loose gravel and sand tumbling down the little incline. The old pirate gave one hasty glance at the spot where the bullet had hit the bank, whirled and dashed at full speed directly away from the place where the thirty-forty bullet had struck; which meant that he was headed straight for my hidden position!

We saw fresh tracks here but no sheep.

Carefully, I threw in another shell and waited. The second wolf, having been some distance in the lead when the shot was fired, ran straight ahead and soon disappeared and I saw him no more. The one headed in my direction continued on a dead run, for something like half the distance to my hilltop. Then, not hearing any more shots, he stopped, undecided. But he was far too wise to remain still more than a second, and, glancing hastily around for sight of the firer of the shot, resumed his run in my direction. On he came, leaping high over rocks and sage brush that lay in his way and as he drew near I could plainly see the long gray hair on his chest parted by the wind. I waited until he was within fifty feet. Then stood up. When he saw me the old killer of calves slammed on all the brakes he had. His hind feet fairly slid along the ground in his effort to stop. He was too close for a miss and my bullet took him at the base of the neck. He turned a complete "houlihan" and was dead when I got to him.

That first day was a lucky day all round. For Jay returned to camp late that night, dog tired, but lugging a fair sheep head. He had set out to climb a high ridge that connected two peaks and when just above timber line had walked over a rocky spur that jutted from the mountainside and had almost stumbled over the ram. It was a good sizeable head: Nothing out of the ordinary, but large enough to make an excellent mount.

During the next two weeks we had varying luck. Each of us, with the exception of Tex, had managed to bring in a fair ram. Poor Tex, somehow or other, had not been able to collect. As there was but one more week left in which to hunt, we noticed about this time that Tex began to develop symptoms of uneasiness. He looked worried and I could see plainly that he had something on his mind. He left camp earlier mornings and stayed out later nights than the rest of us. I never saw a man hunt as hard as he did during that last week. I'd be afraid to estimate the number of miles he covered each day between dawn and dark. He fairly wore the hills down, climbing and climbing. So far he had had but one shot, a long running shot, and had not connected. Now, it was plain to see, he was afraid of making a failure. Afraid he would have to return empty handed.

"It must be that I'm not as good at this stuff as you fellows," he remarked a dozen times during that last week.

I didn't know what to do about it. He was hunting as hard as anybody could, and I think, too, as quietly and carefully as the rest of us. He just didn't seem to have the luck and that was all. Which only goes to show that you never know what luck is storing up for you! And the fickle goddess, always incomprehensible, came with a grand flourish and with one swoop slung a wreath of bays and laurels around Tex's bowed head!

There was one particularly steep and lofty peak some miles to the south of our camp. It looked like a good place for sheep. We could see without being any closer that it would be a most difficult

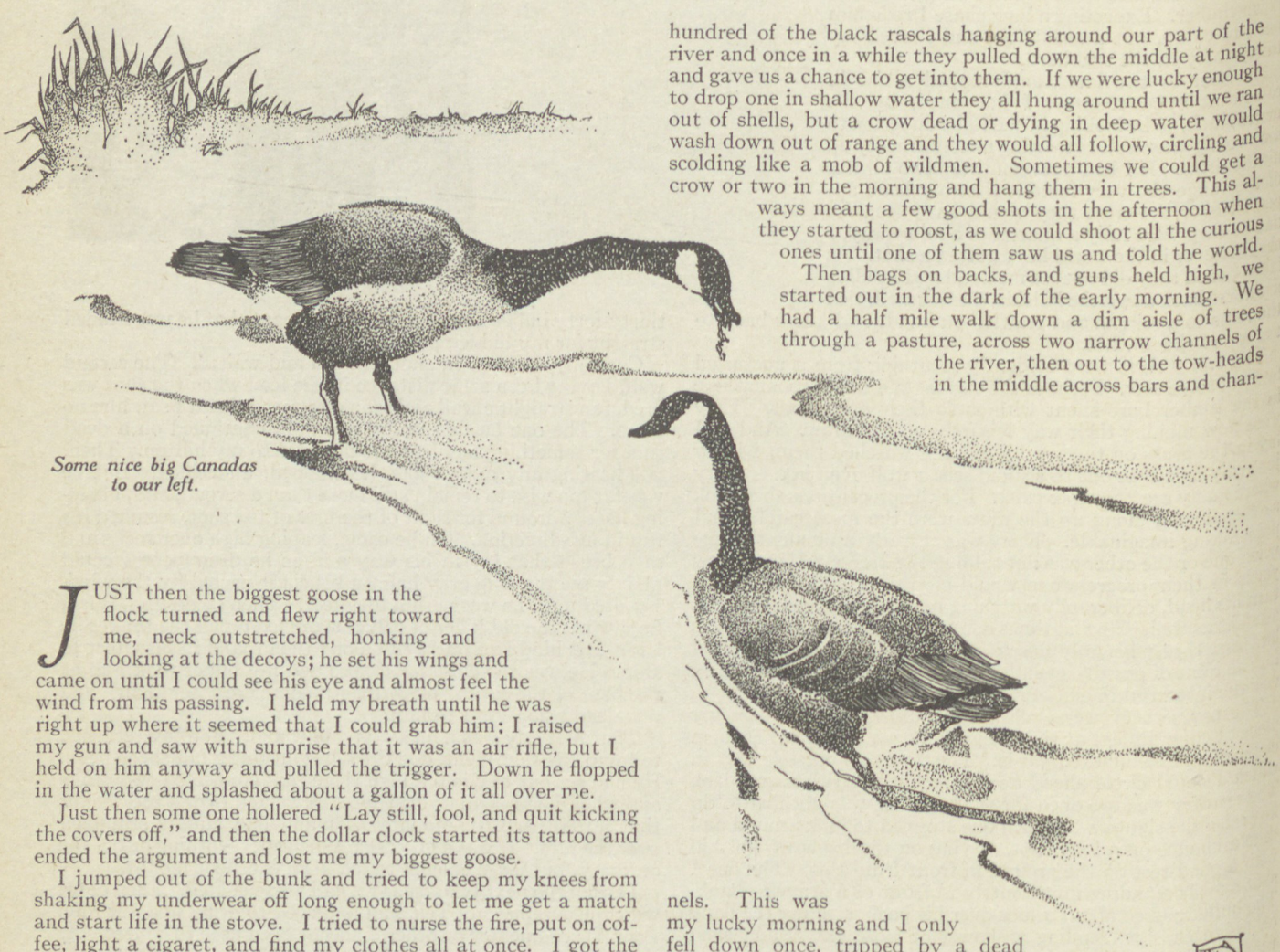
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 48]

Packing up.

More About Mallards

By KENNETH D. PHILLIPS

Illustrations by Eustace Lee Florance, Jr.



Some nice big Canadas to our left.

JUST then the biggest goose in the flock turned and flew right toward me, neck outstretched, honking and looking at the decoys; he set his wings and came on until I could see his eye and almost feel the wind from his passing. I held my breath until he was right up where it seemed that I could grab him; I raised my gun and saw with surprise that it was an air rifle, but I held on him anyway and pulled the trigger. Down he flopped in the water and splashed about a gallon of it all over me.

Just then some one hollered "Lay still, fool, and quit kicking the covers off," and then the dollar clock started its tattoo and ended the argument and lost me my biggest goose.

I jumped out of the bunk and tried to keep my knees from shaking my underwear off long enough to let me get a match and start life in the stove. I tried to nurse the fire, put on coffee, light a cigaret, and find my clothes all at once. I got the fire started and the cigaret lit but I couldn't find my other sock, so I hopped over to the pump on one wool-clad foot and then found I couldn't hop back without spilling water all over me; ice water at that. Oh, damn! Why don't I have sense enough to break an arm in the fall so I wont have to hunt ducks, or why can't I be rich and hunt them in the south where my cold hands won't be?

Finally I found my sock, hanging on the line right where I had left it, got the fire roaring, got my pants and the coffee on, slid into all my shirts and looked for a couple more. Then I sat down in the heat of the old woodburner and watched Ed drop batter on the soapstone griddle, and say! when those cakes began to bubble and turn up around the edge I wouldn't go south to hunt dinosaurs.

Then breakfast—bacon, real curly brown fruit of the hog, eggs, fruit of the hen, hot buttered pancakes that would make Aunt Jemima jealous and maple syrup from the Vermont hills where they raise such good Presidents. I forgot to tell Ed about my dream and the big goose I killed with an air gun. I forgot most every one of our past joys and all the sorrows. If they fed Hercules on the same kind of breakfasts that duck-shooters get, it is no wonder he performed miracles.

After breakfast and a short smoke, Ed put up a lunch while I packed the bags to carry out on the river, forty decoys, gloves, hand axes, and a hundred shells in each, just to allow for the crows that might come our way. We always had several hundred of the black rascals hanging around our part of the river and once in a while they pulled down the middle at night and gave us a chance to get into them. If we were lucky enough to drop one in shallow water they all hung around until we ran out of shells, but a crow dead or dying in deep water would wash down out of range and they would all follow, circling and scolding like a mob of wildmen. Sometimes we could get a crow or two in the morning and hang them in trees. This always meant a few good shots in the afternoon when they started to roost, as we could shoot all the curious ones until one of them saw us and told the world.

Then bags on backs, and guns held high, we started out in the dark of the early morning. We had a half mile walk down a dim aisle of trees through a pasture, across two narrow channels of the river, then out to the tow-heads in the middle across bars and channels. This was my lucky morning and I only fell down once, tripped by a dead limb in the shadow of a big cottonwood. We took a three-hundred pound friend one morning and there is a lake now where he fell.

We reached the tow-head where we had our blind, without mishap, except a few willow twigs in my best eye, and found some fine decoy water at the head of the bar, about four inches deep, nearly a hundred yards above us and running pretty well out into the river. We were a little early but we put the decoys out, looked them over and moved a few, and then Ed went out to the deep edge to put in a few pullers while I straightened up the blind. We always put a few birds way out to catch the eagle eye of old papa mallard when he first hits our bend of the river, then a string up along the bar, and a heavy bunch well up wind to pull the wild flocks above us for a shot.

Off to one side, well up wind on a shallow bar we set our goose decoys. They are big enough to be seen most anywhere but we like them well up wind as a goose has to go right by the blind to be a sure victim and they are about the hardest things to pick up if they aren't dead. We carry those goose decoys over a lot of miles for nothing, but now and then comes a time when they are worth their weight in gold, and our prayer for geese is answered. Most any old trip has ducks in it but the trips when you get geese are history—the geese are the boys to think and talk about.

Just before sunrise a pair of mallards swung in and lit about

fifty yards in front of us at the head of the decoys, the drake with his head up and the hen calling the profiles, her head now and then half under water which resulted in a spooky squawk, enough to scare out tin ducks. However, they didn't seem greatly annoyed. We were too chilly to sit still but the mallards didn't mind, and walked around and ate our sand and gravel to help digest the corn pilfered in the neighboring fields before dawn. Finally Ed got cold sitting around trying to keep still and he jumped up and waved his hat at them, shouting like a heathen dancer, and calling threats that would shame a cannibal. The mallards towered up out of the water, circled back to see the crazy men that scared them, and then headed up the river to spread the news.

Then sunrise! Off in the east appeared the first crimson arc of the rising orb, dull and distended by the morning mists, growing and growing until it seemed to leap into the sky. We watched the first rays tip the willows, sparkle from the frosty fields, spread across the gilded bars, and finally flash on the leaping riffles, and gleaming swirls of the water. Then like a bullet, a merganzer shot by us, down wind about level with our eyes and so close we both ducked. By the time we had our guns up he was out of range but we had identified him about that time and didn't want him anyway. There we stood, guns in hand, eyes down river, blinking in the sunlight, when a dozen mallards whirled in from behind the island and insisted on trying to light in the decoys. By the time we recovered from the shock they were pretty well out but at the first shot they flared up in the wind and swung back over us, giving us seven of the big fellows when our carelessness should have cost us all of them. It was hunter's luck.

> A Waltonian should live so that he can meet any barefoot boy, and look him in the face, and then feel, in his own heart, that he is doing something to save that boy's sport.

We picked up our birds, stuck them out on willows, and looked around for more. A man is certainly wide awake for a few minutes after being surprised by a bunch of birds, but we had a long wait for another bunch. We did, however, have a little thrill. A single mallard swung in and dropped in the water outside the decoys, and too far up the river to be in danger, but at the earnest request of Eddie's duck call he decided to come over. When he was so close we could almost whisper to him, Ed jumped up and hollered so loud it stopped my right ear for the whole day. The mallard went right straight up, wings going like mad and head out about two feet; his bill open, both feet kicking, and if he wasn't racing his motor I lose a guess. After what seemed like two minutes of laughing at the old greenhead's footwork, Ed folded him up and we had one more feathered neck to smooth. Funny how a wild duck always tries to spoil a trip by getting away.

Then we ate a little, drank some coffee and argued about the best cigarets and the poorest guns. We counted our eight ducks and surveyed the river for more, but nothing doing. We shot a duck hawk and two crows, thereby killing the pursued and the pursuers, and missed a teal. It was our fault we missed the teal, but he also missed us so we were even. He came shooting in behind us so close he nearly broke my neck, and I hope he learned a lesson that he couldn't have learned if we had hit him.

Then we listened to the rabbit shooters, just starting out on the far shore, now and then shooting from one to seven times, according to how many of them saw the rabbit and how lucky he was.

It seemed like we would do well to join them as our duck shooting outlook was pretty bad. We looked and looked, and hoped and despaired. The air got warmer and even the crows settled down in the trees and were quiet. Maybe I dropped asleep but I sure came up with my eyes open when Ed kicked me and hollered: "Here they come—look at that million mallards—and only four miles high."

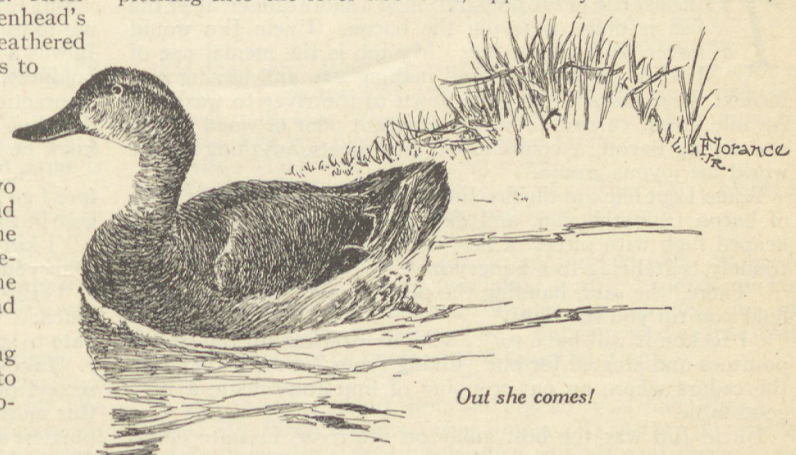
Down the river, 'way over the highest trees on the islands came a long string of ducks, spread out looking for a safe place to rest and drink.

Not much chance to tempt them in so close to our willow covered bar, but it was certainly thrilling to watch them. On they came, dipping and swinging from side to side, more like the tail of an immense kite than a bunch of birds. Then about the time they were nearly over us, about two hundred yards high, and we had decided that they were definitely lost to us, a miracle occurred, and in our favor.

Under the big bunch and behind them, down along the water came seven birds, just about under the left end of the string from where we were. When we saw them the seven were all set to come in, wings rigid and heads turned, the hens just starting to talk to our decoys. We froze in the blind and started to call, trying to coax them up in front of us, either unmindful of the big bunch or figuring that seven was better than no birds.

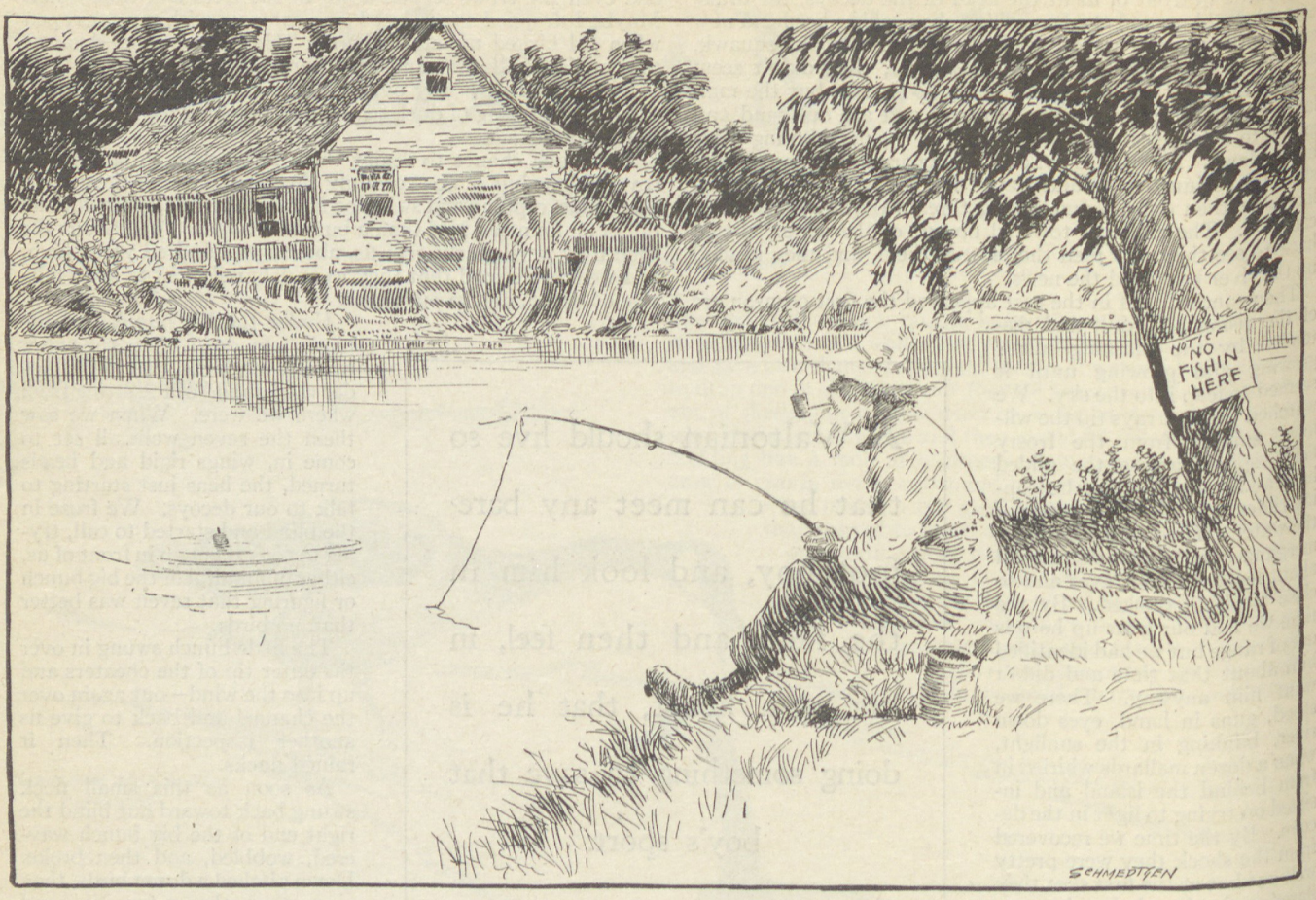
The little bunch swung in over the outer tip of the cheaters and up into the wind—out again over the channel and back to give us another inspection. Then it rained ducks.

As soon as this small flock swung back toward our blind the right end of the big bunch wavered, wobbled, and then broke. Down pitched a dozen birds, then some more, then a few scattered stragglers, and a few more together until finally the whole gang, several hundred ducks, broke up into tens, dozens, and scores and started to circle us. Down wind in a string half a mile long and back up around us. We had from ten to a hundred mallards at each point of the compass. We sat spellbound and watched them out the back of the blind as they swung downward on set wings and then worked back behind us. We watched them swing, a living whirlpool of ducks. We had a dozen bunches right in front of us at a few yards range; other bunches coming behind and still others out in front starting back on the circle, while hundreds of birds were further out on all sides. While we sat and marvelled two other big flocks came up river, broke and came down, one joining the circle and one pitching into the river above us, apparently from the sound, being a few yards outside the decoys, but we didn't look.



Out she comes!

We had so many birds in sight that we never turned around; it seemed that all the ducks on the river were trying to find a place on our little bar. But all things must end and after enjoying the thrill of swinging bodies, beating wings, and calling ducks for what seemed hours, our hearts started beating and we decided to teach them a lesson. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 43]



Uncle Jim's Pet 'Lunge

By P. A. CONNOLLY

Illustrated by William Schmedtgen

THE last rite in the preparation of a shore dinner, after the fish is done, is frying the bacon. Uncle Jim would never trust this to me. My job is the menial one of boiling the potatoes and making tea, and having performed these tasks I had gone down to the river to wash up. An idle breeze carried to me the fragrant odor of wood smoke and frying bacon, a combination that beats anything in the world for joyous aroma.

When I got back to the fire Jim was on his knees forking slabs of bacon from the pan, and depositing them on a tin plate heaped high with pieces of fish, brown and beautiful, and extremely tantalizing to a hungry man.

"There," he said, handing the plate to me, "I guess that'll hold you till you eat right."

"I reckon it will have to," I said, as I picked up the pail of potatoes and started for our "dining room," a recess between the cedars where an out-cropping of limestone made a very good table.

Uncle Jim was the best guide on the river, in spite of his years. He had turned seventy when I first met him ten years before, and I had taken him on at the time with some reluctance, as I did not believe he could put in the full, strenuous day I was accustomed to.

But he fooled me, for every morning ours was the first boat to leave the house, and the last to return in the late afternoon, a practice which the increasing years did not change. And he surely knew where the bass were. He was uncanny in this. Time after time he would say: "There's a bass back of that stump," and sure enough, a cast would bring a strike.

But it was not so much his knowledge of the river that drew me to him, as it was the man himself. He had a personality. It was a mixture of shyness and spontaneity, of timidity and boldness, and he had a dry and quizzical humor which he liked to practice on me; and his numerous stories, told in his quaint, drawling vernacular, were a source of delight, even when I knew he was "stringing" me outrageously.

"Jim," I said, after five minutes of industrious silence, "before I go back home this trip I want to get a big 'lunge, the biggest in the river. Want to mount it for my office."

"I kin get you one, but you'll have to do a lot more trollin' than you do now," Jim mumbled.

"Yes, I suppose so," I replied, not relishing the idea very much. "Trolling is well enough between bass grounds, but I'd hate to spend all my time at it like some of these fellows do."

"Like Archie MacEwen does," said Jim, helping himself to a second piece of bass. "A dam'd old fishin' fool. Out trollin' this morning at five o'clock; does nothin' but troll, and he the purtiest and best bait caster that ever come up here, bar none." Jim looked indignant.

"That's saying something, Jim."

"Sayin' a lot, but it's true. I know you think you kin cast, but y' aint a patch on him."

The remark was characteristic. He was constantly trying to get a rise out of me, and I usually rose to his lure, as it invariably got him started on one of his yarns.

I adjusted a boat cushion under my head, and with a sense of comfort and repletion, stretched out on the soft, springy turf.

"I don't know your friend Archie, Jim, or anything about his

casting ability, but I'll make you a little bet that I will bring in more fish tonight than he does."

Jim shook his head. "No," he said, "I'd lose. Mack won't bring in nary a fish."

"What?" I exclaimed.

"Not a fish. He might ketch a few, but he'll put 'em back, and nobody'll ever see 'em."

He was shaving shreds of tobacco from a black and vicious looking plug, with which he filled a short stemmed pipe.

"Well, Jim," I sighed, sitting up and reaching for my pipe and bag as the pungent fumes arose, "I hope some day, in the very far off future, that I may reach the state where I will fish only for the fishing; but just now I kinda like to show my catch, and eat it, too."

"Sure," said Jim, his eyes roving over the remains of our dinner. "But y' aint got the idea. Mack hates 'em."

"Hates what?"

"Hates fish!"

"Oh, I know a lot of folks that don't like fish—"

"Sufferin' Chipmunks!" said Jim, disgustedly. Jim has a choice assortment of expletives, but this was his favorite one when the universal stupidity of people, especially Yanks, was made unusually manifest.

"Archie MacEwen," he said, pointing the stem of his pipe at me accusingly, "puts the fish back in the water because, mind ye, he hates 'em. He doesn't want 'em, and he cusses hell out of 'em."

"Why, the man must be crazy! What does he fish for if he feels that way about it?"

"He's no crazier 'n you be," returned Jim. "He's after Old Abe and he won't take nothin' else."

"Old Abe?" I asked. "Oh, yes, the sea serpent?"

"Sea serpent, hell! Old Abe's a musky that's more'n a hundred years old. Leastways, he was as big in '63 as he is today."

I couldn't altogether hide my smile, but Jim didn't seem to mind it.

"Back in '63," he continued, "I see Old Abe for the first time. I was just turned eighteen. I'd oughter remember it cause that was the year I left home to go down to the States to help you Yanks fight the Rebs."

"You fought in the Civil War, Jim?" I asked, surprised.

"Had a year of it," he replied, the old blue eyes taking on a faraway look. "All that summer I'd been gunning for Old Abe; no use to try for him on a line—he wouldn't touch a spoon or frog, wouldn't even touch a fox squirrel I'd rigged up once—and the night before I left home I was out in the canoe with Susie—"

"Your sweetheart?"

"Naw, my rifle! It was right after sun down, mind ye, an' I was touchin' the water with my paddle jes' enough to keep her movin'. I was headed up the river, between Stave Island and the north shore—deep water there, you know—lookin' right into the western sky. The river was flat as that fryin' pan, and looked like some one had spilled a lot of red hot iron all over it. They wasn't a sound. I'd forgotten Old Abe, an' was wonderin' where I'd be, come another month, when right in front of my canoe, not more'n ten feet away, mind ye, something lay on the surface. It didn't come up with a plop. They wasn't a ripple made. It was jes' as though it had always been there, but I knew it hadn't.

"I was jes' a kid then, an' kinda excited, an' Susie went off before I meant she should. Say! That 'lunge went out of the water six feet, an' when he lit I was jes' as wet as he was. I aint lyin' when I tell you he was half as long as my canoe."

Jim was grinding another charge of tobacco between the palms of his hands.

"And you think Jim, that it was the same fish MacEwen is now after?"

"I know it was; and I'll tell you why. 'Bout a year after I left home I got a letter from my brother Charlie. I was in Georgia then, with Sherman, headin' for the sea, but I never got there—feel that."

He edged his right shoulder toward me, and under my fingers, through the cotton shirt, I could feel, deeply imbedded in the muscles, a hard round object.

"Minie ball," said Jim, "only thing I got out of your dern old war. But as I was sayin', I got a letter from Charlie while I was in hospital, an' he told me he had seen Old Abe that spring, and that there was a hole in his dorsal fin you could put your finger through. Made by my bullet."

"Interesting, Jim, but that doesn't prove—"

"It don't, eh? Well, ask MacEwen, or ask Charlie, or ask me now, an' I'll tell you Old Abe is still out in the river, carryin' that hole in his sail. I seen him in April, an' I seen him again in June, an' I or you might see him again tonight."

"Unless MacEwen catches him today."

"Mack won't ketch him today, or any other day. He had holt of him once, five years ago, an' it sp'ilt him."

"Spoilt the 'lunge, or Mack?"

"Sp'ilt Mack. Won't fish for nothin' but Old Abe. Stopped casting; keeps comin' here year after year an' spends all his time trollin' the big channel. Brings the derndest lot of spoons and dingle bugs you ever see. But they aint no lure ever made, or ever will be made, that'll take Old Abe."

* * *

I was thinking about Jim, and his story of Old Abe, as I drifted idly down the river after supper. It was my invariable custom to leave my fellow fishermen to their card game, or to their tales of lost fish, and, in one of the light skiffs, have a quiet evening hour to myself, fishing or not as the fancy moved me.

Uncle Jim was garrulous, and had told me innumerable stories about his adventures as hunter and trapper and lumberjack. Like most of his kind he loved to lay it on thick, especially if a stranger were present, but I was usually able to differentiate between his fact and his fiction. Curiously enough he had never before told me about Old Abe and MacEwen; neither

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE

By Dr. C. F. Whiteshield

If you love the fertile valleys and the wooded covered hills,
If you love the rushing rivers and the quiet flowing rills,
If you're keen for hunt and fishing over bog and mossy fen
And delight with dog for company, cleaning out some varmints' den,
If you like a lake encircled by a wall of virgin trees
Where your boat goes gently drifting, as you cast your bait with ease,
If you love a camp fire gleaming as you sit beside your tent
And envisage how the big one broke the line as down he went,
Then to rest in dreamless slumber and forget the day's fatigue
You're the man that should immediately join the *Izaak Walton League.*

If you favor flies for casting, or the little wiggly worm
Or prefer the wicked wabbler and its up and down and squirm,
If you like cut bait or minnows, or the swiftly whirling spoon,
If you do your fishing morning, late at night or just at noon,
If you like to don the waders with a lunch within your creel,
If you like a line and sapling, or a fancy rod and reel,
If you care to meet a fellow with a drop upon his hip
And can tell a fishing story as you take a little nip,
You're the man that we've been wanting and your fancy we'll intrigue
And we'll treat you like a brother in the *Izaak Walton League.*

If you're good at fancy shooting, bursting pigeons made of clay
Or prefer a bulls eye target just a mile or more away,
If you're happy with your pointer shooting quail upon the wing—
Or prefer the houn' dog's bellow as around the bunny swing,
If you like to take your rifle when the morning's cold and clear
And wade the snows of winter for the noble antlered deer,
If you want the lakes and rivers and the forests here to last
So that future generations may enjoy them as the past,
Come and join us, be a helper and we'll work without fatigue
For the noble aspirations of the *Izaak Walton League.*

had he ever mentioned his wound before. His reticence about these two incidents, and his manner in telling them that afternoon, somehow convinced me of their truth, and in some peculiar way my mind tied together Jim's shooting of the muskallonge, and his own wound made by a Confederate sharpshooter.

Of course I had heard repeatedly about a monster fish, sometimes referred to as Old Abe, and at others as the sea serpent. In fact, there was a tradition in a family of three brothers, all guides, that the river was haunted by a sea serpent. And I have had each one of these men solemnly assure me that they had seen it at different times, and that one of them actually had been chased by it.

MacEwen I had never met, although he had been coming to the River for more years than I had, but until now our visits had never happened to coincide.

I had been making a few tentative casts, but was not particularly interested in taking any more fish that day. I was out to come under the influence of the River at the twilight hour; to succumb to the spell which it wove and which had in it something of sadness and something akin to fear.

I had reeled in and had taken up my oars to row back, when I paused and gazed in rapt wonder at the western sky. There had been a marvellous sunset, and the afterglow, a deep rich orange and crimson, was flecked with rose-tinted clouds in the north, while a number of thin streamers, black against the vivid background, undulated in long parallel lines into the south.

I was in that mood that comes to all of us at times. It was wholly reverent, a reverence growing out of a conviction of an ordered creation, a Supreme Intelligence, Creator, God, call Him what you will; but the feeling was surcharged with something that must have been sheer superstition. For as I sat there, tense, leaning on my oars, the blades of which were in the air, I was looking for, not absolutely expecting, something to happen. And it did!

I was suddenly conscious of a change in the setting of the picture; I was aware of some new element which had entered into it, but for several moments was unable to identify it. The colors were fading out of the western sky. The floor-like surface of the river, which had been a molten gold, had changed to a dull bronze. There was no breeze, no motion, no sound of any kind. A perfect silence, one of the most impressive things in life, had enveloped me.

It was uncanny to think that any living thing of such size could appear without some premonitory signal. There had been no slightest disturbance of the water, no faintest whisper of sound, but there, not six feet from the bow of my boat, it lay broadside to me on the surface of the water, for all the world, as Jim had said, "as though it had always been there."

I sat frozen in my seat, my oars poised aloft, my body thrust forward. My eyes roamed from the immense head, with one large wicked eye visible, and which seemed to gaze at me sardonically, down the long expanse of gleaming grey body to the tail, where the huge dorsal fin, fully ten inches above the surface, stuck up like the triangular sail on a Chinese sampan. And in that fin, about an inch from the body, and two inches from where the vertical line joined the tail, was a round hole of perhaps the size of a copper cent.

I was in a state of hypnosis, powerless, held as rigidly in one fixed position as though I had been cast in bronze. And then, as silently as he had come, he disappeared. He didn't dive, or dart away, he just vanished. The glory had gone out of the sky; the river looked dull and dead and sinister. I shuddered, as with cold, as I picked up my oars and rowed back to the house.

* * * *

The particular spot in the semi-wilderness of Canada, where I spent my summer vacations, was off the beaten track. It was ten miles back from the railroad, over an abominable road, and as it was never advertised, and the favored few who knew of it referred to it in general, hazy terms, if they mentioned it at all, it was seldom over-crowded. The fishing was excellent, and the table unusually good. The building, an old-fashioned farm house, could accommodate at the most twenty guests, and as a rule not more than half that number were there at any one time.

For the most part the same people returned year after year. Consequently everybody knew each other, personally or by reputation. Good fellowship prevailed, and at the table good natured banter made up the conversation. Such had always been the atmosphere of the place. This year there was a change. It was caused by the irruption into our midst of J. Harley Merrill. And I was to blame for J. Harley in naming the place before a group of men at the club the winter before.

And so I found him at the River in August, with his wife and son, a boy of ten or twelve. They had been there a week, and Merrill had firmly established himself, if not in the good graces, certainly in all of the affairs of the household and of his fellow guests. He knew and called each one by his or her first name, and they in turn knew he was a director in three banks, lived in a twenty-room house, and sported four automobiles.

The Merrill family were out in force, and digging in furiously, when I got down to breakfast the morning following my talk with Jim. Merrill, a large and powerful man in everything but voice, which was pitched in a high key, was seated at the head of the table, with his wife and boy on either side. She, too, was large and florid. As was to be expected the cream was all gone. So also was my piece of cantaloupe. Hoover, the son, had the remnants of two pieces in front of him gouged down to a thin, transparent skin.

"Good morning, Doc," squeaked J. Harley as I sat down. He knows how I hate the abbreviation. "How is the noble fisherman this bright and glorious morning?"

"So, so," I muttered. "Good morning, Mrs. Merrill," to that lady's saccharine salutation. "Will you punch the bell for Mollie, please?"

"Oh, dear, yes. I'm afraid Hoover has eaten your fruit by mistake. He has such a dreadful appetite. I really don't know—"

A clatter on the stairway interrupted a long dissertation on Hoover, and a newcomer entered the dining room, and took a seat at our table. I knew it was MacEwen before Mollie, who was waiting on me at the moment, made the introductions. He was a large, ruddy-faced man with mutton chop whiskers, burnsides, I believe they are called—the kind that used to luxuriate in mid-Victorian literature.

"Did you get anything yesterday, Mack?" asked Merrill.

MacEwen raised his eyes from his plate and regarded the other curiously.

"I did not, Mister Merrill." The voice had a strong Scotch burr which emphasized the resentment in it at the liberty taken, but this was entirely lost on J. Harley.

"We did; the biggest 'lunge of the season, so far. Thirty pounds!"

"It was me that caught it," hastily supplied Mrs. Merrill, "and I want to tell you he put up an awful fight!"

I had heard the particulars of this "fight." A big leaping fish at the end of a long, rope-like line, being hauled in hand over hand by a hundred and sixty pound woman in a heavy boat which her husband was pulling frantically with all the power of his two hundred pounds.

"I hope the line didn't hurt your hands, Mrs. Merrill," I said solicitously.

"Were ye using a hand line, Mrs. Merrill?" asked MacEwen.

"Sure she was, Mack," interposed Merrill. "Anything wrong with that?"

"Not what ye'd call wrong, perhaps. But over in Canada we usually use lines like that for hanging criminals instead of catching fish."

He pronounced it "fush," and his voice and whiskers trembled with indignation.

"There is one fish in the river that will never be taken on a hand line, or any other kind of tackle," I quickly rejoined, heading off a double barreled retort, "Old Abe. I saw him last night for the first time, and he sure is a whale!"

"Where did ye see him, mon?" MacEwen asked excitedly.

"In the big channel, off Stave Island."

"Are ye sure it was Old Abe? Did he have Jim's mark on him?"

"He carried a hole in his dorsal fin as big as a five cent piece."

"That's him. Did ye try for him, at all?"

"No, and I'm not going to. You are welcome to him if you can catch him."

"I'll have him today. I'll show ye a new lure after breakfast that will take him if anything will."

"And I will show you one, too, Doc," said Merrill. "Me and the Missus are going to take a crack at Old Abe today. Bet you a ten spot, Mack, that I get him."

MacEwen glared at him, but failed to reply, and a few minutes later left the table.

I had been in the kitchen supervising the packing of our shore dinner, and especially the utensils, some of which had a habit of turning up missing, and when I got down to the dock I found a group consisting of MacEwen, Uncle Jim, and two guides examining something which was the cause of considerable heated controversy.

A few yards up stream Merrill was shooting at a tin can some fifty feet out in the water. He was using a six shot target pistol and using it with consummate skill. His ability with a rifle or revolver was extraordinary, and he delighted in displaying it on all occasions.

"You'll skeer all the 'lunge outa the river, you use that thing," Dave Skeel, tall and saturnine, asserted as I joined the group.

"Sure," said his brother Joe, "they'll run like hell, an' never come back."

"Nonsense, boys; you ought to know better. You know as well as I do that a muskallonge isn't afraid of anything that swims under water. What do ye think of that, doctor?"

MacEwen held up one of the queerest contrivances I had ever beheld. The upper portion consisted of a three blade propeller or spinner, each blade two inches long, tapering from a half inch at the outer circumference, to a quarter inch in the center. Beneath this was a huge red, yellow and white bucktail, and suspended from this, tandem, were three sleigh bells! Yes, I mean it, sleigh bells!

I took the thing in my hand and shook it, and was rewarded with a merry peal that reminded me of an old-fashioned Christmas. The bells were highly silver plated, as was the propeller, and revolved with exceeding smoothness. Below the bells were three immense hooks, sheathed in feathers bearing the same color scheme as the bucktail. I handed it back without a word.

"Ye get the idea, don't ye, doctor?"

I shook my head. "I can't say that I do, MacEwen; I—I suppose Old Abe will understand it."

"Why, mon! ye know that muskallonge, or a bass either for that matter, doesn't strike at a spoon because he's hungry, but because it makes him angry! and the louder and jinglier the spoon the madder he gets, and the harder he strikes."

"I see," I said. "And will that thing ring in the water?"

"Sure it will. Listen!" He snapped it to the end of a line and walked up and down the dock, trailing the apparatus in the water. Little, tinkling chimes came to our ears distinctly, while our eyes were treated to a gorgeous pyrotechnic display from the flashing metal and vivid colors.

During all of the talk and exhibition, Uncle Jim had not said a word, a remarkable demonstration of taciturnity in Jim.

"What do you think of it, Jim?" I asked.

He shook his head, refusing to commit himself, but I noticed an odd look in his eyes, and his manner seemed constrained. At that moment Merrill strolled up, nonchalantly twirling his revolver around the index finger of his left hand.

"Well, Doc, now that you've seen Mack's teaser, I want to show you mine." He held up his pistol. "There's the little ball bearing trinket that's going to get Old Abe today."

We all stared at him. "What do you mean, Merrill?" I asked.

"If little Old Abe comes to the surface, or jumps water within range of little 'Young Jake' here," twirling his pistol, "bang! he gets it right in the eye!"

"Meaning ye'll shoot him?" asked MacEwen.

"I sure will!"

"If ye shoot him, or even shoot at him, I'll shoot you!"

"An' if Archie misses, which ain't likely, I'll take one shot for luck."

Jim was speaking quietly from beside me, but his ancient face had the light of battle in it. Merrill looked from one to the other, and his face blanched a trifle, I thought.

"Hell!" he said, as he walked off, "if you two Canucks think you own the river, or think you can bluff me, you've got another guess coming."

* * * *

The River is a noble stream—I was going to say magnificent, but that word doesn't describe it. In the upper stretches, above the rapids, it flows calmly and placidly along, in places a mile wide, its surface broken with numerous islands ranging from the size of a kitchen table to four hundred acres in area.

The larger islands are still heavily wooded. The original pine is gone, except for an occasional sentinel which miraculously escaped the ax; but the hardwood is there in abundance, and the cedars are a delight to the eye and nostril.

Beaver Island lies six miles up the river from the house. It is three hundred and sixty acres in extent, contains a natural golf course, grows delicious giant puff balls and mushrooms, has a large stand of timber, and not a single inhabitant. It is separated from the mainland by a narrow channel, which is a famous place for muskies and bass. *(To be concluded)*

The old cabin of our dreams.

An Arctic Airedale

By ALFRED M. BAILEY

JERRY was a tramp dog that I picked up in Juneau, the capital of Alaska. He was a pedigreed Airedale, from one of the Seattle kennels, I had been told, and had been taken north and abandoned by a diver working on the "Princess Sophia" (that ill-fated vessel which struck a reef and sunk with such a loss of life). It was Jerry's custom to visit the different restaurants and hotels in search of food, when not engaged in street brawls, and on one occasion he joined me on a hunting jaunt along the water front. He was such a fine looking fellow, with big, deep chest, and such a willing retriever in bringing game from the ice-cold water, that I allowed him to adopt me as his foster-boss. My work as a naturalist kept me afield and I soon grew attached to Jerry, and when I was commissioned to go to the Arctic, I decided the Airedale was going along.

I left the dog in charge of a veterinarian in Seattle while I went East to outfit, and then in June, 1921, we went North together on the steamship Victoria to Nome. On board were two great malemutes, savage-looking beasts in charge of Alex Smith, one of the well-known Alaskan mushers. When he found I was bound for the north coast, he advised me to leave the old Airedale in Nome, saying the malemutes would kill him in the first Eskimo village we entered. I might as well say here, as elsewhere, that he proved capable of caring for himself, except when attacked by a whole band of dogs, and that I rarely had to go to his aid.

At Nome we went aboard the coast-guard cutter "Bear," as Captain C. S. Cochran very kindly offered us passage to our northern headquarters, at Wainwright, two hundred and fifty miles north of the Circle, and within one hundred miles of northernmost Alaska. We were on the Bear for nearly two months cruising the islands of Bering Sea, and working along the Alaskan and Siberian coasts, and in that time old Jerry endeared himself with every man on the ship. When one of the sailors would take a tarp' from one of small boats, the dog would bound on the railing and into the cutter, often sitting astern for two hours, waiting for the trip ashore, which he knew was bound to come. He lived forward with the men, and made the rounds of the mess tables. The bosun claimed Jerry was the best man he had!

The Eskimos were greatly interested in him, as they had never seen one of his breed before. At Point Hope, an old Eskimo woman looked him over and said: "Him all same old rope—him unravel-lin'!" He never liked the natives, however. When they came aboard the Bear, they were supposed to stay aft, and not go forward among the men. Jerry made it his business to see they stayed where they belonged, and would stand for hours, stiff-legged, with tail erect, growling as long as the Eskimos were aboard. Strange to say, they were afraid of him, in spite of their familiarity with dogs, and the majority gave him a wide berth. We cruised along the Arctic coast to Point Barrow, northernmost Alaska, and then three hundred miles to the eastward, through the arctic-pack to Demarcation Point, the boundary line between Canada and Alaska on the Arctic coast. We were landed at Wainwright in August, R. W. Hendee, Jerry, and I, and we spent the winter collecting museum specimens at

that place and the near vicinity. It was Jerry's duty to bring in the specimens shot in the water, for when offshore winds blew, they would quickly drift from sight.

On one occasion Jim Allen, Hendee and I were sailing in a whaleboat in a shallow lagoon, and I shot a rare spectacled eider, just crippling it. Jerry was sent for the bird, and caught it after a long chase, and as he was then close ashore, waded to the beach. The dog had not been trained to bring game to hand, but simply hauled them ashore, and on this occasion an Eskimo hunter walked down to pick up the eider. Jerry looked him over, grabbed the bird and swam back to the boat with it!

On this same hunt, Hendee was shooting brant with Upiksom, a native, from a blind. I was approaching their stand with Jerry, following along the beach, when they suddenly raised and dropped six birds far out in the lagoon. Without a word from us, the dog retrieved the six brant, one after the other, and then climbed the tundra bank, and looked carefully over the broad expanse to make sure he had not missed any.

About the most ludicrous performance he staged was on the tundra, late in August. We ran across an old pintail hen with her brood of half-grown young on a small tundra pond. Jerry immediately started retrieving young ducks. He would catch one, often diving half under the water to get it, and then snake it ashore. Down he would drop it, and go for another, while the downy fellow promptly waddled into the water after him. Jerry retrieved ducks till he was exhausted!

The Eskimos began to call him "Mikki-ru-ruk kayak" (little hunting canoe), and he well deserved the name, for he proved to have an iron constitution, going into the water without hesitation, in all sorts of weather.

Late in October, Jim Allen and I took a sled trip to Point Barrow, one hundred miles up the coast from our station. The first of November we saw a band of ivory gulls working close along the beach. It was intensely cold, and very quiet, with steam rising from the water, and slush ice was forming along the shore. I dropped four gulls and Jerry promptly brought them in, one after the other, and as the air hit him, his coat would become solid with ice. The government thermometer at the station registered eighteen below zero! In my own defense, I must admit I did not realize it was so cold, or I would not have allowed it. Such work is killing on a dog, and we tried to spare him all we could, but the ornithologist is ever enthusiastic when such birds as ivory gulls are about, and is really not responsible for his actions.

During the dark days of winter we would take the dog teams and make short excursions to break the monotony, and on one occasion we put Jerry in the harness with the other dogs. He buckled down to the job with such evident enjoyment, putting all his weight into the collar, that he won himself a place on the team. Then, when the sun returned in the spring, I set out on a six hundred and fifty mile sled journey to Cape Prince of Wales, using a relay of three teams to make the trip. Jerry was not used on the sled for the first few days, but when several of our dogs gave out, and we were caught in heavy ice, the old fellow was put into the traces, and proved to be as good a dog as the best we had, although we worked him only when bad going made his help essential. After three hundred and fifty miles of the journey he grew lame, as the crust cut through his legs, but he was game to the core, and after traveling eighteen days, with a few days layover for storms, we made Wales village. We worked together at Wales, westernmost North America, during the spring, and Jerry had some pretty close calls. When working out on the sea ice, I kept him tied in the village, for the ice was so steep and high that he could not get back when he once jumped into the water. On one occasion he broke loose and joined me far out on the sea ice. I had been shooting birds from a fifteen-foot wall of ice, and then snagging them with hooks. Never dreaming the dog would jump into the water, I shot a murrelet, and with the shot Jerry hit the water. Only for an Eskimo hunter, Jerry would have been "mukki," for I held a line while the native snaked the old dog from his cold bath.

After our spring work, I took Jerry outside to Denver, where his hardest work has been pulling my youngster about on her sled.

Jerry will be long remembered—and his descendants along the Arctic coast are many.

Jerry on the job—Providence Bay, Eastern Siberia, retrieving cormorant.

Drifting in the Rockies

by J. R. Jones

Photographs by Donald Hough

"DARNDEST thing I ever heard of; two writers in the hills and both forgetting to bring paper!" Thus did Struthers express his feelings.

It was now raining quite briskly, and after it slacked up we drew the saddle well up in the branches of a tree. Returning we decided to try reaching the upper cleft in the valley wall. We entered a maze of boulders, many times the size of houses. Trees grew around them and it did not seem possible that horses could pass through such an area. To make it worse, a hail storm, accompanied by thunder, pelted us so severely that we were compelled to seek the shelter of timber. Lightning flashed incessantly and the ground was soon white with hailstones. A cold rain settled in its wake, and we pressed on uncertainly.

We came to a deep gorge and there was but one crossing. This led over a narrow ledge of rocks at the foot of a high waterfall, but we were already thoroughly wet and it mattered not. We clambered up, leading our horses, and finally reached better traveling near the top of a ridge. The rain increased to a downpour. We were so chilled that we dared not ride, and when at last we faced the steep climb to the pass it seemed that we could never reach it. Yet we fought our way up that slope in the face of a wind-driven rain. We clutched at weeds and branches, and slipped often in the water that rushed down the slope. We seemed so insignificant, so mouse-like, as we struggled through the roar and flash of that driving storm!

The light was failing when we reached the pass. The wind was keener and we suffered greatly as we hurried down the slope and across the bare rocks to the shelter of the timber. We were so numb when finally camp was reached that we could scarcely gather wood. The matches we carried were useless, and those in the tent would not strike on damp surfaces. After twenty minutes of discouraging efforts a large chip was chopped from a standing dead tree and held dry side down above a whittled pile of shavings. The first match flared and the fire struggled uncertainly for an anxious period. However, it finally grew to a snapping flame and warmed our shivering bodies. The rain gradually ceased, and by midnight we were quite dry.

A bright sun in a clear sky greeted us when we arose late the next morning. It was while getting breakfast that we heard a sound like a bell, apparently upon a rocky bench below the cliffs. But such a thing was so unreal that we decided there must be some other explanation. The jingling persisted, and finally Struthers decided to investigate. He got fairly close to the sound, and then it ceased. It was an impossible place for a horse, and we dismissed the idea of a belled mountain sheep or deer as being rather absurd. In fact we were more inclined to think it some freak of our imagination.

The solution came six weeks later when a domestic ewe showed up at Jackson carrying a bell! Later we learned that seven head of sheep had escaped from a

herd twenty-five miles distant from where we were camped, this being the closest point that these animals were allowed to range. This little band had been seen within a few miles of our isolated location. Wolves had undoubtedly dragged down all but the ewe, whose bell had protected her from attack. Also this unusual sound, more than the presence of the wolves, had driven out the game.

On leaving camp we decided to follow the course of the stream. Much of the way was good traveling but the last half mile was steep and necessitated crossing beds of slide rock. It was indeed a rugged and well concealed entrance, guarded each side by frowning cliffs. We had found four routes into this valley, each one so intricate that men took it for granted that they were impassable. Our explorations proved there were no other entrances.

We were now on Big Granite Creek, the drainage stream of that region. While eating lunch I suggested that we go to some hot springs that were below us and take a bath, but Struthers said that he had done so once and it had made him quite sick. I presumed, of course, that he referred to those particular springs, and not to his past life.

For several miles we traveled up that stream and then began climbing the only break in the mountain range to the north. It was long and steep, and we paused often for rest. At each stop during our travels Struthers would become so enraptured with the beauty of our surroundings that it was like rousing him from sleep when of necessity I knew we must press on. His poetic nature absorbed the loveliness of rare scenery like a sponge. He told me it was his deepest love.

Two-thirds of the way up the mountain we heard the sound of falling stones, and gazing upward saw eight Rocky Mountain rams. They were standing sideways with their heads turned, and the largest, blackest ram I ever saw was in the lead. His horns were of great girth and tapered in a beautiful curl. There were three other good rams and in the rear a two-year-old freshie, just learning the wisdom of his elders. For fifteen minutes we enjoyed this unusual sight and then the black ram led off across the slide rock. They were in view for a mile, alternately running, walking and standing on the edge of chilling precipices.

On each side of the grass covered pass rose walls of rock. To the east and north were tier on tier of timbered ridges and rugged peaks, gashed through by deep gorges, worthy offsprings of their parent range, the Continental Divide, visible in the distance. The air was warm and sweet with the scent of hardy flowers, and it was only the sinking sun that forced us downward to seek a camping spot.

Our tent was pitched on the banks of a little stream whose source was at the foot of nearby cliffs. There was good timber and lavish spread of green grass untouched by frost. It rained a little the next morning, but had stopped by the time we broke camp.

There were no trails in this region, but lower down the slope I knew that horses could get through in the direction we wished to go. But we desired to find a different route, so we climbed on top the highest rimrock. For hours we sought a way down, and once almost succeeded in reaching a meadow on which a herd of elk were grazing. But in the end we were forced to turn back, and mid-afternoon found us near our morning camp. Not that we cared, for we were just drifting, seeking new routes in rough country. Traveling was now fairly good, but we had to work through timber and around rocky places at just certain spots. We came to the shore of a lake where I had camped often, and then started climbing toward timber line in the tail end of a thunder shower that was drenching the mountain top. A band of elk scattered before us as we ascended to the only place where we could get our horses onto the mesa above. Quite flat, a half mile in width, rising abruptly and ranging northerly for several miles, it promised better going. Sheep Mountain climbs to a high pinnacle and then drops down again to grass land that quickly dips in rugged slopes to the Gros Ventre River.

The storm passed. It was dark when we reached the bottom of the ravine and found only rain water collected in the holes of the stream's course.

After supper we filled our vessels with the muddy, weedy-tasting water for breakfast use. Just as it occurred to me that it was bedtime, Struthers remarked that he was going to cook some bread in a frying pan.

"What for?" I asked.

"Well, I want the practice, and besides it will save us that work in the morning." So he used some of our precious water in mixing the flour.

"That for breakfast, too?" I asked later, as I saw him sneaking the coffee pot over the fire.

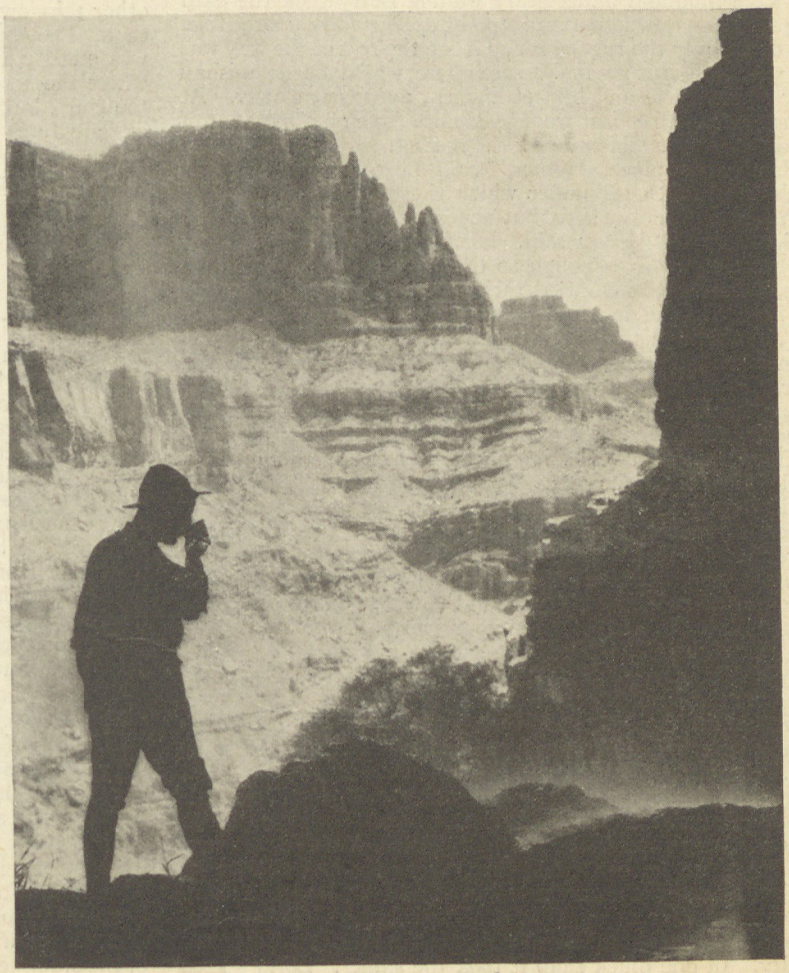
"Don't you suppose we will want to taste the bread when it's done? And we've got to have something to wash it down with."

Delicately browned, that dough gob looked deliciously tempting, and he tasted from one side of the pan and I from the other. Our tastes outlasted the bread, and he cooked another panful and used our last drop of water to make some more coffee.

Presently Struthers remarked that hunting water in the dark was an uncertain proposition and that we had better turn in, by which I sensed that had there been more water there would have been more bread and coffee. We paid the penalty for our midnight supper when we awakened the next morning thirsty and found the creek bed dry! Not caring for dry food we traveled until noon over rough country to where we crossed a spring and ate our breakfast.

Struthers insisted on doing most of the walking, in spite of my pleading with him to go fifty-fifty on riding the horse. But he seemed to enjoy traveling slowly afoot and did not tire easily.

We descended the steep mountain with a low sun shining in our faces and reached Cache Creek at dark, thus completing a several days' circle among scenery of indescribable beauty. And within all that area there is not a cabin or a human soul. It is a wilderness; untouched, unspoiled; as primeval as the day when white man first gazed on the Rocky Mountains.



Water is a great drink!

The Fisherman

by Zane Grey

Illustration by John Thoman

"NO. A bass would die. But that old catfish will be back in his hole tonight. And sometime we'll get him on again."

They returned to the pot-shop and wrung the water out of Homer's shirt and trousers.

"Come to the festal board!" called the old fisherman from below. And as much as Lorry enjoyed that sumptuous supper, he enjoyed more seeing his brother eat. Next to that he had delight in relating to Mr. Miser the history of Homer's exploits that day.

"Better turn your line around and try the fresh end on that big bass in Sycamore Hole," was the old fisherman's advice.

Lorry was careful to do this, and to rig his sinker and hook with particular care, not unmindful of Homer's studious observance.

"Don't hit at that bass too quick!" was Mr. Miser's parting injunction.

"I won't. If he takes my bait, I'll wait as long as I can stand it," called back Lorry, with a doubtful laugh.

To save time and unnecessary wading Lorry took the path along the bank downstream to a point opposite Sycamore Hole. Once down over the rugged rocky ledge the rest of the way was easy wading. But to make sure there would be no mishap Lorry carried pole and bucket himself, and went slowly. At last he halted thirty feet from Sycamore Hole on a bare flat of ridged rock, upon which he set the bucket.

"Here's the place, Homer," said Lorry, pointing, "and there's the sunken log under which the big bass hides. I've caught some nice ones here, but never a big one."

"Gee!" was all Homer said. His brown flashing eyes, however, were expressive enough as they roved over the foamy white channels that emptied their seething contents into this deep hole, and the dark green depths of shadow under the old log. All about this irregular shaped basin were ruts and rifts, channels and chasms, melodious with low murmur of swift water.

Lorry knelt beside the bucket with his pole over his knees and the hook in his hand.

"There's a big blue-fin shiner in here," he said, scooping up a double handful of minnows. "I'm going to try it first." The bait in question was not easy to catch, but at length Lorry secured it and gently slipped the hook through the lips. Then he dropped the bait in the water at his feet and stood up.

"Come on—right close to me," he said, breathlessly, to Homer. And as if stalking game in the woods he slipped closer to the edge of the pool. "Keep your eyes peeled, Homer. I'm going to cast just this side of the log."

For his life Lorry could not have subdued the trembling of his body, nor the rapid beats of his heart. Because of this overexcitement he was likely to make a mess of his cast. Nevertheless he strove with all his might to do what he knew would be right. He let out all the line he could manage, some few feet more than the length of his pole, and then swinging the frantically wiggling shiner easily to the left as far as the line would go he made a long sweep out over the pool, and cast the bait very close to where he had calculated. Scarcely had the shiner splashed on the surface when out of the depths loomed a shadowy shape. It came swiftly up. It flashed yellow, and acquired the graceful outline of a big bass, instinct with life and ferocity. In one quick snap it took the shiner. Lorry's keen eyes saw the tiny white floating scales that told the story of that tragedy. Lazily the bass turned. His broad tail came out, flapped on the surface. Then the yellow fish shape glided back to disappear in the dark lair.

"Oh-h!" gasped Homer.

Lorry tingled all over. He let his line pay out until it stopped. Then the little vibrations told him what was going on. He must wait—wait—wait! But it seemed his very veins were bursting. Already he had waited ages. It was not with his consent that he jerked. The act was involuntary. Up shot line and hook, to whistle in the air. Lorry had missed hooking the bass.

"Too soon!" he cried, poignantly. "I was afraid of that. . . . Homer, a big bass must have *time!*—but I never scratched him. He'll take another bait."

Homer appeared to recover his power of speech, but what he said was so incoherent that Larry could not understand him. Then with trembling eager fingers Lorry put on another bait, this time the biggest chub in the bucket. Sight of it silenced Homer's ravings. Then Lorry drew a deep breath. The chances were in his favor that the bass would take at least another minnow. With this heavier bait Lorry made a better cast. The chub splashed on the surface and swam under. It was met by a yellow flash. Smash! The water boiled white where the bass broke. Lorry did not see what had become of the chub, but he knew anyway. The bass was gone this time as quickly as it had appeared. Lorry's line swept down and down—then stopped. Lorry waited. The sweat came out all over him, so great was his desire to jerk and his determination not to until the right time. His intensity of feeling grew with the gentle vibrations of his line. At last he swept up the pole hard, but not hard enough to break the line. Lorry was learning restraint. His pole was bent double by a sudden irresistible pull.

"I've got him, Homer!" yelled Lorry, at the top of his lungs.

Then began a battle that for excitement and action beat any that had ever fallen to Lorry. The bass did not leap. He surged about the pool, running under the shelving edges, but Lorry, keen to frustrate such move, ran close to them to hold his pole out so that his line would not cut on any sharp rock. To and fro, up and down this pool the bass dashed. Lorry ran with him, so did not have to pay out line. Suddenly the fish shot up one of the channels. It was wide and deep at the mouth, but it narrowed. The bass swam on, Lorry held hard. How his pole wagged! Homer was yelling. Lorry feared the line would break and he had to yield. The bass swam on up the channel to where it was scarcely a foot wide. He was going to work on up and out into the long hole above. Lorry knew this would spell calamity. Suddenly he had an inspiration.

"Homer, head him off! Run up and jump in the rut. Stop him!"

Heedless of slippery rocks Homer flew splashingly to a point above Lorry's line, and plumped down into the rut. The water came above his knees. He kicked and beat at a great rate. Suddenly he screamed. "He bumped into me! He couldn't get by!"

So indeed it proved. The bass turned back to Sycamore Hole, and after a few desperate surges he slowed up. Then Lorry put more strain on him, and gradually achieving something of calmness, he tried to handle the bass after the manner of the old fisherman. To his utter amaze and rapture the battle appeared to be in his favor. The bass came up, wallowed and splashed. He was beaten. Lorry, quick to recognize this,

dragged the fish out of the deep hole into a channel, and from that into a shallow place.

"Here, Homer, hold my pole," shouted Lorry, and the instant he got it into Homer's shaking hands he pounced upon the exhausted bass and secured it through the gills. "Oh, look—look at him."

"I'm lookin'," shouted Homer, rapturously.

That was a tremendous moment for Lorry. His first big bass! And was it not wonderful to have Homer see him catch it? Long they gazed at the prize and much they exclaimed. Then they hurried back to the pot-shop, forgetting to bring the bucket. Lorry was so eager to exhibit his catch that he let Homer carry his pole, and did not see that he carried it tip first, an unpardonable sin for a fisherman.

"Good!" ejaculated Mr. Miser. "Five pounds. Maybe a shade less. But we'll call it five. Now, lad, I'm just as glad as I can be. You must send the bass home to your folks."

"But I want to keep him," cried Lorry.

"Pooh! You'll catch more and bigger ones," rejoined Mr. Miser.

"Oh, Lorry, please let me take him," begged Homer. "It'll please father, and he won't kick on me comin' up next week."

This cost Lorry a terrible wrench, but he suffered Mr. Miser to kill the bass, and watched him dress it. Soon then Homer was sitting on the front seat of the farm wagon with Mr. Burgess. As they drove away Lorry waved his hand.

"Next Friday!" called back Homer, happily.

The old pot-shop, with its broken pottery and dry musty loft, and open clay-floored room, always redolent of wood smoke, came to be home for Lorry. Seldom did anyone except the farmer and his hired hand pass by the head of the falls. The country road and the railroad lay far to the other side, beyond the wide cornfield. The boys who came to Dillon's to fish never ventured near Old Muddy Miser. Fear of him had been ingrained in them long before their fishing activities. Lorry used to marvel how he, too, had once been frightened cold at the very name of this old hermit. But how ridiculous for any one to fear him! It was all a mistake. Lorry began to ponder on the question whether or not the stigma of ruined name and wrecked career was not also all a mistake. Old Muddy Miser was good, not bad. The few country children thereabouts did not flee at sight of him. Contrarily, they ran to him. The poor farmers profited by fish to eat, as often when they could not pay as when they could. This old man was not unhappy. He loved the fish and birds and flowers and bees, all the living inhabitants of that environment. He was a treasure-mine of valuable knowledge, and he had a gift of talk. Lorry believed sometimes that Old Muddy Miser was deliberately filling his mind with beautiful truths and thoughts. Assuredly these had come to him, and from them wonderful imaginings. The days sped by swift as the flight of larks it seemed to Lorry, yet each one left him incalculably richer, older, different.

The lofty cornstalks changed from green to yellow; the golden rod now fringed every path along the streams; brown-eyed daisies peeped from the grass and sedge. Mid-August and the harvest moon was the time for the bass of the biggest kind. One evening between sundown and dark Lorry caught three at the favorite place on the head of the falls. They weighed four, four and a quarter, and four and a half pounds. All caught in one hour! Lorry could not quite believe the marvelous happening. But he knew that he was growing into a fisherman.

The day came for the long-talked-of camping trip to the mouth of Poverty Run. The name alone had magic power to entrance Lorry. What boy had ever fished the marvelous holes in that vicinity? They packed buckets, baskets, blankets, poles; and Lorry was not likely to forget the six-mile walk.

(*To be continued*)

"Here's the place, Homer, and there's the log under which the big bass hides."

The Phantom Herd of the Kaibab — by Donald Hough

INSIDE STUFF

Photographs by the Author

THERE are two things to do about a view—stand back and look at it, or dig in and get acquainted with it.

Views are nice in their place, which is hanging on the wall, but I never did get real enthusiastic about anything that you had to just stand and look at. Perhaps that is why I rode and camped along the rim of the Grand Canyon for two weeks without getting a kick out of anything but my pack mules.

The Canyon is one of the world's standard views and it's nice to look at after supper if you have a good book to read. But I had seen the open pit iron mines of Minnesota, which must be nearly a hundred feet deep and in places a half mile across and the Canyon looked to me like one of those iron mines, except that it might be bigger.

I will admit that the Canyon grew on me during my sojourn along the rim. After three or four days I realized that the moss down in the bottom was a bit of a forest. By the end of a week I had grasped the idea that certain rock piles were young mountain ranges; and on the twelfth day, about noon, it occurred to me that certain bunches of sage brush were full grown pine trees and that a layer of yellow rock, which had seemed almost three times as high as a man, was a lesson in geology that measured six hundred feet from top to bottom.

From the Rim—

But I never lost my breath over it. I don't think any normal person does. It's the wrong angle. The Teton peaks in Jackson's Hole rise a mile above the valley and it's a magnificent sight; but if you want to get the same view of the Tetons that you do of the Canyon, you'll have to hang by your heels from a convenient pine. It's all wrong. Instead of standing at the foot of a range of mountains and looking up at the peaks, you stand on the rim and look at a mountain range, peaks and valleys and all, that is sunk a mile into the ground. It's something you've never done before.

I was sitting on Bright Angel point, north rim, with Ranger Frank Winess of the National Park Service. In front of us and somewhat below us was this Grand Canyon. Behind us was the Kaibab forest. At our right was a sunset.

Thirteen miles straight ahead, on the south rim of the Canyon, a light twinkled. It was at the El Tovar hotel. A thin line of smoke rose into the air. That was the evening train just leaving. I could see a hundred miles of the south rim, and this tiny light, this weak little spiral of smoke, were lost in it. That was the little core of civilization on the south rim.

There was none at all on the north rim: from the Trumbull mountains, a hundred and fifty miles west of us, to the now darkened horizon of the Painted Desert, an equal distance east of us, not a single light twinkled on our side of the Canyon.

Frank asked me what I thought of the Grand Canyon.

"I'm glad I saw it," I replied, "because if I hadn't I probably would have fallen into it."

He gave me a wicked look.

"I would rather look out of a view than into it," I said.

"That's a good idea," he agreed, "and that's just what I've been thinking about. The chief ranger's due here tomorrow from the south rim. I told him to bring an extra horse, thinking you might want to go back with him. It's a nice two day trip." He looked at me in the gathering dusk. "Some people," he went on, "you have to duck their head into the river before they'll believe it's wet."

"Where does the trail go?" I asked, looking into the Canyon.

"Down Bright Angel Creek. You can see the canyon of it down there." And Winess pointed down at one of the cracks in the bottom of the Canyon. He explained that we would follow the crack to the Colorado itself, stay over night at what he called the Phantom Ranch down in the bottom of the gorge, then climb up the south wall to El Tovar hotel the next day.

All of which explains how I came to find myself astride a National Park Service horse one day, hoping with all my heart he wouldn't slip. He was a lovely creature and I didn't want to see him get hurt. They say that a fall of half a mile will injure even a Park Service horse.

In front of me rode Chief Ranger Scoyen and a pack mule, whose name escapes me, though his face is still familiar. Behind me rode Ranger Tex Haught.

We left the cool shade of the Kaibab forest and the whole Grand Canyon lay before us, and, I suddenly observed, below us. What a deep thing the Grand Canyon is! I was impressed by this. It had never occurred to me that anything could be so deep.

Our horses dipped forward and began to descend over an ex-

cellent trail in short, jerky spirals. We were a sort of disjointed snake curling down into the Canyon. The farther down we went, the deeper the Canyon grew. When we were half way down, the cracks in the bottom had become big canyons in their own right, and unforeseen depths opened up below us.

After a long time we came to the Bright Angel canyon—the crack I had seen from the top. Rock walls plunged a thousand feet down into the inside of the earth, and far below us was a tiny silver thread. That was Bright Angel creek, which had spurted out of the walls of the Canyon and was on its way to the Colorado, still a dozen miles away from us.

The trail had descended in short, jerky switchbacks; now it straightened out and swung down toward the creek in sweeping curves and long levels, interrupted here and there as it dropped suddenly a hundred feet or so in another series of little turns.

The horse I rode was an expert. In making the turns, which were as sharp as a jack knife three-quarters closed, his head often extended out over considerable air. This didn't bother him a bit. But he was a nice horse and on these occasions I leaned far to one side—the inside—to help him keep his balance. It would have hurt me to have had that splendid horse fall into Bright Angel creek. Besides, I was traveling light, and if we'd fallen down into the creek I would have been obliged to travel all day in wet clothes.

Gradually the slight murmur below us grew into a steady rumble, then we suddenly wheeled, made a last turn, and were at the creek. All this time I had been conscious of the fact that rock walls of all sizes and colors were slowly rising in the air around us, but I had spent all my time watching to see that my horse stepped in the right place. They say a good horseman always thinks of his horse first. So I had passed up the temptation to look up.

Now I looked up. There I received the first kick (unaided by a mule) that I had experienced during my contemplation of the Canyon. The narrow gorge of Bright Angel rose higher into the air than ever I have seen a gorge rise, and at first glance I thought its edges were part of the rim of the Grand Canyon. Then, looking beyond it, I saw tier after tier, peak after peak, of rock formations and great ledges rise up to the real rim, so far above us that, like the trees Paul Bunyan cut down, it took two men to see the top.

As we continued down the creek the gorge opened up wide, and for an hour or more we rode through the most colorful scene within my experience. The great irregular peaks that we had looked down on from the top now towered over us on all sides; the colors were of indescribable beauty. I discovered that, from the bottom, looking up, not only did the size of things become apparent, but the light waves, glancing from the rock cliffs downward, brought out the colors in a manner not approached from above.

We were crossing a miniature desert in the bottom of Bright Angel canyon. Bright Angel creek rumbled along somewhere near us. Species of cactus twice as high as our horses rose from hot sands. Tulip-like blossoms of flowering cactus lay in brilliant yellow and crimson beds. Towering behind us, was Bright Angel point, and on all sides were gigantic cliffs and walls, peaks and ridges of colored stone. The sun beat down on us unmercifully.

Presently we saw a patch of welcome green ahead of us, and in a few minutes we had dismounted in a little grove of cottonwood trees. Here, in this shady oasis, while the sands smouldered and the rocks flared under the noonday sun, we ate our lunch and smoked a cigaret. Cottonwood Flat, it was called, —a favorite stopping place for the rangers when they cross the Canyon.

The shade was delightful, but we had to leave it at last, and continue our journey out in the hot sun. An hour later we left the trail, followed up a gorge tributary to Bright Angel creek, and found, at the end of it, a waterfall that dropped like a silken veil from some unseen place above. We dismounted, climbed up back of the fall, and drank from the pools of sparkling water. Here, in this desert of hot sands and hotter rocks, was a miniature sunken garden, sprayed by the waterfall, covered with mosses and flowers, inhabited by little frogs.

Soon after we continued our journey the walls of Bright Angel canyon closed in on us gradually. Ahead of us I could see no opening.

"Here's where we wade," said Scoyen, pointing to the massive rock ahead of us. "The creek goes through a gorge there for nearly four miles. The walls rise straight up several hundred feet on both sides of the water and in places you can almost touch both of them at once."

And a few minutes later we left the sun behind, splashed into the turbulent little creek and entered the long, cool gorge.

Sometimes we rode along the side of the creek on irregular rock ledges; again we would cross and re-cross it in rapid succession, as we dodged from ledges or shoals on one side to those on the other. Several times we rode directly down the center of the creek. In some of the pools we saw rainbow trout that had been planted there by the Park Service.

The walls rose straight above us on either side. It was so dark I could scarcely take a picture. The coolness was refreshing; a narrow strip of brilliant sky was the only reminder of the hot sun we had left behind us.

For nearly two hours we rode down this gorge. The last mile or so was easy going, for we rode on a new trail that is under construction by the Park Service. This trail is hewn out of the side of the gorge. It is wide, comfortable and safe. It will be continued through the length of the gorge and to Altar Falls, the silvery veil of water that drops into the canyon from above.

It was past the middle of the afternoon when we emerged from the gorge and were suddenly confronted by the Phantom Ranch.

The ranch consists of several beautifully designed buildings made of boulders and a number of screened porch-tents. It is operaetd by the Harvey Company, and is the terminal of

Up through rugged paths.

one of the mule-back trips from the El Tovar hotel to the bottom of the Grand Canyon. I was amazed at the completeness of it, in view of the fact that everything but rock has to be carried down from the south rim of the Canyon on mules. Even firewood, lumber, and coal has to be packed on mules and lowered a mile into the earth.

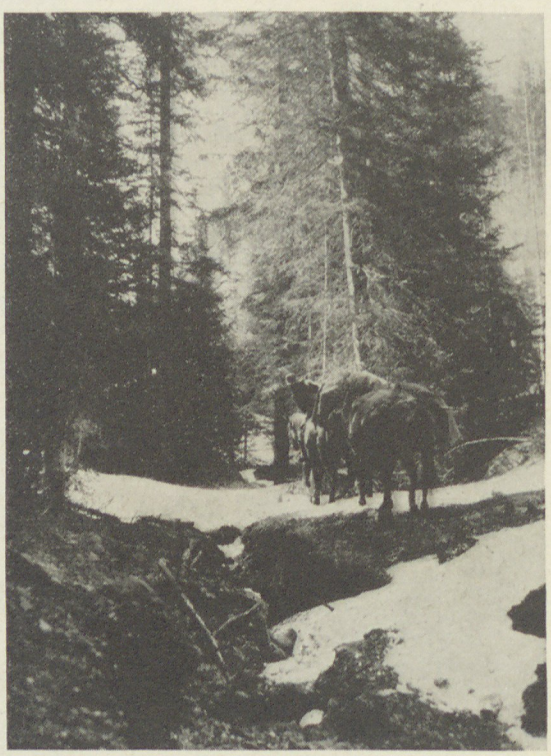
We washed in cool water, then sat in the shade of the canyon wall and watched the sunshine on the peaks and ridges. This was an ever-changing play of light, for the setting sun sent its last beams flitting from peak to peak, from level to level, until the whole interior of this sunken mountain range was in shadow, and only the south rim of the Canyon, so far above us, glowed in the golden light.

The night was fairly cool, and after a refreshing sleep we took the trail early in the morning. But our trail was no longer a solitary one. It teemed with life, now, and showed evidence of constant use. Behind us when we started was a Harvey pack train of some fifteen or twenty mules, and behind them was a party of five girls returning to the El Tovar hotel.

A half mile from the Phantom Ranch we came to the Colorado River. From the rim of the Canyon I had caught glimpses of the Colorado, and it had looked like a little muddy trickle to me. I was surprised to find it a full grown river, boiling swift and deep through its granite gorge. We crossed the river on a narrow suspension bridge, several hundred feet long. The bridge is about four feet wide, and only one saddle or pack animal is permitted to cross at a time. When a pack train crosses, one mule at a time is let loose and not until he has reached the opposite bank is the following one released.

From the bridge we climbed the gorge of the Colorado, over a trail that looped back and forth so many times, and in such short turns, that it resembled a spiral spring. As we "topped out" of the gorge, great views of the interior of the Grand Canyon opened out on all sides, brilliant in the morning sun.

Now we were on a plateau, and for several hours we rode at a constant level, parallel to and just under the south rim of the Canyon. We met and passed a train of pack mules loaded with water kegs. They were carrying water to trail crews working on the new Park Service trail that will cut off several miles from the old one and do away with the rather monotonous ride along this plateau.



A bit of snow.

About noon we arrived at the Indian Gardens and the Bright Angel trail. High above us, at our left, was the El Tovar hotel. The Indian Gardens consist of a group of cottonwood trees watered by springs, providing a shady retreat halfway between the hotel on top and the Colorado River. The Bright Angel trail, confusing in its name, for it has nothing to do with the creek we had followed the day previous, goes directly from El Tovar down the wall of the Canyon and then to the nearest point of the river. It is the usual trip taken by tourists wishing to enter the Canyon.

And now we met the tourists. They came on a dozen or more mules. They brought the atmosphere of civilization into the Canyon. Plaid hose, golf knickers, wide caps with large visors, pleated jackets, amber goggles, neat camera cases, were the rule. Some wore wide straw hats and bib overalls, rented at the hotel. They waved a democratic hand at our rather dusty and travel-stained little train and seemed well pleased with the Local Color.

We stopped in the shade of the cottonwoods for an hour, then started the long climb to the top. The big train of pack mules, escorted by several shouting cowboys, had caught up and as we turned and twisted upward a respectable cloud of dust hovered over us. For some time the trail followed a draw toward the final wall of the Canyon. There was little view: it was shut out by the rocky points on either side of the draw up which we traveled. Finally we approached the wall, and prepared for the final climb. The trail became steeper, its bends sharper. We closely hugged the rock wall, for much of the trail had been blasted out of it.

As we neared the top the trail doubled back and forth in a final climb up the perpendicular cliff, and when we looked down we often looked into more pure air than I like to see any place but above me. In spite of the two days we had spent on the trail, I again began to feel anxious about my horse, and again hoped with all my heart he wouldn't slip and hurt himself.

With a final twist and turn, a supreme effort, it seemed, the trail came to the edge of the rim. The buildings of the town of Grand Canyon, which means the El Tovar hotel and its satellites, were before us and in six steps we were walking on pavement.

The transition was sudden. It even changed Scoyen. He looked at me, and I thought I saw a new expression of appraisal in his face, as he studied me from head to foot.

I was not wrong.

"Have you got a coat?" he asked.

"Coat!" I looked at him in amazement. Couldn't he see the rivers of perspiration on my face? Hadn't it been a hundred in the—What in hell did I want of a coat!

"You have to wear a coat in order to eat at the hotel," said Scoyen. "That's a rule they have."

I looked myself over. I had been in the Kaibab forest for three weeks, traveling by horse and pack mules. I had crossed the Grand Canyon. I was, in other and fewer words, a mess.

I looked around and saw people in cool linens, in straw hats; in flannel trousers and bright blue motor cars.

I began to dwindle. I hoped my saddle would slip and swing me around under the horse. I moistened my lips and found my tongue covered with grit. I had one great desire, and that was to turn around and go back into the Canyon again, where I could blend into the rest of the dust.

But I stuck to it. I told Scoyen the hotel needn't worry, I wouldn't disgrace them—and then I felt suddenly sick in the solar plexus. I realized, more than ever, that the hotel needn't worry. For I had not a cent of money!

I borrowed a dollar from Scoyen.

Scoyen took me over to his home, where I met his very charming wife and tried my best to make him think his baby boy was the most remarkable I had seen. We sat and drank cool lemonade. I washed the Grand Canyon from my face, shaved away the young Kaibab that was growing on my cheeks, borrowed another three dollars from Scoyen and bought a clean shirt, had my boots shined, and sent a telegram.

That afternoon I met J. R. Eakin, superintendent of the Grand Canyon National Park. I had a very pleasant visit with Mr. Eakin, who is a very pleasant man to visit with, provided you are interested in the Grand Canyon park, for this is Mr. Eakin's life and soul. If I had the space I would like to tell of the way the Park men are working to develop the Canyon as a playground for everybody. Unless somebody swaps it for a bunch of votes sometime, the government is going to develop the opportunities for recreation at the Canyon as they should be developed.

But to get back to my story. I stayed at the El Tovar hotel, coat or no coat. I stared at the bell hops, who were Japs or Mexicans or something, in a manner to indicate that I was only temporarily coatless, and by having my meals brought up to my room I avoided the head waiter, and all the rest was easy.

I looked at all the Souvenirs Of The Grand Canyon.

I fell in with the crowd and looked at the view from the hotel and from the rim in front of it, which is the worst possible view of the Grand Canyon. On

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 50]

Shooting *Ducks* With a Fly Rod

By SHADY LANE

THE late Davy Crockett was the talk of the country in his day. Tales of his accuracy with a rifle are legend, but it remained for William C. Vogt, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, to ring the bell of fame in the field of trick angling.

Most of us who enjoy either the rod or the gun are convinced that fly rods have no place in the duck blind. Most of us will swear to the fact that a man who can bag his mallard or teal with a twelve gauge shotgun in these days of high flights is no mean shot.

Vogt scorns this method. He uses nothing but a light fly rod, tapered line and plug to get his ducks—and he gets them on the wing! His record bag to date is five.

But his talent with a rod does not end with the bagging of ducks—he bars nothing. He has landed canoeists, swimmers, big fish, raccoons, and accomplished many other similar feats.

For instance, this wizard can do the following stunts with his rod and line:

Land a champion canoeist in eight minutes, knock a pipe out of a man's mouth one hundred and fifty feet away at each cast; slice a banana at seventy-five feet with a fly-line or knock the ashes from a cigar at this distance; defeat expert riflemen in accuracy—the target being bits of wood floating at distances ranging from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet and the score kept on direct shots; land a thirty-pound musky in five minutes on a four-ounce fly rod; land a thirty-two pound musky with eight pound test line in eighteen minutes; land a sixteen pound pike with a fly rod equipped with ordinary cotton sewing thread for a line; catch a seventeen pound pike with a four-ounce rod and surgeon's thread and persuade muskies to strike at a bit of white cloth.

This is not hearsay. Vogt has proved these things before witnesses ranging in number from two to five thousand.

Contrary to the method used by most anglers who land swimmers, Vogt attaches his line to the swimmer's belt and not to his head. The difference is apparent.

In a recent exhibition at the Minneapolis Athletic Club, Vogt landed two champion swimmers. The first swimmer to test his skill weighed one hundred forty-three pounds, stripped. Using a fly rod of split bamboo 9½ feet in length and weighing six ounces, a twenty-eight pound test line seventy-five feet long from regular fishing equipment, Vogt landed his man in six and one-half minutes.

On the same day he landed Leroy Taylor, northwestern champion canoeist, in seven and one-half minutes, using a fly rod with the line attached to the bow of the canoe.

Vogt has mastered the overhand and underhand flip, using his rod in much the same way as an archer uses a bow in making his cast. He can make a roll cast of seventy-five feet with his back to the wall.

A coon and a bass—Vogt's idea of a good catch.

What kind of a fellow is this man Vogt, personally?

Well, his home town newspaper, the Minneapolis Star, says this: "Vogt is a sportsman in the genuine type." What more could anyone say?

He stands six feet tall and weighs approximately one hundred and ninety pounds. His face is deeply tanned and his kindly though clear piercing eyes twinkle like a boy's.

No one viewing this quiet, strapping giant of the woods and streams today would dream he grew up as a puny youth who had to fight for his life in the open air to regain his health. Through pure grit and tenacity he developed a strength which is not all centered in a wrist of steel.

Virtually facing death he put a pack on his back and started west on foot. He trudged 3,000 miles toward the setting sun. Without a day's preparation he climbed Mount Shasta, 14,450 feet high.

He started fishing as a lad and has never lost his love for the sport. Whenever he hears of an expert angler he goes out of his way to study the methods used and finally masters the new phases of this art. His performance shows he has succeeded.

Wm. C. Vogt at his cabin near Lake of the Woods. This versatile angler recently caught 159 bass in 9½ hours—Hold on! they were caught on a barbless hook and were all returned except one that was injured by striking the gunwale of his boat. The largest of this catch (the one retained) weighed 1 2¾ lbs.

John Moreland-Fisherman

by Will H. Dilg

Illustrated by William Schmedtgen

Chapter V

TWO weeks had now elapsed since John Moreland and Walter Strong had arrived on the Upper river. Their extraordinary bet of $5,000.00 had become common talk and had spread up and down the Father of Waters for a hundred miles or more and bid fair to be known nationally. This was decidedly unpleasant to the two multimillionaires, and they wondered where the leakage came, each suspecting the other's crew. The crews of "The Winner" and "The Victory," however, plainly enjoyed the notoriety.

Moreland and Strong entirely overestimated their importance, thought Bill Pohlman and Nate Ward. These two veteran river men knew that more than likely the $5,000.00 bet would be won by the outfit who exhibited the most cleverness in hunting big fish, and both equally felt that they could spell able in this respect. Bill and Nate had always held each other in respect and for years had been friendly rivals. They had pulled the greatest black bass fly fishermen in America, and no two men could spot the fisherman who possessed the quality of "fish sense" or "fish instinct" quicker than they. Sixty seconds had been enough to convince both that their men were "greeners." Bill and Nate did not think, **they knew, that real fishermen are born, not made.** Hence both were at a high tension, and keenly alive to the fact that it was up to them, and being fighters by nature, they treasured more than they had ever treasured anything in all their lives the honor of captaining the crew that would, to put it their way, "cop the $5,000.00."

Both Nate and Bill, because of their knowing the old river so well, were almost certain to often choose the same waters. The spirit of rivalry between the two crews was evident from the beginning, especially between the two cooks. Pete Lafitte and Lars Petersen often met when buying supplies at the little farms along the river, and the French in old Pete prompted him to twit Petersen, who too was a cocky old soul with a chip on each shoulder.

The Volstead act was practically nil along the river, as everybody knew, and both Pete and Lars did not object to a nip of moonshine and a nip or two caused them to brag, and bragging brought on betting. Thus each time the two old cooks met, a bet was made.

"Ol' fren', I mak' t'ree bet wid dat Lars Petersen on de Victor'. De firs' bet ten dollair, now it tirty dollair. By gar, we got win dat fi' tousan' dollair. What you tink we go Winneshiek bottoms—big bass dare."

The river was still rather high, but slowly falling, and both the Winner and the Victory outfits were taking plenty of bass. None were, however, of extra size. Both outfits hovered about the vicinity of Minneiska. Walter Strong's boat was still moored at the mouth of Buffalo while Moreland had moved down river from Belvidere to the "big box dam" district.

One hot noon day Strong's fast launch hove in sight. Soon the watchers saw that it was headed for the Victory. Nate Ward was alone, and steered his boat so that he ran close enough to the Victory to hand Bill Pohlman a market basket without stopping, saying, as he did so:

"For Mr. Moreland, with the compliments of Mr. Strong."

The curiosity on board the Victory was intense, but was soon satisfied when it developed that the market basket contained a big bass, resting in a bed of cool moss and ferns. There was a sealed envelope addressed "John Moreland, Esq." which he hastily opened and read aloud:

"Dear John:

How do you like this one?

Sincerely,

Walter."

"How much will it weigh?" quickly commanded Moreland.

"I don't think it will go four pounds," said Bill, as he measured it with his rule, "it's just nineteen inches long." By this time Pete had brought forth the houseboat scales and the fine fish was put on and exactly registered 3 lbs. 15 ounces.

"I've got a hunch," said Bill, for the hundredth time, "the $5,000.00 will go to the boat that takes a fish of five lbs. or better."

It was a rule on board the Victory that only two real meals would be served. A big breakfast at nine immediately after Moreland and Bill had returned from the morning's fishing. Dinner was on the table at four o'clock and that was the big feed of the day. At five Moreland daily started forth and fished till twilight, and on his return a pick-up was served to all hands.

An evening or two after Walter Strong had sent the big bass to Moreland, Bill and he hooked a monster bass in Crooked Slough. Both knew that their work was cut out for them, the many snags and tree falls in the old slough making it difficult water in which to net big fish.

"He's a big one, and we have got to get him!" shouted Bill, as he pulled out for the middle of the stream.

The first mighty break the fish made proved that Bill could tell a big bass from the strike alone. The fish took out all of seventy feet in one great rush, and looked a mile off to Moreland.

"That's the biggest bass I have ever hooked," said Moreland with bated breath. "I hope he's bigger than that one of Strong's."

"I think he is, and my guess is that he'll go over four pounds, and may even be big enough to win those 5000 iron men," said Bill. "We haven't got him yet though, and it's going to take good fishing to get him in this snaggy slough."

The current was extra fast right at this spot because Running

George Horace Lorimer, Editor Saturday Evening Post

Mr. Lorimer was elected honorary president of the Pennsylvania State Division of the Izaak Walton League at the convention recently held in Williamsport, Pa. He is a thorough conservationist and has done much for America's out of doors.

"We have not only hunted our game, but we have slaughtered it. We have not only conquered the wilderness but we have destroyed it. We have not only developed our country but we have gutted it. We have not only populated the land but we are trying to Chinafy it. We are not building a great nation but destroying one."

Slough pours into Crooked here and in high water piles up dead trees and all sorts of rubbish.

Moreland's fish hung down low for some minutes, and could not be budged. This kept up till both he and Bill greatly feared it had fouled the line in some way. Meanwhile, the fish being at such depth, the speeding current played on the line causing it to hum like a strummed harp.

"What'll we do, Bill? I feel him, he's tugging away fiercely, but I can't move him!"

"Hang on and give him every ounce of strain your rod will stand, and if he hasn't caught on to something, he'll come up with a bang pretty soon." Bill had hardly finished speaking when up came the fish, exploding the water into foam. Upstream with lightning speed now raced the fish and Bill pulled the boat with all his might to help Moreland secure a tight line. Both their efforts, however, signally failed and out of the water again burst the fish, this time on a slack line, and again tearing the water into foam.

"Must be hooked to a fare-you-well or he would have gotten away that time," thought Bill.

Now the old timer showed his generalship and shot like a bullet for some piled up brush across river. "Hold him!" shrieked Bill, and at the same time he frantically pulled for the opposite shore. Here a half submerged saw log, worn smooth as glass from being for years in the river, criss-crossed the brush pile and at the very edge of this the fish broke water with a crash. Its splendid leap landed it on the opposite side of the log, not more than four feet of water being between the log and the brush pile.

"Pull like hell!" yelled Moreland, and at the same time he leaned back and pulled hard on the fish, so hard that his rod straightened out and creaked. Bill pulled and Moreland fairly slid the fish over the smooth log into open water. Sweat stood out in great beads on the old man's face, and his breath came in jerks between set teeth. The fish now was amenable to some reason, although it battled with a never say die spirit for ten or more minutes, before Bill netted a thoroughly exhausted fish.

"I'm all in and in a terrible sweat, but is that fish bigger than Strong's?" asked the proud old man, a tremble in his voice in spite of himself.

"We'll measure him," calmly said Bill, and out came his folding rule: "a full twenty inches and heavy through the shoulders, but not a five-pounder. That was pretty work of yours when you yelled to me to pull like hell, because I thought the fish gone to a certainty, and was half stunned for the instant and couldn't think. Look at this oar." And then he picked up half of a spruce oar from the bottom of the boat and showed it to Moreland.

"When did that happen, and how did you get the extra oar in place without my knowing it?"

"When you yelled 'pull like hell' I came to in a flash and snapped the oar in my effort to help you. I changed to our extra oar while you were fighting your fish." Both men looked their admiration of the other as they drifted downstream.

"You know, I had an old uncle who was a wonderful fisherman, and I guess I'll catch on to this game in time."

"Yes, I think so," said Bill, and he meant it as the tone of his voice proved.

The two happy fishermen continued to drift downstream and looked at the giant warrior which lay on the top of the ice in the ice box. " 'This is the life,' as my friend Bob says," said Moreland. "Never had a finer time, and I feel as husky as a bull. Just look at that sunset, and see the swallows darting everywhere." Surely Napoleon after a successful battle could not have been in a more satisfied mood than was John Moreland.

Bill now took up the oars and slowly pulled into the river and as they silently moved through the water Moreland hummed a tune. At the point where Crooked Slough ran into the river they heard the querulous voice of an old man as he scolded some one. "Who's that?" inquired Moreland.

"Oh, that's old Fritz Lieber and his grandson. He's raising hell with the kid in German for carelessly kicking over their jug of drinking water. I guess the old man is thirsty."

"Hail him," said Moreland, and as they drew near he saw a very thin old man and a little boy, equally thin and peaked.

"What's the matter with river water, ain't it fit to drink?" asked Moreland.

"Polluted as hell, and unless something is done it will soon mean good bye black bass in this river," answered Bill.

"Want a drink?" asked Moreland, as Bill pulled the boat alongside and at the same time handed his Thermos bottle to the old fellow. While the two drank Moreland noticed an enamelless and rusty steel fly rod and also that the quaint old man fished without a leader, his fly being tied directly onto a frazzled line. "What luck?" asked Moreland.

"Oh, putty goot—dey eat up my fly," and then he showed Moreland an ancient and worn-out Montreal.

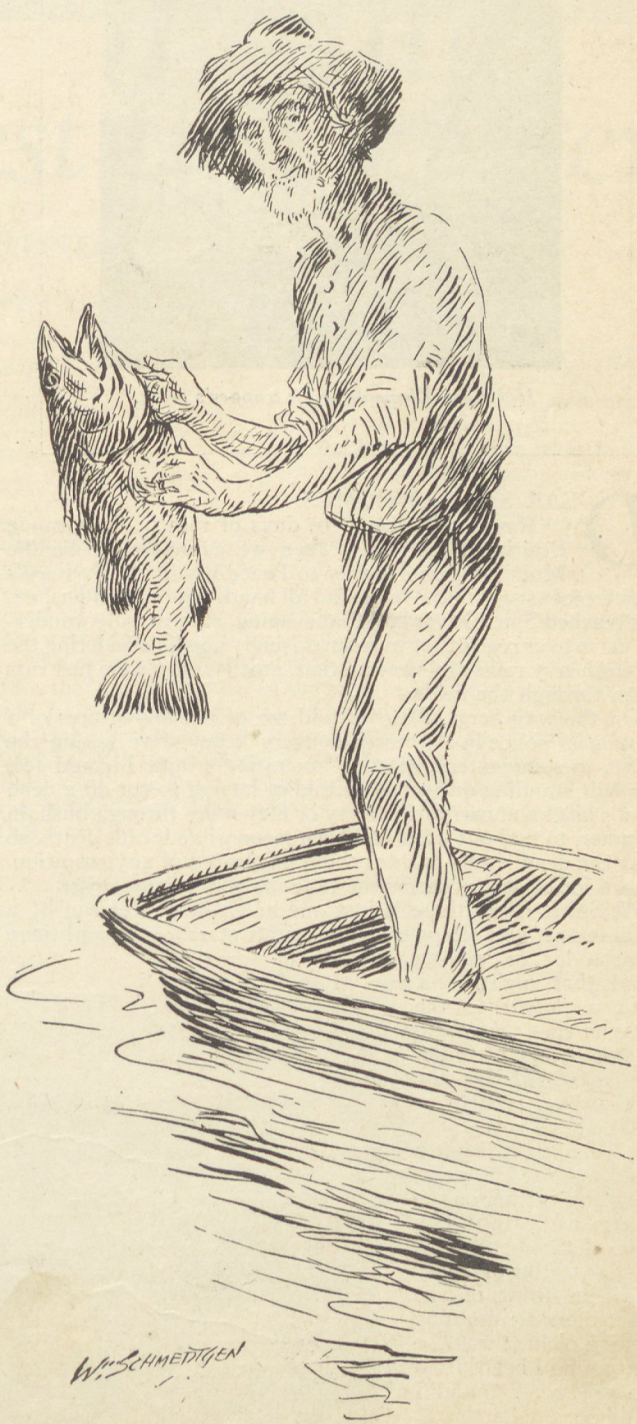
Here John Moreland was tempted to show his big fish, being still flushed with his victory over the fighting warrior of Crooked Slough. Who can blame him for wanting to exhibit his prowess as a fisherman?

"Want to see a fine fish?" and at the same time he stood up and raised the lid of the ice box and with pride showed the old man his fine bass.

"Dat's a putty goot vun—vat you tink of dis vun?" and then the old German reached into a burlap sack and brought forth such a bass as few rivermen see in a whole lifetime.

The great size of the bass fairly took Moreland's breath away, and as he looked at it he gasped in utter amazement:

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 52]



"Vot you tink of dis vun?"

Letters of a Little Lady Vagabond

by Hal Kane Clements

Photographs by the Author

Hal Kane Clements at the trapper's grave.

DEAR STAY-AT-HOMES:

There had been three days of rain in the Grande Prairie district, and when we came to the Saddle Mountains on our way to Peace River, Henry Ford's masterpiece stuck in the mud, and all hands got out and pushed. We reached Spirit River late that evening, after a really wonderful drive over roads that were surprisingly good, considering the recent heavy rains and the fact that, mostly, they were just ruts worn through the fields.

On the way Sergt. Murray told me of the adventures of a provincial police in the north country (they were taking the place, to some extent, of the "mounties") and I could feel my hair standing on end as he told of having to cut off a dead man's head and carrying it forty or fifty miles through bush, in summer, to find out what had been responsible for his death, so that the dead man's partner could be cleared of any suspicion. And a lot of other cheerful news items of the same order.

At Spirit River there is just one hotel—and that run by a Chinaman! One sleeps there, or counts stars. . . gosh! there were a lot of 'em on hand that night. So, with a prayer to the Heaven that takes care of vagabonds, after being reassured by the kind and very courteous police that I really need not worry a bit, I put a chair against the door, the water pitcher on the chair, and slept the sleep of the just.

The snorting of Henry down in front of the hotel the next morning at nine o'clock was the next sound I heard from the world . . . and I could see the handsome officers ready to continue the journey, so I scrambled into my clothes . . . a cup of coffee . . . and then over the hills and far away.

At Dunvegan Hill we looked up the next valley for sixty miles and could see Peace River country . . . the mountains, in tones of red, orange, yellow, and green, subtly overshaded by the purple of distance. These mountains are not rocky, but built up entirely of soil, and the outline of them is pleasingly soft and colorfully marked, like a tremendous tapestry woven for miles and miles.

The road down Dunvegan is very, very steep, and the brakes screeched in protest all the way, and when we reached the bottom, were very weak.

As we ran down the last incline onto the ferry that takes the occasional car or horse across the Peace River at Dunvegan, I got the thrill of my life and almost a drowning when the car bounded against the steel wire that stretched across the open end of the ferry. As I saw the bolts on both sides bulging from the wooden top rail with the strain . . . I hoped my hair wouldn't be stringy when I was fished out and that I'd look natural! The river here is very deep and swift . . . and while I had burned with zeal to see the place, I wasn't keen about drinking too much of it.

Miles and miles of the most glorious wheat fields I have ever seen . . . fulfilling a long time wish of mine, too, to see it standing ripened as far as I could see; dust that choked and blinded . . . dinner with Ma and Pa Dodge, two of the greatest comedians in the whole wide world, who sent us on our way chuckling and laughing for twenty miles as we reviewed the jokes and funny stories they had told us. . . . . More dust . . . less wheat . . . a few people on horseback . . . a carful of Sunday visitors . . . and then at last we twisted down the last dangerous curves on the cliffy mountains and came upon Peace River, the town.

It is like going into a new planet . . . all shut away from the world. The town sits high above the Peace River . . . some homes built right up to the mountain top. The mountains close it in on every side . . . glowing in the sunset. It was just supper time when we arrived, and afterward, the officers, their duty done, left me to my own devices, the first of which was watching the day fade from this wild and beautiful spot.

It was very quiet along the bank of the river. One could picture the noiseless glide of Indians in canoes loaded with furs, as they made their way from the great, uncharted wastes far, far north of where I sat dreaming. A band of coyotes snarled and yelped in battle among themselves from high up the mountain

(*Continued on page 50*)

Peace River.

Superior Forest In Danger

By DEANE RUNDLETT

Photographs by Donald Hough

This article by Deane Rundlett, Vice President of the Minnesota Divison I. W. L. A. clearly outlines a situation that calls for the united support of all sportsmen in America. The Superior National Forest is one of the nation's greatest assets.

SHALL the Superior National Forest become the pawn of lumber and power interests, or shall it be kept in its present form as the canoe playground of the nation? This is the question confronting the friends of this great wilderness in Northern Minnesota and soon to be answered by the actions of the Governments of the United States and Canada.

This paradise of the nature lover, where the last great herd of American moose have taken their stand, where fish and game abound in untold numbers, with its hundreds of lakes and thousands of pine clad islands is faced with disaster in the very near future if certain "developments" are permitted. For a number of years, in fact since the formation of the Superior National Forest during the administration of the late Theodore Roosevelt, timber companies having holdings in the Canadian country adjacent to this forest have sought to build dams at the outlets of a number of lakes which would raise the water sufficiently to permit them to take all this timber to International Falls, Minnesota, to be sawed into lumber.

On August 25, 1920, the Fort Frances Pulp and Paper Company, Ltd., filed an application with the Minister of Lands and Forests at Toronto asking the right to

"dam the outlets of several lakes along the international waters above Rainy Lake, for the control of waters flowing into Namakan Lake and in cases where power is available the right to develop such power and erect power plants."

Due to the fact that this application was filed in Toronto, the general public knew nothing of the proposal until the spring or late winter of this year when Secretary of State Hughes submitted to the International Joint Commission a memorandum of questions pertaining to the levels of certain lakes in the district without making reference to any power project.

This memorandom asked "under what conditions will it become practicable and desirable" to regulate the levels of Rainy, Namakan and other lakes to exceed the ordinary range of the levels, to provide storage facilities upon all or any of the boundary waters above Namakan Lake and other such technical questions.

The petition, boiled down to inescapable facts, amounts to this, that a great number of the most beautiful lakes in America will be raised from five to eighty-two feet. This means the blotting out of thousands of pineclad islands, the flooding out of Curtain Falls and Rebecca Falls of Upper and Lower Basswood Falls, of Prairie Portage Falls, which names spell sweet memories to the ears of thousands of canoeists who have vacationed in this Northland.

The land of virgin beauty that cannot be replaced.

Should beauty such as this be destroyed?

The lowlands and meadows bordering some of these lakes, about which, during the fly season, the monarch of the forests, the moose, may be seen feeding, will be submerged under many feet of flood waters. The shoals upon which spawn the lake trout and the walleyed pike will be too deep to be used for these purposes. The very status of the dams make it permissible to raise and lower the water at will, thus preventing the fish from establishing new spawning beds.

Hundreds of thousands of acres of coniferous trees will be submerged and naturally killed. The poisonous tanbark will cover the bottoms of the lakes. Fish life will suffer greatly as a direct result of pollution of the waters in this manner.

To those of the many lovers of Outdoor America who have canoed along the so-called boundary route extending from International Falls, Minnesota, to the Pigeon River country bordering on Lake Superior, the mentioning of the names of the following lakes with the extent to which it is proposed that they be flooded will bring sorrow to the lovers of this great wilderness and a determination that the so-called industrial interests shall not prevail:

Starting at Rainy Lake, it proposes raising the level from 1118 to 1200 feet, or 82 feet, on this beautiful lake with its myriads of islands;

Loon Lake, that lake justly famous for its immense Northern Pike, from 1167 to 1200 feet, or 33 feet;

Lac La Croix, frequently spoken of by those who know, as the most beautiful fresh water lake in America with its sixty miles of crystal blue water, high rocky bluffs, its enormous lake trout and Northern Pike, its uncounted number of virgin Pine covered islands, its sandy beaches, and marvelous camp sites would be raised from 1188 feet to 1200 feet;

The beautiful and popular camping sites known as "Curtain Falls and Rebecca Falls" would be under this project, flooded out. No more their sweet music would delight the ear of the "Wilderness Voyageur," no more in the rapids will lurk the famous fresh water tiger hungry for the sight of a glistening spoon, because it is desired in order to increase the surplus capital of certain lumber corporations that they be forever silenced;

Farther east along the boundary we come to Basswood Lake with its seven hundred miles of shoreline, with its waterfalls entering the lake and leaving the lake. This lake has been fortunate for under the proposed "improvement," Basswood Lake would only be raised five feet;

Birch Lake, from which flows into Basswood the Prairie Portage River with its delightful falls, will also suffer as will Knife Lake with its present elevation of 1385 feet which it is proposed to increase to 1420 feet, or a distance of thirty-five feet.

Waltonians and lovers of the Superior National Forest and especially those of you who are familiar with this glorious canoe country, picture in your own minds the devastation that will be caused by the damming up of the outlets of these lakes.

On September 28th, there was heard at International Falls, Minnesota, by the International Joint Commission, the application of this lumber company and the opposition to be presented by the Izaak Walton League, the Minnesota Arrowhead Association, and other interested organizations. It is expected that an extension of time will be granted to take further testimony and make further investigations.

The Minnesota Division of the Izaak Walton League under its State President, Mr. George H. Selover, and its Secretary, Mr. Fred H. Doellner, have circulated petitions in every corner of the State. The National organization has sent to every chapter a protest which, upon being filled out by the chapter officers, has been turned over to the International Joint Commission as a record of the stand of Waltonians in every portion of the United States.

Like a tide have come these protests from the Izaak Walton League Chapters. The petitions of Women's Clubs, Nature Clubs, Conservation organizations of every kind are flooding the office of the Minnesota Division. The Boy Scouts are taking an active interest in this work of preservation and are assisting greatly in the torrent of protests that is being poured down upon the International Joint Commission. But the end is not in sight. Powerful influences are at work in the political warp and woof of both the United States and Canada to take from the lovers of nature this glorious vacation land. Like a fortress in the way of the advancing enemy stands the Izaak Walton League of America. The Superior National Forest must and shall be saved.

A LETTER FROM HERBERT HOOVER

THE SECRETARY OF COMMERCE
WASHINGTON

September 16, 1925

My dear Dilg:

I am glad to see that you are renewing energies for the Izaak Walton League. I am particularly interested in the development of the League, not only because of its broad support of outdoor life but because of the particular support it has given to this Department in advancement of our work in the conservation of Alaskan and Atlantic Seaboard fisheries, and the great effort we are making to extend the private propagation of game fish. The strong support of the League to these measures has been indeed helpful.

There appears to me to be even a wider issue in all this - As we are improving our economic life we are steadily decreasing the hours of labor and extending periods of vacation, and one of our problems now is to find healthful and sound recreation for our people in this increased leisure time. The work of your association is a direct and great contribution to this end.

Yours faithfully

Herbert Hoover

Mr. Will H. Dilg
Izaak Walton League of America
Chicago, Ill.

Plant a tree.

Commerce—Reforestation

By R. M. THOMAS

CONSERVATION of our natural resources on a cold blooded business basis, stripped of all idealism, is the greatest asset in America to the proper exploitation of these resources.

The possessor of one cigarette cannot expect to smoke that cigarette and have anything left but the pleasant memory of a smoke. If a lumberman cuts all the timber on his land without making any effort to reforest that area, he has nothing left but a memory and the profits from that one cutting.

But now comes the information that commercialization and conservation are on speaking terms. It marks the beginning of a new era in conservation.

The Long-Bell Lumber Company, of the state of Washington, is one of the largest enterprises in the United States. This company did not reach its present position through lack of foresight, and now it has discovered that you cannot take away something without replacing it with something else, if you are to continue to draw a revenue from this source.

M. B. Nelson, president of the company, has announced, after a careful survey of their holdings, that a comprehensive program of reforesting these denuded areas will be started without delay.

This program will include re-seeding at a rate equal to the progress of cutting, to take place within three years after logging. A large forest nursery will be established at Longview, the company's property near Ryderwood, Washington, and experiments in direct seeding will be tried.

Another feature of the reforestation plan, Mr. Nelson announces, is the development of fire lines of alder and other broad leaf species along the abandoned logging spurs. These will subdivide the cutover lands into smaller pockets and offer greater protection to the young growth.

Care is being taken in the course of logging, to remove all snags large enough to constitute a fire hazard. Slash disposal is to be carried out in accordance with the state laws and an efficient fire patrol is to be maintained to protect cutover lands as well as virgin timber.

"This large scale enterprise of the Longview operation is being launched after a thorough study of conditions and possibilities because the founders of Longview are looking far into the future," Mr. Nelson said. "Further they are confident that the good judgment of the people of Washington will bring about conditions of taxation and fire protection favorable to the continuation of this reforestation plan.

"The program is being mapped out now for a period of five years because of the present rapid strides being taken by the state and the government in reforestation work. At the end of that period it may be possible to synchronize our program with those of the state and the federal governments, but we are instituting this program of our own accord and at our own expense.

"Actual reforestation will begin immediately.

"Reforestation is not an experiment with the Long-Bell Company. In the south, more than two years ago, certain areas were set over at the recommendation of Mr. Woods for the purpose of perpetuating the forest on lands that we figured better suited for that purpose than for any other."

Dr. Hugo Winkerwerder, dean of the school of forestry of the University of Washington, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 48]

When Bob-White Calls

By JOHN EWELL MORRISON

Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry

HAVE you ever hunted tigers, or elephants, or cockroaches, or bear, or ducks; or have you climbed the stalwart mountain for the wily mountain sheep? Yes?

But have you hunted quail? There, my friend, is the sport of the rulers of men. What one of you who has tramped the autumn stubble when the trees showed black through the smoke haze down along the creek bed, with a favorite dog out ahead of you—what one of you would deny it?

It was the first of the season and opening day was to be an event of history. Two proud field winners had been bought to add their luster to the day. Their owners would stop for me in a few minutes, impatient to be on their way.

An automobile horn sounded in the yard. I gulped down the last swallow of coffee, grabbed my coat and gun and started for their machine on the run.

The dogs they had brought along were such as to make the heart of a bird dog man jump. They were perfect specimens, full of life and anxious to be off.

I climbed into the car, the motor purred and we started to back out of the yard. Something crashed through the lilac bushes with a weird sound, half bark, half moan.

I turned, and frantically trying to scramble up on the running board of the moving machine was my old setter, Mac, trailing his chain.

Eyes that talk.

Have you ever loved a real bird dog? You have—then you know what I mean.

Jimmie stopped the car and looked at me. Tom, my oldest hunting partner, looked straight ahead. I'll swear there wasn't a dry eye in the trio.

Frantically, old Mac barked and whined from his precarious perch on the running board. His faded old eyes looked into mine and his tail hammered against the side of the car.

I didn't know what to do. To take Mac with us would only be to spoil the day for the other fellows, as he was far too old to take the field. I had sent him to a neighbor for the day, as I had known this would happen.

Mac had sensed the reason and with wild jerks had pulled the staple from my neighbor's kennel and joined the party.

It was opening day—boy, how we had planned on it, and the weather was ideal. But somehow or other I just couldn't get up courage enough to take Mac and tie him up. Nor could I suggest that we take him along.

Mac barked again and the tail continued to bang against the side of the car. None of us had spoken—we were all thinking the same thing. Jimmie turned abruptly in his seat and in a gruff voice that showed emotion was playing havoc inside said, "Well? What in hell are you waiting for—put the old rascal in—he's been

welcome company for the last ten years—we'd be poor mutts not to give him one more crack at 'em."

I couldn't answer him. I just opened the door of the car and pulled Mac inside. He lay down on the floor with his nose against the heel of my gun and we started.

Things brightened immediately. Tom made some wise remark about a car full of old women and we laughed—the nervous tension was over.

We parked the car in a farmer's yard and started through the lower pasture. Jacksnipes whirled up around us from the boggy lowlands.

Finally we came to the wheat stubble and the hedgerows. Despite his age, I could hardly hold Mac. This was his game and he knew it well.

We loosed the dogs. The younger ones immediately struck off through the stubble. Mac, with every muscle in his body working, worked up the hedge. Tom and Jerry started after their dogs and I trailed Mac, always a close worker.

Suddenly the old boy tensed and froze, his belly close to the ground. Cautiously I walked up behind him. "On, boy!"

He wormed his way ahead.

Whirr! whirr! Whirr! Three cock quail left the ground from within five yards of his nose.

Wham! Wham! and one of them dropped. Mac brought him in and with a gruff bark was off again through the Stubble.

Suddenly a wild barking sounded across the field. The two younger dogs, while wonderful to look at, had not been fully trained and were in full cry after a cottontail that bounded along in front of them.

I laughed aloud—I couldn't help it.

The rabbit circled and the two dogs followed, barking wildly. Jimmie and Tom whistled. They yelled, and finally gave vent to their feelings in a stream of plain and fancy cussing. On went the rabbit and on went the dogs. Again they circled just out of gunshot and both Tom and Jim let go both barrels at them. Some of the small shot must have found its mark, for the two of them cut loose across the fields, and so far as I know are going to this minute.

A Tough Place in the Trail

But don't hesitate, remember there's a young fellow right behind you.

Jimmie and Tom crossed the field to where I was standing and we held a pow-wow. We agreed that despite old Mac's start he could not keep going all day.

They decided to go back and borrow the farmer's pointer and meet me later.

Mac and I continued on our way. We flushed a covey of six that were playing possum in the lea of a stack of straw and bagged two more.

The old boy was working hard and beginning to tire. I could see that he was going only on his nerve. I called him in and sat for a while patting his old head. He was panting heavily from exertion, but his eyes were alight with pure joy. He tugged against my restraining hand.

I didn't have the heart to hold him any longer. Away he went, working as hard as ever, but pausing every little while to shake and emit a little choking cough.

My two pals came out of a clump of box elder to my right and we decided to eat. During the meal we kept Mac on the leash. He whimpered a little and licked his feet.

It was a bad meal and we hurried through it. Jim walked over to Mac and patted his head. The old boy wagged his tail and jumped up ready to go.

The farmer's pointer was a good one and a fast worker, but Mac, recognizing a field com- [CONTINUED ON PAGE 74]

Six whirred up from a little clump of trees in the center of a sea of golden stubble.

Who Owns the River?

By CARL M. SAUNDERS

TO whom do the fish in our rivers belong? Are they the private property of riparian owners or are they the public property of the people? Who has the right to catch these fish? Private property owners or the public?

These are moot questions in Michigan as inevitably some day they will be in every state where the issue has not been already confronted. To date the public seems holding its own, but the case may go to the Supreme court of Michigan.

Casting a fly into the white riffles of the Pine River.

Backing the contention that the fish belong to the public and that the public is vested with rights to angle for them is the Michigan Division of the Izaak Walton League. A case which otherwise might have been lost by default and with it rights dear to every man who ever has felt the tug of a brook trout or thrilled with the splash of a rainbow has been defended with the best of legal talent paid by Michigan Waltonians.

It is not a long story 'though in it are involved the details of a conflict which if lost would have brought an end to public fishing in Michigan streams.

Back in May, 1925, shortly after the opening of the trout fishing season in Michigan, Gideon Gerhart of Reed City and a friend named Hammond piled their fishing tonnage into a car and put-putted up the Mackinaw Trail and thence by winding woods roads to the unspoiled wilderness of the Pine River, a cold, fast, clay bottom stream, famous among Michigan anglers. The two had fished the Pine for many years. They could recall the day when there were no automobile roads and when anglers earned their sport by a 10-mile hike through the scrub oak to reach the trout waters.

On this particular day they chose an old-favorite stretch of water, beginning at Skookums, a bridgeway familiar to all Pine river anglers. At this point a public road crosses the Pine. No need to cut through private property, although all along the Pine is undeveloped scrub oak and jack pine with the exception of a very few farms. Their blood tingling as does the blood of every man who nears trout water on a May morning, they slipped into their waders, nervously rigged up rods, reels, leaders and lines, and, clambering down the bank, welcomed the cold chill of Pine river waters rippling around their boots. Trout fishermen from boyhood, Gerhart and Hammond were in their true element. They knew their river, knew their game and knew themselves.

But it was not their river. Stretching across the rushing waters of the Pine was a wire fence. On either side were large black-bordered signs. "No trespassing. Private property." Following their hounds in the cotton-tail country around Reed City, the two anglers often had confronted the obstacle of posted property, but here was a new threat: a flowing river fenced off, their favorite fishing water barred to them. Gerhart and Hammond conferred. One knew a little of law, both knew a lot about Michigan precedent, and also they knew that there were big, battling brook trout in that stretch of brown, clayey water below Skookums. They did the natural, fisherman-like thing. They climbed through the wire fence, and proceeded with their fishing, each in a likely stretch of stream.

At Skookums there was, however, more than just wire fence and printed signs. From out of the gnarled, scrawny oaks appeared an obstreperous person who proclaimed himself as none other than a combined deputy sheriff and game warden charged with responsibility of protecting private property from trespass. That this man, "Cap" Mead, was neither variety of police officer, was not then known to Gerhart and Hammond. (It afterwards was brought out in court.) They did, however, argue with him, and, despite his threats, continued their fishing.

How many fish they caught has never been told, but, after the manner of red-blooded men in the back country, they thoroughly enjoyed themselves. A muskrat swam across the stream ahead of Gerhart, a red-tailed hawk soared over Hammond. As they packed up at the close of the day the drum of a distant partridge was followed by the evening call of a robber kingfisher.

Within the next week warrants were served upon Gerhart and Hammond for trespass upon private property. Little heed at first was given the case. Not all fishermen, unfortunately, are sportsmen. Some leave dangerous fires in their wake, others break down fences, others violate game laws. Perhaps, pondered the public, these anglers had damaged the property of Frank Collins, wealthy resident of Toledo, Ohio, who owns a fishing club on the Pine river, and who was complainant in the trespass case.

But up in Reed City the natives knew Gerhart and Hammond, knew they were Waltonians and 100 per cent sportsmen. They got back of their troubled brethren. A Grand Rapids newspaper ferreted out the facts, sensed the significance of the threat and told Michigan sportsmen that, "if this case is lost, the time will come when there'll be no public fishing except off the piers at Grand Haven." The case went to a justice court jury—a jury of men of the back country, men raised near trout waters. Harold H. Smedley, president of the Grand Rapids chapter of the Izaak Walton league and general counsel of the state division, appeared for the defense along with Robt. Savage, the attorney retained by Gerhart, Hammond, and their Reed City friends. The back country jury did the obvious thing, acquitted Gerhart and Hammond. There was no trespass, they held, the stream belonged to the public.

No Justice court decision satisfied Collins, the wealthy Toledo land owner. He wanted that stretch of river, flowing through his Michigan property, for the exclusive use of himself and his friends. No one else should know the gamey fighting qualities of those trout. So Collins announced that he would carry the case to the Circuit court and, if he lost there, to the Supreme court. He owned the bottom of the river. He didn't propose to let every Tom, Dick and Harry fish the stream.

Those who know Mr. Collins say that he is an estimable citizen, a fine fisherman and in many respects a true sportsman. But here was a clear challenge to Michigan sportsmen. What had been a local squabble of no significance now assumed wide importance. If, in truth, Collins could keep the public from fishing the broad waters of the Pine, then why couldn't other landowners close the Pere Marquette, the AuSable, the Boardman and the Manistee? Here, indeed, was a challenge. And the Michigan Division of the Izaak Walton League was the first to accept, and gird itself for battle. The case against Hammond was dropped in order to simplify matters, Gerhart's case being continued.

In the Circuit court Attorney Smedley, the regular League counsel, and Attorney Savage, with a knowledge of local fishing problems, were backed up by other lawyers, all paid by the Michigan Division of the League. The State Department of Conservation was interested through Waltonian efforts, and one of the staff of the State Attorney General was assigned to look out for the public's interest. Mr. Collins wanted a fight—he got it.

Judge Hal Cutler, regularly presiding in the Lake county

Circuit court, was the man who had sold Mr. Collins his river frontage. He, therefore, was an interested party (afterward a witness for Collins) and could not preside. In his stead Judge George Lamb of Cadillac was called upon.

On September 28 the case was called. The little old court house in Baldwin was crowded. A sensational murder trial could not have drawn larger interest. In Baldwin the high school was dismissed to permit the children to attend the trial involving rights dear to every male above eight years old, for in Lake county fishing and hunting are the common sport of all men.

Where the trout is King! Scene along the Pine river.

The Michigan law says that wherever navigable or meandered waters have been stocked with fish at state expense the public shall have the right to fish, and, if the public is barred, then no one shall have that right, including the owner of the property. But other laws give to the owners of river bank property ownership of the river bottom to the center of the river. Mr. Collins, owning both sides of the river, claimed the whole bottom. And again on the side of the defense was the ages-old tradition of fishing freedom. From the day of the first trapper and the pine woods logger the stream had been free fishing waters, the fish had belonged to him who caught them. The Common Law, if not statute law, was, contended the defense, on the side of Gerhart who represented all of Michigan's sportsman interests.

It was not a long trial, lasting only through two days. Most of the facts were conceded. Gerhart admitted that he fished the river. It was a question of law and equity. The legal arguments made by defense and plaintiff were printed on the front pages of papers all over Michigan. That the stream was navigable was proved by witnesses who told of the old days when huge rafts of logs were floated down it. That the state had planted $15,000 worth of trout fry in the stream was the testimony of Conservation department agents.

The jury was out less than 15 minutes and brought in a verdict of no cause for action; in other words, a declaration that Collins had no right to bar Gerhart or anybody else from the Pine river.

But the case, unfortunately, doesn't end with the jury. Judge Lamb, announcing that the Circuit court is "more than a mere way-station en route to the Supreme court," has taken the legal issues at stake under advisement. A motion by Mr. Collins' attorneys that the verdict be set aside is also being considered. They base this motion—which interested lawyers view with more concern than ordinarily is given such procedure—upon five counts. These are:

First, that Gerhart trespassed when he put his hands on Collins' barbed wire fence to step over it, in the stream; a contention which, if upheld, would give a technical trespass without deciding the all-important point of fishing rights, unless the court should hold that the fisherman had a right of way in the stream and Collins had no right to obstruct it.

Second, that Gerhart trespassed in walking upon Collins' submerged lands, or the bottom of the stream—the real issue in the case.

Third, that the statute under which the defense denies trespass, because of a right to be in a stream planted by the state, is unconstitutional under articles 13 and 2 of the state Constitution, and articles 4 and 1 of the federal Constitution, as taking property without compensation or due process of law, and impairing the obligation of contract.

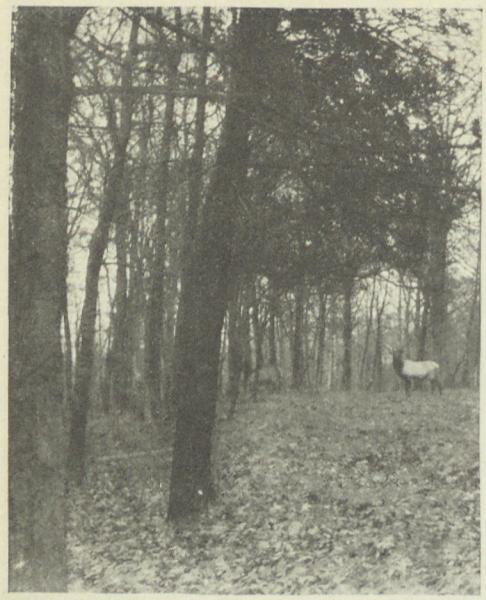
Fourth, that the statute, if constitutional, does not apply in this case, as a trespass was committed at the fence, upon the lands of the plaintiff.

Fifth, that the statute, if constitutional and valid, does not apply inasmuch as, under decrees of the Supreme court, the Pine is not a navigable stream under the meaning of the law.

The last point was the only one which the jury decided, the court stating that, in submitting the case to the jury, he must for the "time

(*Continued on page 52*)

Is this worth fighting for?



Elk in Pennsylvania Preserve.

ELK Hunting *in Pennsylvania*

by Robert Vale

Pennsylvania has accomplished many things in the propagation of game and the perpetuating of sports afield. Other states throughout the Union have also noted achievements to their credit—let's hear what your state has done.

PENNSYLVANIA'S experiment in restoring elk to a state in which the last native wapiti was killed more than half a century ago has been proved out. Today there are a dozen bands of elk firmly established in widely separated districts; they have adapted themselves to favored locations and they have found food in plenty. It is doubted, however, whether they will increase fast enough to pass into the big game shooting class for many years. The first open season was in 1923, when less than twenty-five bull elk were shot. Last fall there were only eleven males taken. On the other hand there has been an increase in the number of cows over a period of a dozen years.

There seems to be a feeling among the sportsmen of the state to look upon the elk herds as a part of the interesting and appealing picture presented by Pennsylvania which in comparatively few years has taken a leading place among the big hunting grounds of the nation. So the herds are likely to be protected until the increase reaches a point where they must be thinned out.

In order to introduce some new blood six bull elk were released this spring in Elk County where the number of cows is disproportionately high. In this part of the state and scattered through several surrounding counties there are many wapiti. It is an ordinary sight to come across thirty and forty in a bunch. They have picked out permanent ranges and show no inclination to wander great distances. The elk in the central and eastern parts of the state have been more disturbed and are more unsettled.

The first elk were introduced in 1913 when twenty-three animals were brought from the Jackson Hole country. These were distributed in the northwestern and north-central counties. Later ninety-five more were turned loose in northern and north eastern counties. During the first few years the herd decreased until it was barely one-half the original number. Many of the elk that came from Jackson Hole were infected with ticks. It is said too that many died from eating local mountain laurel. In some districts a form of tail rot developed and observers in the Elk County district say that this disease persists among the animals in that district; so fixed is this belief that local hunters will not shoot an elk because some have found its meat unfit for use. It is true that there are instances of the elk in the Dents Run herd suffering from disease but they are few. Gradually the big deer are becoming acclimated and as a whole may be called healthy and thriving.

Good forage.

For a number of years the Pennsylvania elk roamed until they found the country that appealed to them, and in every instance it bore some similarity to the western landscape. The high plateaus with projecting points that overlooked deep valleys seemed like home. Canyon-like gullies cut up the northern part of the state and at the head of these there can be found plenty of food and cover. Here among the lofty ridges the elk settled down to feed on the rich mountain grass, willows, aspens and Hercules club. This last named browse has a peculiar appeal for the elk. The main stem is covered with short thorns, but the new growth at the top is succulent and pithy and is a favorite delicacy.

The food question never will be serious for the Pennsylvania elk. There is such a vast quantity of browse and grass and such an abundance of water that no matter how severe the winter or how deep the snows both deer and elk will not suffer. Deer are so widely distributed, about forty-five counties containing herds, that the elk and deer are found in the same localities. The deer refused to move when the elk came in so they share the ranges and get along harmoniously. During the big game season the elk are at a disadvantage.

There are thousands of deer hunters in the woods and their method of getting game is by means of the drive, with picked shots on the crossings. The law prohibits the killing of elk in a drive, and it is generally observed that once a bull elk is jumped it will travel for several miles and in its dash will come across still-hunters. It is only a matter of time until the animal is killed; the target is too large and the number of rifles too many.

The suggestion has been made that now since the elk have found themselves the game commission take steps to declare the fixed ranges to be protected reservations on which no shooting of any sort be allowed. In this way the herds will continue to increase and overflow into the surrounding country where after a time there would be permanent elk shooting. It is impossible to select a refuge and place the elk upon it; the animals must find their own permanent home and the state then can run its strand of wire around the tract.

Pennsylvania was one of the first states of the union to adopt the game reservation plan on a broad scale. The results have surprised the sportsmen of the United States.

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Our National Membership Drive and Herbert Hoover

ON another page of our Magazine we print a letter from Mr. Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce.

Every Waltonian should read it. Mr. Hoover's letter is pregnant with meaning to the sportsman who looks into the future of outdoor sports in this Country with an understanding mind.

The important paragraph of the Hoover letter reads as follows:

"There appears to me to be even a wider issue in all this—As we are improving our economic life we are steadily decreasing the hours of labor and extending periods of vacation, and one of our problems now is to find healthful and sound recreation for our people in this increased leisure time. The work of your association is a direct and great contribution to this end."

Those of us who gypsied this summer by motor know there were armies and armies of recreationists abroad.

The Saturday Evening Post declares that in 1924 there was "a vast army of 12,000,000 or more vacation campers, who last year marched their auto tents up and down the land or wended their merry way across the continent trekking their nomadic *lares et penates* along every automobile highway that held out a promise of adventure. Fully 4,000,000 of these were tyros."

In 1924 there were 12,000,000 auto vacationists *alone* and 4,000,000 of these *were inexperienced beginners.*

In 1925 this great army of twelve millions was certainly recruited *heavily* and those who have studied the subject declare that in America today there are more than thirty million of our citizens interested in outdoor sports of some kind.

To quote again from the Post—"The money invested (1924) in *new camping* outfits by *beginners alone* last year amounted to $226,000,000. But equipment cost is *hardly half* the story."

Now what does this mean to the thinking man and woman; and especially those of us who are devotees of hunting and fishing?

It can mean but one thing to a man of intelligence, sincerity, and honesty, and that one thing is that the Izaak Walton League of America is *needed* in this Country just as Herbert Hoover declares in his letter.

In the first issue of this League's Magazine, the writer said, "We need twenty fish hatcheries where now we have one and ten wild game farms where now there is one." That statement was true in the month of August, 1922, and it is equally true today, the difference being that today American sportsmen are more generally beginning to realize the need of twenty fish hatcheries and ten game farms where now there is one.

This League is founded upon a common sense foundation. We have no commercial basis, no political or religious alliances, and our method of working has proved so practical that it would actually take books to describe the achievements of this League and its Chapters.

The basic plan of the League is the Chapter, as you all know, and our Chapters work from town to county, county to state, and state to Nation. The duty of a Chapter is to organize Chapters at strategic points within their home county, and to create and push forward a program of "*Conservation for My County.*"

The Chapters of the State form a State Division. To illustrate, we have twenty State Divisions at this time, and more will be organized this coming fall and winter.

It is the duty of our State Divisions to create a statewide *Conservation Program for My State* and to awaken public opinion in that State, so that the State Program may become a fact.

It is the duty of every Chapter in the State to send its delegates to the State Convention and also to the League's National Convention where a National Program is created meaning "*Conservation for My United States.*"

The best minds in America have critically studied the working plan of the Izaak Walton League and unhesitatingly pronounce it perfect.

The plan of our League *cannot fail.* It was produced to bring back sport in this Country *and it will do it.*

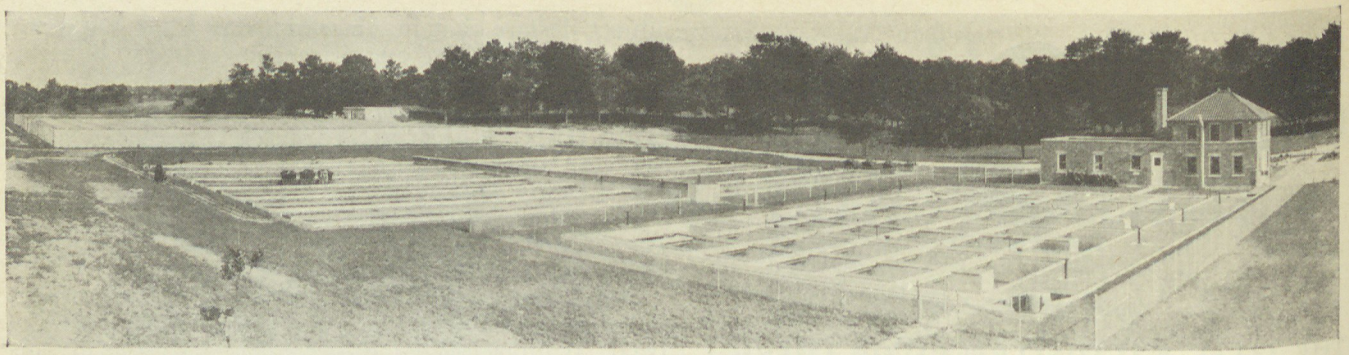
We are composed of thousands upon thousands of HE MEN, and our League will continue to advance in POWER AND INFLUENCE—until, at last, we will see "safe forever, a great part of the most wonderful out-of-doors Country that ever was put down on any part of the earth's surface."

We are awakening our Countrymen *in time.*

This League is pledged to save Our Country from being stripped of her native beauties. We have sworn that this generation will not leave to posterity, a Country naked and ashamed before the Nations of the earth.

Therefore, brothers mine, *every new member* you get into your Chapter will speed the happy day when "there will be *twenty fish hatcheries where now there is one and ten game farms where now there is one.*"

Waltonians, the League expects every man of you to do your duty. Let's show Herbert Hoover that we, of the League, *understand* the full meaning of the paragraph, taken from his letter and printed in this editorial.



Your Community's *Greatest Need*

A SEWAGE DISPOSAL PLANT

By GUSTAV H. RADEBAUGH
Manager Urbana-Champaign Sanitary District

The Pollution Department is edited by Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, a leading national authority on this subject. We are particularly anxious to know what the individual Chapters of the League are doing to eradicate pollution from their community streams or lakes. Address all such material to Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, Pollution Department, OUTDOOR AMERICA, *536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois.*

IS the knowledge that your community's waste is being disposed of in a scientific manner worth ten dollars a year to you and your family?

Waiting until tomorrow will cost too much.

Biologists, chemists and engineers have given to civilization a way to care for their wastes. The pollution problem solved by these scientific agencies is now in the hands of the citizens and delays in adopting proper methods for the treatment of municipal and industrial refuse is directly chargeable to you and me as taxpayers and pollution contributors, in our respective communities.

Why this continued delay, when so much is at stake and the cost so small? Why do we, as a people who lead the world in business, education, homes and religious development, delay in caring for the waste from our factories and our communities?

It is evident that many people, all over the country, are accepting this challenge of neglect and are thinking and acting correctly by caring for the polluted waters of our commonwealth. It does not take an expert to get this problem of pollution before the people of a community. In many cities interested citizens are presenting to the city government petitions and requests demanding the removal of pollution from the streams. Through this request committees are formed which get the legal and technical machinery started to remove the menace.

Municipal and industrial sewage pollution can be licked to a standstill whenever a few converted taxpayers in a community start a program of publicity on what is actually being done with the sewage. Most all of us will agree that it is not playing the game according to the rules to enjoy the many comforts of the modern bathroom and not feel some responsibility in what becomes of the waste after it leaves our property.

The old order of civic responsibility took the "I don't care attitude," but we are outliving this dilatory and irresponsible civic position and appreciate that the folks that live down stream have at least an equal right to hygienic surroundings with those in the city, who have removed from their resident property, for the protection of health, the unsanitary and unsightly privy.

To get down to brass tacks on the subject of freeing your stream of pollution, the following steps are suggested by Mr. P. W. Wright, president of the Illinois Association of Sanitary District Trustees, as a possible outline for you and the other fellows to follow in getting the job started.

1. Ascertain if any agency is working on the problem; if so, get acquainted with this effort and offer your assistance.

2. If organized effort is not present, consult an attorney for copies of your state law covering stream pollution and care of domestic and industrial sewage, and follow the instructions of your attorney.

3. Before the question is put to a vote the city board of health or other municipal agencies should employ consulting sanitary engineers to make a preliminary survey of the problem to ascertain the real conditions and recommend how to remedy them. By such a report all guesswork is eliminated and the taxpayers will know the real condition they must confront.

4. Get acquainted with your State Division of Waterways, Board of Health, and the Water Survey. They will have many suggestions that will be helpful.

5. After the district is formed the trustees or others designated by law should secure the services of engineers conversant with sewage treatment problems.

Fig. 2. The old 18" sewer outlet, sewage going directly into the stream.

6. In presenting the financial program needed for the improvement, give the taxpayers, through local papers or pamphlets, all the information about the necessary improvement. Have men acquainted with the problem make public addresses.

7. Enlist the interest of all civic bodies in your community. Let these organized bodies have all the facts. Every citizen has the right to contrary opinions; find out what they are and answer them.

8. When sentiment is properly crystallized, announce the date for voting on a bond issue to finance the building of disposal plant. List the voting places. Never ask a citizen to vote for the improvement. He should be encouraged to vote by receiving all the facts pertaining to the project.

9. A successful vote on the bond issue is a mandate for the legal officers of the district to proceed with the project. Commissioned engineers must design plant and prepare specifications. In most states these must be approved by state supervising bodies.

10. Advertise for bids, the details to be governed by law under which the district is organized and award the contract. Invite public inspection of work, which will insure the support of the public and when finished, place the operation of the plant under experienced supervision.

If this schedule of activities can be followed results will be accomplished that every citizen will be proud of. Getting started is the real job, but what better community contribution can a group of citizens make than to interest their city in the caring for its waste in a scientific manner.

Mistakes can be and are made in the planning of plants for the treatment of sewage. Some communities have learned that it is a mistake not to place the design of their plant, regardless of how small, in the hands of expert sanitary engineers whose business it is to design such plants.

"Know the facts, don't guess," has been the slogan of the Urbana-Champaign Sanitary District and in everything that has been done these words have been the forerunner of the program. A real survey of the problem, a complete report on the condition to be met, a design of plant based on this investigation, a complete check-over of report and design by state engineers is the "bull's-eye" to shoot at. The results of such a program is the plant shown above. It is in this type of plant that the foul, offensive sewage that comes from the cities' sewers is treated so that it will be as clean as the stream into which it empties.

A word or two by one of the leading chemists of the country may make it easier to understand how such results can be obtained:

"The process of sewage purification is quite similar to the disposal of garbage by feeding it to hogs. The hogs in this case are replaced by minute living organisms which feed upon and digest and transform to mineral salts the organic matter in the sewage. In the standard type of plant, such as shown, the sewage is passed first through large 'two story' tanks in which the heavier solids settle out, and collect in the 'lower story.' Here these coarser solids are attacked by certain bacteria which transforms them into a black odorless humus. After the removal of the heavier solids, the sewage is still a thick, milky liquid and must be further purified.

"This is accomplished by spraying it out through nozzles like lawn sprinklers and allowing it to trickle down through beds of small broken stone. Enormous numbers and a great variety of tiny plants and animals soon take up residence in these rock beds and busy themselves in their favorite occupation, acting as scavengers. So thoroughly do they work that the sewage is completely freed from all objectionable organic matter and a clear, colorless liquid runs off the rock beds."

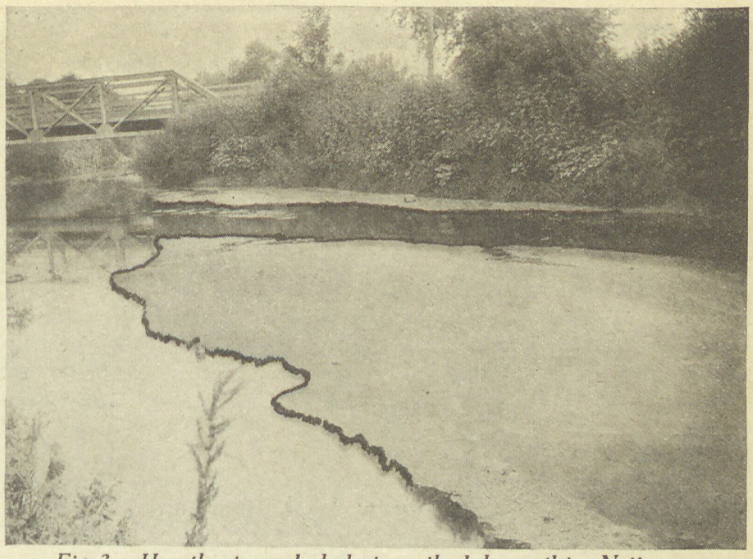


Fig. 3. How the stream looked nine miles below outlet. Notice scum which is evidence of a septic condition.

This plant has a capacity of 6,750,000 gallons per each twenty-four hours, and covers almost ten acres. The settling tanks which are located in front of the brick building are one hundred and thirty-four feet by seventy-six feet by thirty-three feet deep. The sludge beds located to the left of the tanks are two hundred and two feet by one hundred and fifty feet. To the extreme left are the sprinkling filters with an area of 1.6 acres and an average depth of filter stone of ten feet. Six hundred and fifty cars or approximately seventeen train loads of stone were used in this unit alone.

The Champaign County Chapter of the Izaak Walton League contributed much to the support of the organization and construction program of the Urbana and Champaign Sanitary District. They joined hand in hand with the Chamber of Commerce, Rotary, Kiwanis, Ladies' Organizations, etc., of our communities in informing the public as to the importance of caring for our sewage.

A close inspection of the eighteen inch sewer outlet as shown in Fig. 2, that was actually dumping one to five million gallons of strong domestic sewage into a stream that had a flow not much greater than this amount during the most of the year gives a conception of the problem that was before the taxpayers of these communities. An inspection of this stream showed up a conglomeration of filth, sewage, and a breeding place for disease. In Fig. 3 is shown the condition of the stream nine miles below the outlet. Notice the scum and sewage lying on top of the water. Compare this view with Fig. 4, which shows a typical view along Salt Fork at the present time. This view was taken eight months after the plant was in operation.

Fig. 4. The stream as it looked eight months after the plant was in operation.

The cost of sewage treatment is in reach of all cities large or small. Let us analyze the costs of the plant above. It was designed for a contributing population of 45,000, and it cost the

(*Continued on page 67*)

Deadly Doin's *on the* St. Johns

By FRANK WHITMAN

I BETCHA they's more black bass in the St. Johns than in any river on this 'ere hemisphere. An' I betcha ag'in, that they's more Amazonian scenery on it than's on the Amazon herse'f—an' none o' you dast take it up. Well, say! Listen! This river starts down som'eres in the Everglades an' runs north'ard in such a way that you bump into it jest about anywheres over near the east coast o' Florida. Oh! I ain't prejudiced, er an'thing like that, but b'lieve me! I know from many a battle, jest what I'm atalkin' 'bout. An' b'lieve me ag'in, many's the time I've come off'n that 'ere river lookin' like a mess o' fish chowder, an' sneaked into th' hotel with all the folks followin' me with their eyes an' wonderin' what kind of accident I been in. But t'was the fish done it—them durn, soul-stirrin' "Bull Moose" what do their didoes on the St. Johns.

A good fishin' day.

Listen to this. Here's a couple of incidents happened to me, an' I'm a liar if it ain't all true.

First off, I gotta tell you that I got a few fishin' buddies over at De Land, Florida, which lies pretty near adjacent to this river. One of 'em is a feller named Brown. "Earl" for short. He's a fishin' fool if there ever was one, an' keeps you on yer toes all the time or he'll skin you alive, as fur as size an' numbers o' bass is concerned.

Well, one day last Febr'ary me an' Earl slipped in the river at Blue Springs. Time we got set in the boat right out in the middle o' the river there was a ruckus goin' on among the bass. They was a doin' somethin' Earl called "schoolin'." That is, they was chargin' round 'mong a school o' minnies that didn't seem to have any more sense than to mill round in the middle of the river. Time we got organized the racket had stopped an' all we could see was a lot o' foam and bubbles where it happened. Then I see somethin' that looked like a fish's tail awavin' on the surface. We scooted the boat over and picked up two fish. One had its head wedged in t'other's mouth. As they was both 'bout

the same size, eighteen inches long. I couldn't figger it as anythin' else than a head on collision while they was smashin' at them minnies.

We hit the river 'bout three in the afternoon an' at the p'int where we started they is a stiffish current. After 'bout a half mile o' rowin' we come to some eddies, an' there's where it started. Believe me, folks, it makes me pant to think o' them goin's on! My first cast was 'longside a root an' a doggone ole bass that looked like he was three feet long, smashed at my wooden minnie an' bumped his head on the root with a thump that sounded like a mule kickin' a holler barr'l. Then he kinda zig-zagged 'cross the river, in an' out o' the water as he was goin'. But he didn't have his minnie with him—he left that stickin' in the root!

Earl's cast took him into some vines hangin' on the shore edge. He's deadly thataway. He jiggled his rod to get his hooks loose, an' durn me if a bass didn't connect with his bait, someway. Well, sir, this bass was so husky that he tore loose a big length o' vine and went friskin' down the river with it! Earl had a dandy time playin' what he thought was the fish, out in swift water, but what he brought to the boat was just a vine, That's all! Then we both laffed. It *was* funny, just a cast apiece, an' all that happ'nin'.

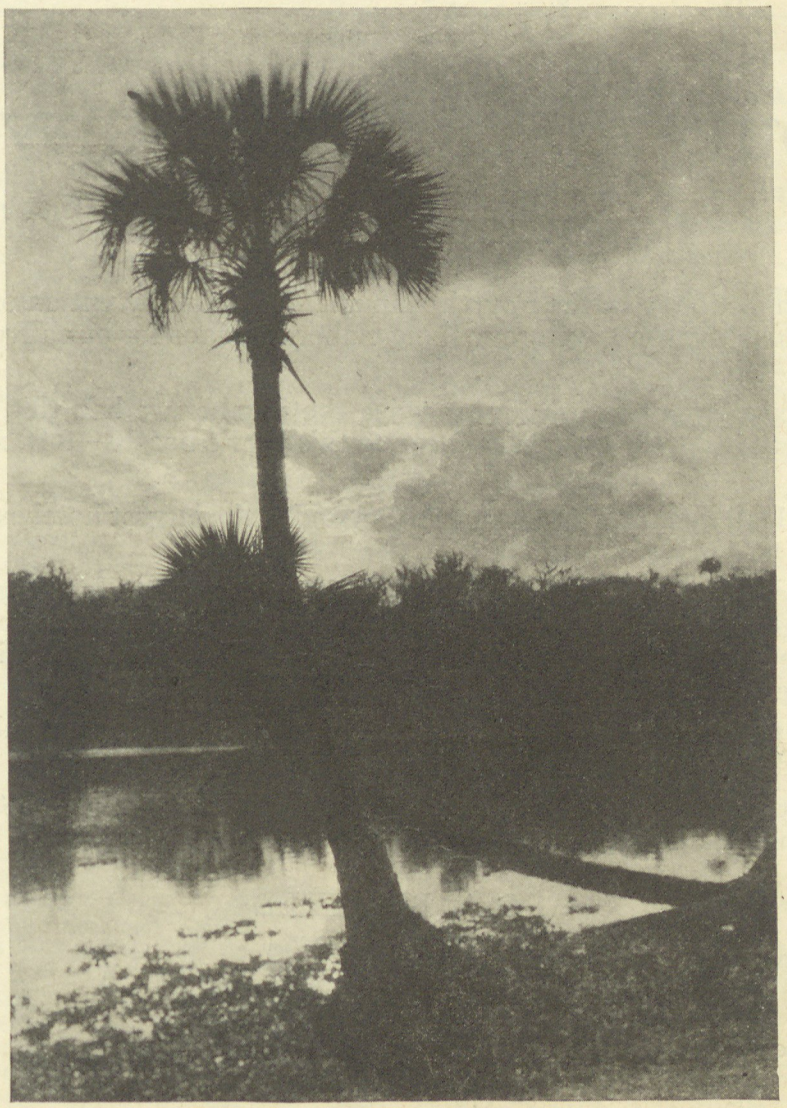
After these momentous incidents we mosied upstream a little farther. We was gettin' bass an' strikes so fast that we fergot to brag about casts we was makin', like we usually did, an' we fergot who got the most to the boat.

Well, nex' thing was when me an' Earl both spies a likely lookin' bunch o' tall grass up in a little piece o' quiet water. We both cast at the same time an' by luck, took the opposite sides o' the clump—when, Bam! Zowie! We both hung a fish. Not so much, mebbe, till I tell you that these fish both went over ten pounds apiece —afterwards—an' they was both bein' fought on the same side o' the boat! Lan' O' Goshen, what a mess! They criss-crossed, tanglin' the lines all up an' when we got 'em in the boat we couldn't tell which bass belonged to who. We wrangled some 'cause we was both usin' the same kind o' bait. After they was weighed they wasn't a ounce difference between 'em, so we shook hands on it.

I like this here feller Earl even if he has a darn bad disposition in one way—he laffs like a billygoat when you lose a big 'un an' it's a plain case o' bad luck when he loses one.

We kep' agoin' up the river fer mebbe three mile, first one paddlin', then the other. I know we put back into the river a dozen o' them bass by the time we reached the mouth o' Banana Creek, a little "dead river" noted for good fishin'. I'll admit I was tired, so we both lit the ole pipes and gassed awhile. Right away I begin noticin' the scenery. Golly sakes, folks, what everlastin' beauty there is on the St. Johns! Every kind o' flower they is in the tropics, I guess. The sun was gettin' pretty low by now an' ole Solly jes' natcherly lit up some low-lyin' clouds into colors too grand for words. We was driftin' back by now, 'long with the current. Over to the right of us was a big shell mound, lyin' to the far end of a big cove. There was a glow on the underside of the big palmettoes that tole us there was a campfire goin'. We whooped, an' the fellers whooped back at us. We paddled over and durn me if it wasn't some fellers we knew. The camp was a dandy layout an' the smell of bacon an' coffee reminded us of somethin' —grub! "Would we partake?" We would an' did, I'll tell the world!

"'Bout four apiece".



An' the ol' sun sets.

An' night fell. With a million stars on the job. By an' by the moon come up, lookin' as big as anythin' I ever saw at first. It was kinda red when it showed; then it got silver an' begin gildin' the tops o' the trees. Then it sent a trail that glittered in a thousand shapes acrost the river to us. All talkin' had stopped, for here was a night of mysticism. I'll admit I was thinkin' that it was a pretty good thing to be alive in Florida, an' that I'd hate to die if I had to leave it.

But the excitement wasn't over yet by a darn sight! Off to the right of us there was a splash of feedin' bass. It seemed like it was right in a shadowed place 'bout sixty feet away. Everybody jumped for their rods, but one feller beat the rest of us to it. He made a cast at about the right place an' his line kep' on agoin'—raisin' in the air! We listened for the

bait to hit the water but nary hit did it do! Then the feller clamped his thumb down on the reel an' still the bait didn't hit the water. They was a tug on the line an' a fight the like of which I never seed before, was on. Whatever had that bait, was in the air! Feller kep' retrievin' an' we heered the flap o' wings. Purty soon he brought to the bank in front of us a big ole hoot owl, hooked in one foot, an' snappin' at us with his wicked beak. We pinned the thing down with a limb of a tree, got the hook out, an' let him go. What I'm wantin' to know is how that thing happened? Was the owl goin' by? Or did he grab at the bait as it was comin'? Or—well. You figger it out.

An' then there's "Devil's Elbow." How's that sound for a fishin' spot—huh? This here place is located 'bout three mile below Crow's Bluff landin' on the St. Johns. It's sure a wicked turn in the river an' the big boats that carry folks an' freight up an' down the river used to have one sweet time goin' round the "Elbow." They tell me they'd have to tie lines to trees an' kind o' "warp" 'roun' this short hairpin turn. Then the gov'ment took a hand in it an' dug a channel straight across. But the ole "Elbow" is still there, an' they's a kind of grass island settin' out to the aidge o' the channel. It comes out to a couple o' p'ints an' I want yer attention fixed on the one that's furthest upstream. There's where this thing happened, an' I never knew the likes of it before.

In the boat this time was Earl an' his kid brother, Bob. This here "kid," by the way, is well over six feet, with or without sox. 'Course I was along, or you wouldn't be gettin' the actual truth o' the matter.

We been takin' turns handlin' the boat, an' if you know anythin' at all about it, they's a knack in paddlin' fer fellers who is castin'. I won't say nothin' 'bout the way Earl an' Bob was handlin' the boat, 'cause I like 'em both, even if they is ignorant 'bout some things. Anyhow, when it come to my turn I says:

"Now, I'll take ye 'mong the fish. Jest watch a real guide an' learn su'thin'." Then I paddled the boat across to the p'int I been tellin' you about. Gettin' the boat in nice] castin' distance I says to Bob:

"Bob, get me that big 'un there on the upstream side o' that p'int."

Well, sir, Bob made the cast as pretty as you please, when, Blooey! Wham! A big 'un busted at his bait an' nigh skeered us all to death. But the fish never touched the bait. Then Earl made a cast an' the very same thing happened. Says I to Bob:

"Try him again, kid!"

Bob tried, all right, an' sure as yer borned, that big 'un come at the bait ag'in, an' he come with such a rush that he left the water, well hooked, an' goes clean over the p'int o' grass! We heered him strike the water on the other side but couldn't see him on account o' the tall stuff! Then he took off about a hundred feet o' Bob's line an' all indications of a fish on the line ceased. I paddled the boat around to the other side, Bob liftin' his line out o' the grass as we passed. Then we follered the line an' it led out o' the water up on to that thick grassy place where we heered the fish floppin'! Tell me about bass? Listen, fellers, you never *kin* tell what they're goin' to do, ner how they're goin' to do it. That fish is mounted som'ers in De Land. What he weighed I don't remember. I've messed up with so many of them that I've clean fergot.

Now kin you blame me for lookin' so busted up after fishin' on that there river? Honest, I never go out on it but what I make all preparations like this day is goin' to be my last, an' wonderin' if I sure paid the premium on my insurance. Sometimes at night I wake up shakin and grabbin' at the bed like it was the side of a boat. I been dreamin' o' them times on the St. Johns. No, 'tain't too much Welsh rarebit—more like fish habit, I think.

The Fourth I. W. L. A. Convention

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Next year in connection with the Fourth Annual National Convention of the League in the Hotel Sherman, Chicago, we are making elaborate plans for our advertisers' exhibition hall.

There will be sixty large booths, almost twice the number we had this year, and each booth will be from two to four times as large as this year's booths—9 ft. x 10 ft. to 12 ft. x 18 ft.

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More About Mallards

(Continued from page 11)

Waiting until we couldn't see any birds down behind the blind we thought they must all be right in front over the decoys so we rose to shoot, turned around, and there they were—all sitting in the water and on the sand bars spread out a quarter of a mile each way on three sides of us—and not a damn one within a hundred yards!

But never mind; it was worth it; in fact this was one of the high spots in our duck shooting history and one of the most remarkable sights ever offered a hunter. Two men, a blind, decoys, guns loaded, and hundreds of ducks on all sides and at all ranges without a shot fired.

We watched them jump when we stood up and watched them fly up river and away, perhaps a wiser bunch of mallards than before.

Well, we'll get 'em this year. Maybe.

Bucks that Play Possum

(Continued from page 6)

across country before we reached the spot.

Here was a rimrock a quarter mile long, forty to fifty feet high, with vine-maple clumps sticking at its base and over the ten-acre flat below it. In previous days we had passed by thousands of vine-maples. A little clump, perhaps five feet through, and quite impenetrable, did not invite one to crawl through it when he could step around; and if it harbored a buck, surely he would jump and run. So he would—except for this peculiar week or ten-day season of the year. Then he wouldn't. You shall see.

Fred Michelson, who edits something-or-other in San Francisco, and Hustler Knighton, a city fire chief, were sent over the rimrock. I took the lower end of the flat. Frank and Mart kept close to the bottom edge of the rimrock cliff.

I got no shooting. I was too far away, and incapacitated, anyway, by laughter at what occurred. Two or three of the others emptied their guns.

Fred and Hustler rolled rocks. They heaved big boulders half as large as themselves over the verge of the cliff into the vine-maples below. A vine-maple is just a cluster of willowy shoots, five to fifteen feet tall, with maple leaves in every way conventional except that they are miniature, about a third the size of a regular maple leaf.

The boys peppered boulders down. These broke with concussions that rocked and echoed. They rolled boulders into every foot of the vine-maples. Nothing happened. They shouted and yelled. There were no bucks.

When I was seized with laughter was a moment or two later. After resting and reviling all bucks ever born of does, the boys, for good measure, rolled a particularly huge and rotten boulder, poised

(Continued on page 47)

Each an ace in its class

POWER aplenty that folds 'em up like a rubber boot when they're ridin' high and goin' like sixty. That's what some shooters want. That's what you get in Ajax Heavies—the shells de luxe that are packed with the power of the thunderbolt.

Then there are the fellows who are just as particular about quality as anyone else, but who like to get it without straining the pocketbook. For them, there is the Defiance—a quality shell that does a big job at little cost because it is loaded with a new-type powder called No. 2 Smokeless.

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Delegates assembled at Williamsport.

Pennsylvania Convention

By BRUCE A. HUNT

The Pennsylvania State Division was organized under very promising conditions at a convention held at Williamsport Sept. 28, 29 and 30, with delegates present from most of the chapters in the state.

Pennsylvania is a new state in Waltonian ranks. Most of its chapters, which numbered forty-seven when the division was organized, are but a few months old. Nearly all of them have been formed within the past year. The growth thus far in Pennsylvania has been largely spontaneous, with no organized effort to establish new chapters.

The organization of the division is expected to result in the formation of new chapters.

It was decided at the Williamsport meeting that the Pennsylvania Division should not only take up the national membership campaign slogan of "Every Member Get a Member," but should add "Every Chapter Form a Chapter."

The convention host was the Williamsport Chapter, with a membership of about 550, making it the largest in the state.

Many prominent conservationists were present, including men who have been leaders in the Pennsylvania Conservation Council, an organization formed to act as a clearing house for the various groups of sportsmen and conservationists in the state, and to win united support for conservation legislation placed before the state legislature.

There is a great need and a strong sentiment for conservation in Pennsylvania. The remarkable example which this state has set in conservation of game and in reforestation work, has been the direct result of this sentiment. Heretofore, however, there has been lack of unanimity. There have been so many organizations, working toward the same ends but choosing different lines and regarding one another rather jealously, that their efforts toward a definite conservation policy have been largely lost motion.

The growth of the Izaak Walton League to its present proportions in the Keystone State, has, however, created in the minds of many conservationists a belief that this organization, because of its national strength, reputation and wisely planned mode of operation, offers the solution to Pennsylvania's complex conservation problem.

Men who have come to this conclusion are gradually sowing in the ranks of their own associations seed which may soon bear fruit in the form of transfer of memberships, en bloc, to the Izaak Walton League. Representatives of several such organizations were present at the state division meeting and were much impressed with the spirit of the Izaak Walton League and with the action of the delegates.

As far as game and forests are concerned Pennsylvania is well situated. Although a great industrial state it is at the same time one of the greatest big game states in the union, and it also affords sport for the small game hunter.

It was a pioneer in forestry work, has a vast acreage of wild land under state ownership, much of it planted with seedling trees, and its legislature has approved a proposal that the commonwealth bond itself for $25,000,000 to buy lands for state forests, public hunting grounds and recreation purposes. The Pennsylvania Division of the League placed itself definitely on record as favoring the passage of the forestry bond issue.

When it comes to stream pollution Pennsylvania can make no claims to distinction, unless it be that it is the worst offender among all the states in the Union in this respect. It has thousands of streams, their length being sufficient to girdle the earth three times. These range all the way from the Delaware, the Susquehanna and the Allegheny, to the myriad small streams which thread their way through the hollows of the mountains. Many of the streams still afford excellent trout fishing, but their number is being lessened each year as pollution claims new victims.

Many of the streams of the state are so bad that the Sanitary Water Board, which is now working on a classification of the streams, places some of them in "Class C," which means that in its opinion they are polluted beyond hope of reclamation. The Izaak Walton League of the state, however, refuses to recognize any stream as beyond hope.

The state's laws against pollution are inadequate. A maximum fine of $100 is provided. Efforts have been made to have this penalty increased to give it a deterrent effect, but to no avail.

The Pennsylvania Division has adopted as its motto, "Pure Streams for Pennsylvania" and will fight in behalf of anti-pollution legislation possessing sufficient teeth to be effective.

The State Fish Commission came in for some criticism regarding the attitude taken toward pollution.

The commission was well represented and its spokesmen were given the privilege of the floor, to state their side, with the result that certain misunderstandings were cleared up.

Waltonians of the state will bend their efforts toward obtaining the legislation necessary to back up the commission in an anti-pollution campaign, and then cooperate with the commission in carrying the provisions of the law into effect.

The delegates voted to ask the state legislature for an adequate appropriation for the Sanitary Water Board, to enable it to carry out experiments now under way, in co-operation with paper works, tanneries and other industries, to determine workable methods of disposing of industrial waste from plants of this type.

Among resolutions referring to game was one which asked other state divisions to join in endorsing a proposal that the Federal government declare a five-year closed season on woodcock, realizing that efforts to protect this game bird in individual states would be of little avail because of its migratory habits.

It was also resolved that the national convention be asked to seek a reciprocal agreement between states in regard to non-resident hunters' licenses.

The delegates heard many addresses, most of which referred to stream pollution.

Ross L. Leffler, president of McKeesport Chapter No. 1, stressed the need of concerted, organized effort; Dr. Charles Lose, retired educator, now sightless as the result of an accident, presented his views on stream pollution based upon his observations as a fisherman for more than fifty years.

Seth E. Gordon, executive secretary of the State Board of Game Commissioners, told of the operations of that body and exhibited two remarkable moving pictures, showing deer and bear hunting in Pennsylvania.

Dr. Charles H. Miner, state secretary of health, and chairman of the Sanitary Water Board, presented the program of the board. William B. McCaleb, president of the Pennsylvania Water Works Association, reviewed recent court decisions of important bearing upon the anti-pollution fight. John H. Fertig, of the Pennsylvania Legislative Reference Bureau, presented a résumé of anti-pollution legislation in many states and of the legal points to be considered in preparing a bill to meet Pennsylvania's needs. Charles A. Jobson, representing the paper industries of the state, told of the efforts being made by such industries to solve the problem of disposing of their waste, and J. J. Desmond, in an able paper, similarly represented the tanners.

Will H. Dilg, national president, and Carl E. Simon, national executive secretary, were welcome guests at the convention. Mr. Dilg shared the program with Governor Gifford Pinchot, pioneer conservationist, and T. Gilbert Pearson, president of the National Association of Audubon Societies at the closing convention banquet.

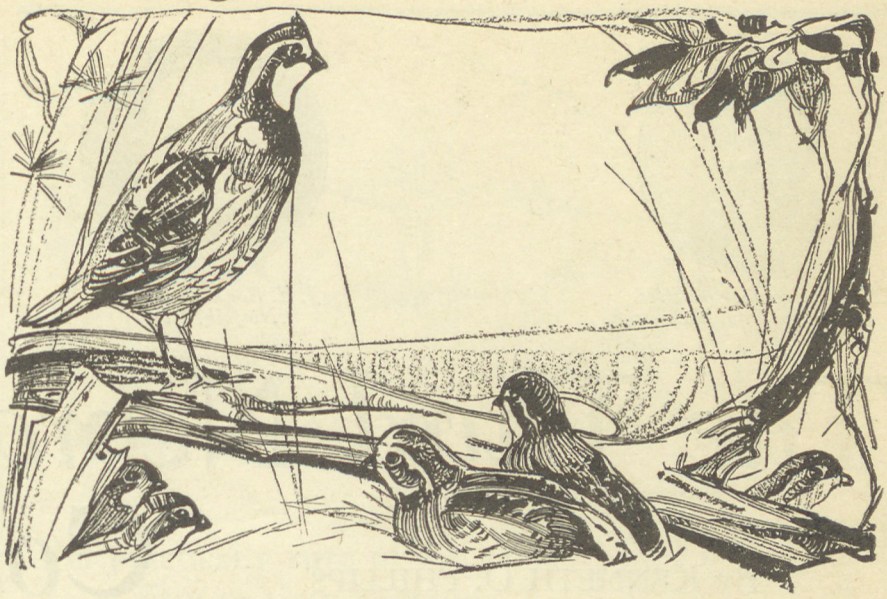
George Wharton Pepper, senior United States Senator from Pennsylvania, spoke at one of the evening sessions on "The Utilities of Sport," in which he proved himself a sportsman in the highest sense of the word.

Philadelphia and Germantown will entertain the 1926 convention during the Sesqui-centennial celebration.

Officers elected were: Dr. William H. Moore, of Philadelphia, was president of the division; George Horace Lorimer, editor of Saturday Evening Post, honorary president, and Luther M. Otto, Jr., Williamsport, secretary-treasurer.

The other officers are: First vice-president, J. Q. Creveling, Wilkes-Barre; second vice-president, Claude D. Henline, Bradford; third vice-president, Ralph L. Smith, Pittsburgh; directors, Ross L. Leffler, McKeesport; Frank R. Mount, Warren; Daniel Clinger, Milton; G. H. Gustin, Troy; Dr. H. N. Thissell, Germantown; A. Hunter Willis, Erie; E. L. Peterson, Windber; Walter Hoehn, Williamsport; Charles G. Lamade, Williamsport; E. S. Bayard, Pittsburgh, and Charles H. Goepel, Philadelphia.

News of the Wisconsin Convention will appear in the December issue



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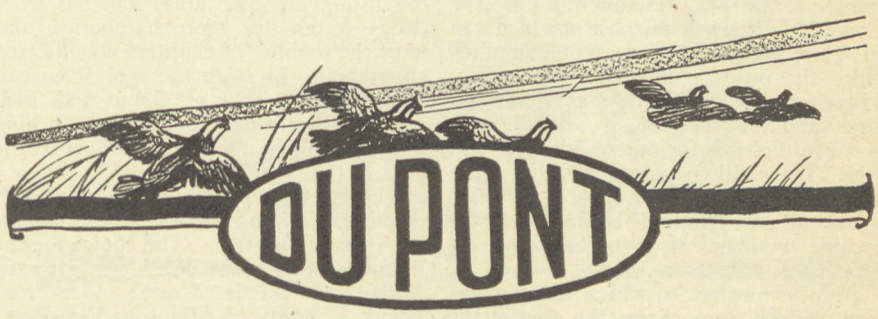

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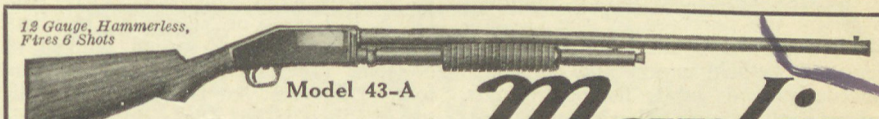

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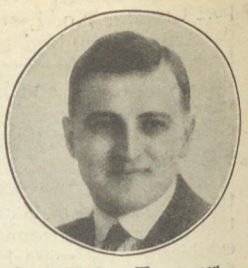


C. J. Huloc, Treasurer
Norfolk, Neb.

The Third Nebraska Convention

By KENNETH D. PHILLIPS

THE Nebraska Division of the Izaak Walton League of America opened its third annual convention, September 14, 1925, with a total of one hundred and fifty-five chapters.

It was a wonderful get-together meeting and was made doubly pleasant by the attendance of many hard workers in the state; men who have worked together for the common good although separated by hundreds of miles.

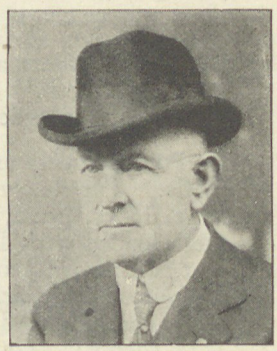
The big feature of the convention in Nebraska was the splendid and fiery address of Will H. Dilg, our President. The spontaneous burst of applause at his entrance and the calm that followed the start of his talk spoke volumes for the spirit of the League, so ably instilled by this great man in the American heart. Long may he wave!

The keynote of the Nebraska meeting was conservation and the only resolutions passed on state activities were along this line. One change was notable; that pertaining to the establishment of a Forestry Committee, the sole purpose of which was to secure adequate laws to protect and replace the outdoor beauty of the state. This committee will be appointed in a few days and will consist of several very powerful fighters for our woods and waters. They will cooperate with the State Park Board, the Nebraska Forestry Association and kindred bodies and will include members of both the above directorates.

Another project to which the convention pledged support was the plan of the Columbus Chapter, led by L. F. Phillipps, to secure the purchase by the Government of several small lakes in Cherry County to be held as perpetual game bird sanctuaries and public fishing grounds. So long as this plan is followed to a reasonable extreme it is the biggest single step taken for the perpetuation of our stock of wildfowl. It is well at this time to include a word of appreciation for Congressman Edgar Howard, friend of the outdoors, the League and the Indian. He is a live member of the Columbus Chapter and a real patriot.

Further resolutions were passed to urge the location of at least two more state fish hatcheries and one trout hatchery to be established and maintained by the United States Government. Nebraska has splendid fishing in some areas and has wondrous waters for more hatcheries, and with the number of chapters now located throughout the state the sportsmen can assure the Bureau of Game and Fish enough cooperation to make better fishing a fact, with just a little more effort on the part of the State.

The Vacant Chair



The late J. T. "Tom" McVittie, of Omaha. A real sportsman.

The election of officers was a smooth running affair and was without a dissenting vote or question. The choice for the following year was: President, Howard Miller of Battle Creek; Vice-Pres., Frank J. Brady of Atkinson; Vice-Pres., R. R. Brosius of Valentine; Vice-Pres., Dr. S. P. Cresap of Nebraska City; Secretary, J. E. Boggs (called Kinky) of Norfolk; Treasurer, C. J. Huloc of Norfolk. Directors: 1st Dist., Harry Mulliner of Lincoln; 2nd Dist., Ed. T. Morris of Omaha; 3rd Dist., C. C. Courtright of Fremont; 4th Dist., Wm. J. Vleck of Wahoo; 5th Dist., H. P. Runyon of Benkelman; 6th Dist., Benjamin H. Mickey of Woodlake.

The permanent Chairman of the Convention was F. S. Gatenby of Clearwater, a capable hustler to whom much credit is due for the lack of friction and the total absence of politics. He was an able aid to the grand Old Man of the Division, Howard Miller.

The leaders in convention work from all parts of the state were present, some of them being S. R. Alexander of Hastings, L. F. Phillipps of Columbus, F. A. Baldwin of Ainsworth, the foster father of the trout, J. B. Stoll of Johnstown, Mockett and Irwin of Lincoln, Dr. Hasselbalde of St. Edward, F. D. McCormick and plenty of others who are willing to work their hardest without individual honor, including the president of the division, first Vice-President and most of the directors.

President Will H. Dilg offered the division one hundred life memberships to be sold for the treasury of the state division, four of which were grabbed in short order by Hugh McCaffrey, president Omaha Chapter, Howard Miller, president of the division, L. F. Phillipps, treasurer Columbus Chapter, and F. Walla of West Point. It is hoped that the lead of these four master leaguers will be followed by plenty of others as the usual autumn prosperity showers down.

Much real regret was felt for the absence of Nebraska's Governor, Adam McMullen, who was unable to attend because of the death of his father two days before the convention. Our sympathy was with this sterling sportsman who is a member of the Beatrice Chapter and a thought of him and his loss was entered in the minutes.

Dudley Scott, State Secretary, was unable to be present and his resignation was in the hands of the President. Owing to the change of his business and consequent moving of his household to LeMars, Iowa, Dudley was compelled to resign.

The convention voted that a special effort be made by each chapter to send at least one delegate to the League Convention.

In the evening a banquet was given by the Trinity Guild and a fitting close to the meeting was presided over by the smiling Webb Rice, of Norfolk. Some clever and interesting addresses were made by notables present, among them John C. Jenkins, Chief Game Warden; Edgar Howard, United States Congressman; Will H. Dilg, Lighthouse of the League, and the Toastmaster. These talks and those of by Dr. Cresap who told of Arbor Lodge, and J. B. Stoll who told of the trout nursery in his city were splendid.

Bucks That Play Possum

(Continued from page 43)

it, pushed it, and toppled it over the cliff. It struck the rocks below, breaking into a

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exclusively first-class Santa Fe "all the way"—the shortest route between Chicago and California—through a sunny scenic wonderland.

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After Bighorn

(Continued from page 9)

climb, but Tex made up his mind to try it. He set off alone on the very last morning of the hunt, taking a lunch with him.

"Expect me when you see me," he stated enigmatically, "it's a long hard climb and I may not be back until after dark." We watched him go, and in imagination we could see the black shadow of his tough luck trailing beside him.

That evening we sat up until about ten o'clock keeping a bright fire going, but Tex had not returned. We had about given him up for the night and were preparing to turn in, when he came stumbling up the trail. His head was low and he appeared to be completely all in.

"Well, old timer, what luck?" we all asked, not very hopefully, having heard the same answer from Tex so often.

"Don't ask," he replied as usual, slumping down by the fire, the very picture of dejection. He was worn out and Jay poured him a cup of coffee and put the frying pan on the coals.

"Hard luck, old boy."

"Oh, well, there's another year coming."

"Too bad, but it'll all be the same in a hundred years."

And so we consoled the poor thing, trying to soften his defeat as much as we could. He seemed as cast down as a man well could be. Dog tired, bone weary, and defeated. "Doggone," was all he had to say.

I don't know how long it took him to finish his supper. He went about it deliberately, all of us meanwhile waiting on him hand and foot. Jay fried him a second steak. Dick filled and re-filled his cup while I tried my best to cheer him up with hastily made plans for another hunt next year. But he seemed to be too far down in the dumps for ordinary measures.

"I've had a fine time though, boys, on this trip. Don't think I haven't. I guess it's not all luck. You fellows are better hunters than I, that's all. But anyway, I've had the time of my life, really I have."

Poor Tex. He was so game about it that our hearts went out to him in his affliction.

"I'll wash up your dishes," said Jay.

"I'll help," chimed in Dick.

Not a thing in the way of camp chores would we allow Tex to lay hand to that night. Was he not the only one of us afflicted with the curse of ill luck? And wasn't that enough for any man to bear without heaping camp drudgery on top? We thought it was and so, evidently, did Tex.

"Boys, this is what I call service," he remarked, as Dick and I unlaced his boots. "Regular Ritz Carleton service. And now that all the menial tasks around here seem to be out of the way I might mention a little matter that's been on my mind for the past hour. Oh, damn it all, I can't keep this up any longer—I killed the granddaddy of all rams on that peak today! You'll find his head out there behind that big spruce tree."

And it was a beautiful head. Much larger than the best of those we had killed. Just short of seventeen inches around the base with one complete turn. A granddaddy, indeed!

"This way," Tex explained, after we finished pounding him. "I climbed to the top and found it to be quite a large flat mesa with a lot of big boulders scattered around. It was about two hundred yards wide and when I got there I didn't see any sheep at first although I had noticed many tracks on the way up. Being about all in from the climb I sat down with my back against a big boulder, big as a barn almost, took out the makin's and built a cigarette. I lit up and had just got it going good when I heard a clatter behind me. Grabbing my gun from the ground I jumped up and looked around the side of my rock. There I saw a small ram standing on another rock barely fifty yards away. I was just about to crack down and lam loose at him when three more dashed out into the open from behind a pile of rocks a short way to the right. The last was the big granddaddy and I busted him where he looked the biggest! At the third shot he went down and stayed down. The hunt is over. Old Lady Luck redeemed herself and now I'm going to bed."

Commerce—Reforestation

(Continued from page 31)

is the authority for the statement that, with the proper forest management and due safeguard against fire, a perpetual industrial supply of timber is possible in the northwest. Dr. Winkerwerder, in an address delivered before the Longview Lion's Club April 28, 1925, quoted facts and figures to show that it would be possible to reforest faster than timber is now being cut or is likely to be cut. He said, in part, that "the materials are all at hand to reforest our logged off lands if we will supply the one great safeguard, which is adequate fire protection. Through proper methods of forestry we can grow from 32,000 to 44,000 feet per acre in from sixty to eighty years, which will mean production of trees twenty-four inches in diameter and one hundred and sixteen feet high, depending on the quality of the soil. By proper use of our potential forest lands we can produce crops

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of between six and seven billion feet annually, forever."

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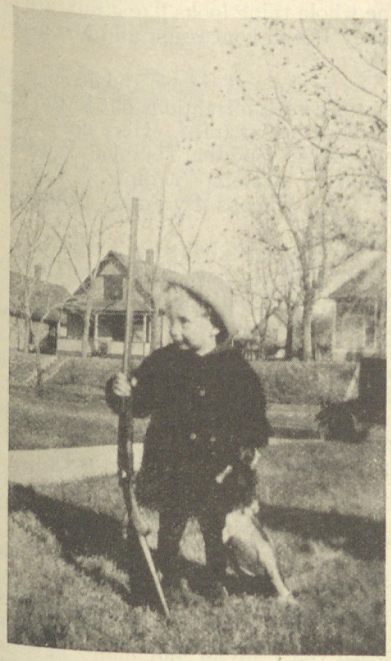

Hale and Hearty, grandson of J. H. Hale bags a greenhead

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Outdoor America, Published Monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1st, 1925.

State of Illinois } ss.
County of Cook }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Carl E. Simon, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Outdoor America, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Izaak Walton League of America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. Editor, Will H. Dilg, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. Managing Editor, Ewart Hetherington Ross, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. Business Manager, Carl E. Simon, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Izaak Walton League of America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.; Will H. Dilg, Pres., 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.; Thomas Ambrose, Vice-Pres., 330 E. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill.; Fred N. Peet, Secretary, 214 W. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.; Charles W. Folds, Treas., 208 S. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.; Carl E. Simon, Executive Secretary, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... .....(This information is required from daily publications only.)

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Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1925.
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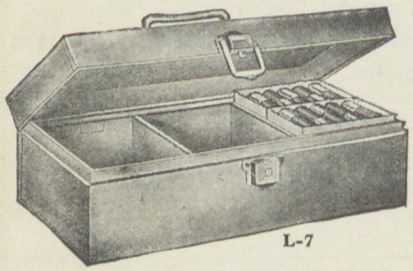

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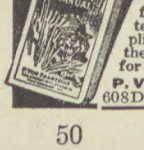

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The Phantom Herd

(*Continued from page 24*)

the entire north and south rims I had not seen a worse one. It must have been selected by an expert. It covers about as much ground as a piece of restaurant pie and is exactly the same shape. The hotel has overcome this situation in an ingenious manner. A long string of automobile busses are provided to take customers out to the real views. You pay so much per view. I've forgotten the scale of prices, but they're reasonable considering the quality of the views. The view from in front of the hotel is given free with each purchase of a ten cent cigar.

Scoyen came around to the hotel and got me, and in two days showed me everything there was to see along the south rim of the Canyon, which was considerable. From the Painted Desert, thirty miles to the east, to Hermit's Rest, three miles to the west, there are many points from which magnificent views of the Canyon reach out in all directions.

On my last day there Scoyen showed me the new trail under construction by the Park Service. The present trail, as I mentioned before, follows a draw. Views from it are shut off by points. The new trail is built on a different plan. It follows a ridge, and the Canyon lies all around you as you descend. I have never seen such a perfect trail. Broad and safe, no steeper than necessary, it is the trail that is going to popularize trips down into the Canyon. It is the pride of the Park Service, and rightfully so. For it is the inside of the Canyon that counts. Its future as one of the premier recreational areas of the country depends on the extent to which people can get into it.

The Canyon has been considered primarily as a view. This is wrong. It is a playground. People don't get intimate enough with it. Too many of them take a look at it and call for an ice cream soda. The atmosphere around the El Tovar hotel is a "sightseeing" one. You get off the train, look at the Canyon, whirl around in a car, purchase a Souvenir Of The Grand Canyon, send a postcard home, and rush back to the train. The real spirit of the Canyon is lacking.

The Hopi Indians have built a stone house that fits. The white men have put up big wooden buildings that don't. There are rows and rows of little frame cabins used as auxiliaries to the hotel. They are crowded close together, like bee hives. The whole thing looks like a mixture of a Coney Island concession and a construction camp.

The peaks and ridges, the strange and beautiful rock formations out in the Canyon have been named. Here are some of the names: Buddha Temple. Zoroaster Temple. Brahma Temple. Walhalla Plateau. Cheops Pyramid. Confucius Temple.

These names didn't seem to me to fit in. The magnificent peaks out in the Canyon, some of which had towered high above us as we followed the trail across, didn't look at all like temples to me. They didn't impress me as being Oriental. They didn't give any hint of incense and silk.

They looked to me like a part of America. They looked like the great, rugged scenery of the American southwest. It is a magnificent part of our outdoors, and I could see in it no resemblance to bamboo, joss sticks or elephants.

The most picturesque Indians in America live on the surrounding deserts and have for untold centuries counted this their home. White men long ago explored the Canyon and many have lost their lives doing it. If I saw anything mystical about the Canyon it was the ghosts of these brave men; the legends of the southwest Indians.

But perhaps I'm wrong. A young lady in white, guide book in hand, became unconventional in her enthusiasm over the Canyon and spoke to me.

"Isn't that marvelous!" she exclaimed, pointing to a red peak out in the Canyon. "That's Buddha Temple. Don't you think it looks just like a temple? It's so—so—so—fragile in its great strength!"

I said: "No."

The young lady looked at me. "You don't appreciate the Canyon because you see it so much," she observed, running an expert eye over my apparel.

This caused me to laugh. She asked me why I was laughing, and I was at a loss to know, excepting that there flashed through my mind a vision of three hundred miles of Canyon rim backed by a great forest, and a puny little light shining—a tiny flicker in the black and gray void that reached to such far horizons.

"Oh, it's a fine Canyon," I said, "provided you've brought your coat."

Letters of a Little Lady Vagabond

(*Continued from page 28*)

side . . . a lone wolf howled in query to the uproar. A church bell rang. A choir lifted earnest voices in praise of the Lord. The evening star shown out against the still glowing sky. It was night . . . in Peace River.

Next morning a nice little school teacher and I took horses and rode to the top of the mountains . . . and there we saw, shining like silver ribbons in the bright sunlight, the joining of three great rivers, the Peace, the Smoky, and the Hart. The three valleys, merging into one, made a wonderful, unforgettable picture. Here, high, overlooking the whole panorama, is the grave of an oldtime trapper and trader, Davis by name, born in Vermont. His body was brought back here by his partner, who had promised to carry out Twelve-Foot Davis' wish to await Gabriel's call at this magnificent spot.

Labor Day there was a celebration at

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which I saw some Indians race, swallowed several city lots of dust, and—Oh, glorious!—heard some Highland bagpipes; that night I was invited to the dance, and went . . . dirty and grimy, in an old tricotine that had been my only apparel, except my heavy shirt and breeches, since I left Edmonton. Everyone else was beautifully dressed . . . and the women do know how to dress up there, but my style was not cramped a bit. I was made to feel quite at home, and a grand time was had by all, I assure you. The bagpipes, by my special request, gave me the treat of my life as I danced to their music. Just like dancing on air . . . and my toes still tingle when I think of it.

I was invited out to lunch and had an interesting time talking to some of the earliest settlers there, one of whom, Mrs. Anderson, had a daughter named Peace, who was the first white girl born in that country. Social welfare work is being done, especially for homesteaders, who have classes and instruction in millinery, cooking, and every kind of domestic science. Visiting nurses are stationed in various communities away from the town. And I found out that rents were ten dollars a month! Did you ever hear of such a thing? Neither had I.

To overcome the handicap of distance between Fort Vermillion and the nearest markets, which are reached only by the infrequent boat trips in summer, or by dog team, which takes two weeks, in winter, the big farmer of that section has built his own flour mill, lumber mill, a hospital, a store, and his own school, at which his fifteen children—all remarkably healthy children, too—are the main pupils. His produce he trades with the Indians for furs, and last year, I am told, he brought out $21,000 worth of fur to sell. Not bad, I'd say, six hundred miles north of Edmonton, besides taking care of a family of fifteen children. The garden truck in Fort Vermillion is just a miracle. Melons, twice as large as the ones we have down in the states; squash, tomatoes; everything, because of the intensive sunshine and the long day hours, in six weeks are full size and of wonderful flavor.

On the train coming down from Peace River are two of the girls from Fort Vermillion, who have never seen a train before! Both of them are grown up, one just recently married. I never talked with two more interesting and well bred girls; and I truly hope that all the world outside will keep them as sweet and clean as Fort Vermillion has given them.

I also met Bishop Robbins and his wife, who have spent many years in this country. The Bishop's diocese covers 200,000 miles of the far north, with all of which he manages to keep in touch. Services are held in almost every section at least once in two weeks.

Some day I am going back to Peace River. In the meantime are many thousands of miles I still must ramble. After a whole afternoon of scribbling and writing I got ready to leave Edmonton again, and then another happy adventure happened. Of which there will be more in another letter.

Faithfully yours,
THE LITTLE LADY VAGABOND.

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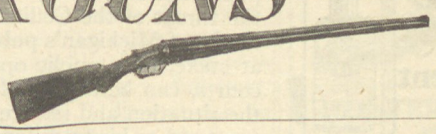

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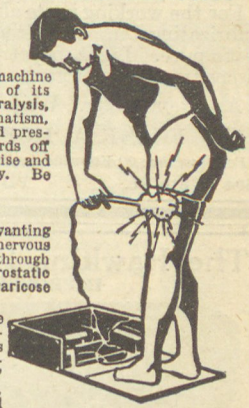

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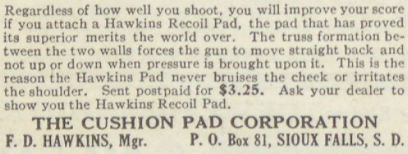

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Who Owns the River?

(Continued from page 35)

being" consider the statute as valid and binding. There is, however, a fear that Judge Lamb may upset the jury's verdict in his decision upon the motion made by Collins' attorneys, which will mean that the Izaak Walton League of Michigan will carry the case straight to the Supreme court. And, on the other hand, in the event that the jury's verdict is upheld, Collins has said that he will appeal to the high tribunal.

The issue at stake is now clear cut. In the opinion of the Michigan Division of the Walton League and the sportsmen of the state it is better so. If Michigan laws permit closing of public streams, the public had best know it now. A Constitutional amendment, correcting this flaw, can be initiated and passed without any question. But this can be accomplished only if the issue is clearly drawn. If Mr. Collins of Toledo closes his river frontage on the Pine and then Mr. So-and-So bars the public from the Manistee river adjoining his property, the menace will gradually gather momentum with the public little realizing its loss. But, if in the threat of the Collins case, the whole future of Michigan's public fishing is put at stake, then public opinion, if not the courts, can be depended upon to clarify the situation and restore the man with a trout rod to his traditional rights.

The only reason that the land owned by Mr. Collins along the Pine is of special value (there are 10,000,000 acres of similar jack pine, scrub oak and other cut-over land in the state, nearly one-third of Michigan's total area), the only reason, as we were saying, that the Pine river frontage has special value is the existence of trout in the Pine. Originally this stream contained only grayling, the phantom sporting fish of logging days. The grayling disappeared with the pine timber. Michigan planted brook, rainbow and brown trout in the Pine, restoring the stream as fishing waters. For this purpose public money was used. It was therefore an investment of the people's funds that increased the value of Judge Cutler's land because it made them the ideal location for fishing cabins and clubs, such as erected by the new owner, Mr. Collins.

Should the Gerhart case be lost, the Izaak Walton League of Michigan, by way of further pushing the issue to the one and only possible final conclusion, victory for the public, proposes to seek an injunction restraining Director of Conservation John Baird from planting fish in any Michigan streams. Public funds cannot be used for private purposes. If the fishing rights belong to private individuals, then the Walton league proposes to close up every trout hatchery in the state.

The issue had to come, and now that it is here, the clearer and more concise the better. Michigan has 1600 miles of Great Lakes shore line, 5,000 inland lakes and thousands of miles of streams. Hundreds of thousands of people come to Michigan summer resorts annually because of the lure of these waters. If the public has no legal rights in all of these, the sooner this fact is established the better. If boys cannot grow up to the heritage of free fishing, the sooner their fathers are apprised of this loss the better. An aroused public opinion can conquer any problem.

The Michigan Division of the Izaak Walton League expects to win its fight for public fishing rights in the courts. It expects that public welfare will dominate the final judicial decision, but, while hoping and working for the best, it is awakening public opinion in the state to a pitch of interest that guarantees, in case of a reverse in court, the passage of whatever Constitutional amendments may be necessary to give back to the boys of today and of tomorrow the rights that were their fathers.

Contributions of money from Waltonians have made possible the defense of the case. Many such contributions have come from other states, some from fishermen who angle in Michigan streams, others from sportsmen who see in the Wolverine case a possible precedent for their own states. Inevitably this issue must be fought out wherever private property rights conflict with the American tradition of free fishing.

John Moreland—Fisherman

(Continued from page 27)

"What does he weigh?"

"I dunt know, but he be putty beeg—more dan two feet, I tink."

"God, what a fish," said Moreland.

"Bill, measure that fish quickly."

"Just 25¼ inches," said Bill.

"How much will he weigh?"

Bill took up the tremendous fish by the lower jaw and hefted it and said:

"He'll go over six pounds, I think."

"What do you want for him?" eagerly asked Moreland.

"Vell, I dunt know, ezactly—I trade him for a dozent flies like does," pointing to the "wounded feather minnow" on Moreland's leader.

"It's a go—pick 'em out," and quickly he handed his box of cork bodied bugs and minnows to the old man. Slowly old Fritz made his choice, and after this im-

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portant matter was settled to his satisfaction, he handed over his mighty black bass to Bill.

"Here's a few leaders to go with them. Wait a minute." And out came his wallet and he stripped from a pile of bills a fifty and handed it to the frail little boy, with the simple remark—"Take this, kid, I'd give a ton of money to have taken that big bass."

The launch now arrived and Moreland climbed into it and sat down wrapt in thought for some minutes. Bill who was watching him saw a smile creep over the old man's face and he wondered what was in the wind.

"Somebody get me a market basket and fill the bottom of it with moss and ferns," said Moreland. Again on board the houseboat, he then wrote a note and when the basket was ready, Bill was instructed to place the two bass in it. Moreland then read his note aloud—

"Dear Walter—
What do you think of these two?
Sincerely,
John."

"Deliver this to the Winner, and hurry so that you can get there before dark."

Clyde Randall gave the Victory all her engines had in them and shot up current, with all lights going full blast, as darkness was fast settling down along the river.

"I guess those two bass will hold my friend Strong for a while," Moreland said, and as he said it he laughed boyishly.

Soon Clyde returned with the launch, and it was no more than made ready for the night when Nate Ward arrived with a note, and as he handed it to Bill Pohlman he said grimly, "I'll wait for an answer."

Moreland read the note aloud:

"If you caught the big one—I guess you win, but your four-pound and two-ounce fish won't bring home the bacon.
Sincerely,
Walter Strong."

Moreland sat down and wrote:

"The big one is not mine, but I took the other one.
Sincerely,
John Moreland."

Now the battle was on with a vengeance. John Moreland was in the lead by three ounces and a four-pound two-ounce fish is a hard fish to beat, as Walter Strong and the crew of the Winner fully realized. Woe unto the vanquished was the all pervading spirit on board both "The Winner" and "The Victory." No two armies ever faced each other with more of the do or die spirit than did the two rival camps.

(To be continued)

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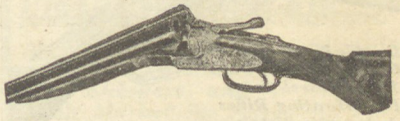

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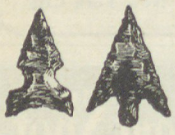

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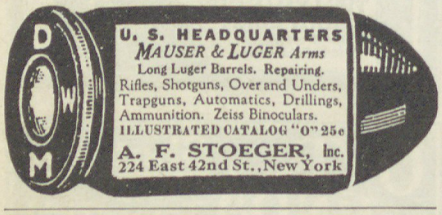

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Mostly About Boys

Edited by BEN EAST

We have only one more month to wait, fellows. Next month I will be able to tell you the names of the judges of our contest, the kind of a rifle, camera, and other prizes we have decided on. Then we will hurry like anything, here in the shack, and go over every letter that has been published this year, and just before the Christmas vacation begins the four fellows who, in the opinion of the judges, have given us the best fireside stories, will receive the finest Christmas present we know how to pick out.

In the meantime, keep your letters coming. We are going to let our shack fire die, for the first time in twelve months, at midnight of the last day of 1925. Then, in the cold dawn of that New Year's morning, we shall rekindle is for another year. Through all the seasont of that year we shall want fireside stories, so you had better begin sending some of them along before the old fire dies.

Commerce, Texas.

Dear Editor:

Have been keeping up with the letter contest, and I wish a place around the campfire, and a berth in the log cabin, so here goes my story about the fine sport of quail shooting.

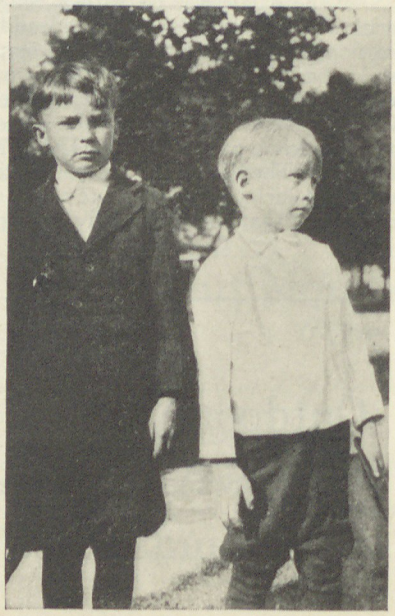
Christmas was three days off, and school had turned out for ten days. The next day being Saturday, I phoned a friend of mine, Harry O'Neil, who was a fair shot for a boy of sixteen and had a pretty good bird dog, to come up to my house bright and early Saturday morning, and we would leave for our hunting place six miles away.

We packed into my dad's flivver and started out. We arrived there at seven o'clock, and started hunting. I took my dog, a brown and white setter, and a fine one, too, down one side of a big branch, while Harry went down the other side. Sport was working fast, and a prettier sight I never saw. I noticed that he was acting as if he smelled a covey. He put his nose to the ground and began trailing them. Back and forth, twisting and turning he went, for about thirty minutes, when all of a sudden he made a half point, hesitated, then went on slowly, nearly crawling on his belly. He went this way for about fifty yards, and then froze on point just before a clump of briars and post-oak. I called Harry, for I knew they were there. He crossed the branch and came to me. When his dog saw Sport on point, down she came, and a perfect back it was. I have the picture now. We flushed the birds—whir-rr-rr—bang—bang — bangety — bang — bang! It sounded like the charge of the Light Brigade. I didn't shoot but twice, as I had only a double barrel. I killed two, and Harry got three, which were retrieved by the dogs. We hunted singles and got four more, after which we went on to another covey, leaving about ten for seed. We found three more coveys during the day and killed nineteen in all, missing more than we killed, for we are not experts by a long shot.

Having had a very enjoyable day we left for home at four o'clock in the afternoon. We went again every day during Christmas week.

CARL C. APPERSON, JR.

Max Stempel, of the Lincoln, Nebraska Chapter, with a pair of beauties caught by him and his dad.



Robert and Clayton Witherwax, Champion Crow Hunters of Agee, Nebraska.

A fine story of real sport, told in a sportsman's way. We do not hunt quail in the editor's state, but we must confess that following them behind a dog as Carl describes, sounds to us like good hunting.

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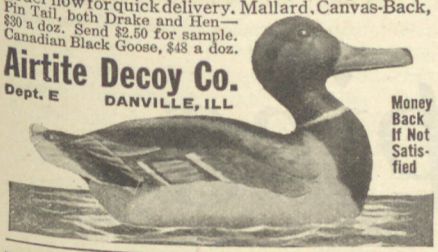

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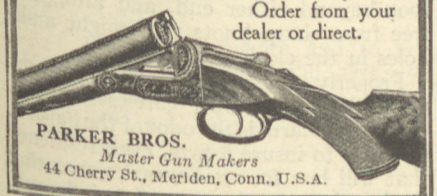

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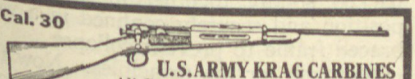

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Hello Fellers:

How is all the gang anyhow? I can see Skinny, and Red, and Yaller, and Dutchie; but gosh there's a lot of fellers I don't know. I've got a yarn I want to spin, fellows, so I'm going to start right in.

I was in Port Huron, Mich., at the time and if there's a better place to fish "Ike Walton" will have to come back and find it for me. Sid said "Let's go fishing," and I agreed. We went down to the dock in Sid's Ford, and arrived about 9:00 o'clock. At first we rigged up our poles for deep fishing, and dropped in. I caught just one small pickerel, and poor Sid didn't even get a bite. That was all the luck we had until about 10:00 o'clock, when my biggest piece of luck happened along. It was in the form of a regular bum who asked us if we had any minnows to spare.

"Yes, we have a few you can have," I said.

"Have you had any luck tonight?" he asked.

"Well, not so's you could notice it," Sid and I both said.

"Why, no wonder. Take off your sinker and fish on top. I've caught five already and just got started," he exclaimed.

"Well, holy mackerel, I wish we could just get started," cried Sid.

So we both took off our sinkers and started to fish on top. Almost as soon as my minnow touched the water, I had one and I thought it was going to break my pole when I heaved him in.

"Boy, that's a peach, Ed," exclaimed Sid. "I wish I could get one like that."

"I wish you could too," I said. "It don't seem right for me to catch all the fish, but such is luck."

"Well, I might just as well quit anyway," he said. And with that he went up to the car.

But not "yours truly." I had a sneaky feeling I was going to catch the "granddaddy of all fish," so I stuck to it.

After a little while Sid began to toot the horn, so I threw out just once more. I hadn't pulled in more than two feet of line when "bang!" that old pole just seemed to go right down to the bottom. But I hung on and finally landed him. When I began to think of something else besides that fish, I remembered Sid had been blowing the horn. So I took up my pole and my string of fish (there were now three of them) and went up to the car.

When I got home I measured and weighed them. The largest one weighed a pound and a quarter, and was seventeen inches long. The next one was thirteen inches long and weighed a pound even. The smallest one was ten inches long, and weighed thirteen ounces.

And so ends my yarn.

Well, "adieu," fellows. I certainly hope you enjoyed my "fish yarn."

Yours for better hunting and fishing,

EDWARD PLOW.

P. S.—I am thirteen years old, and just fat enough that I am called Tubby about as often as Ed.

A good fish story, Edward. The fish were not so very large, but that doesn't matter much after all, does it?

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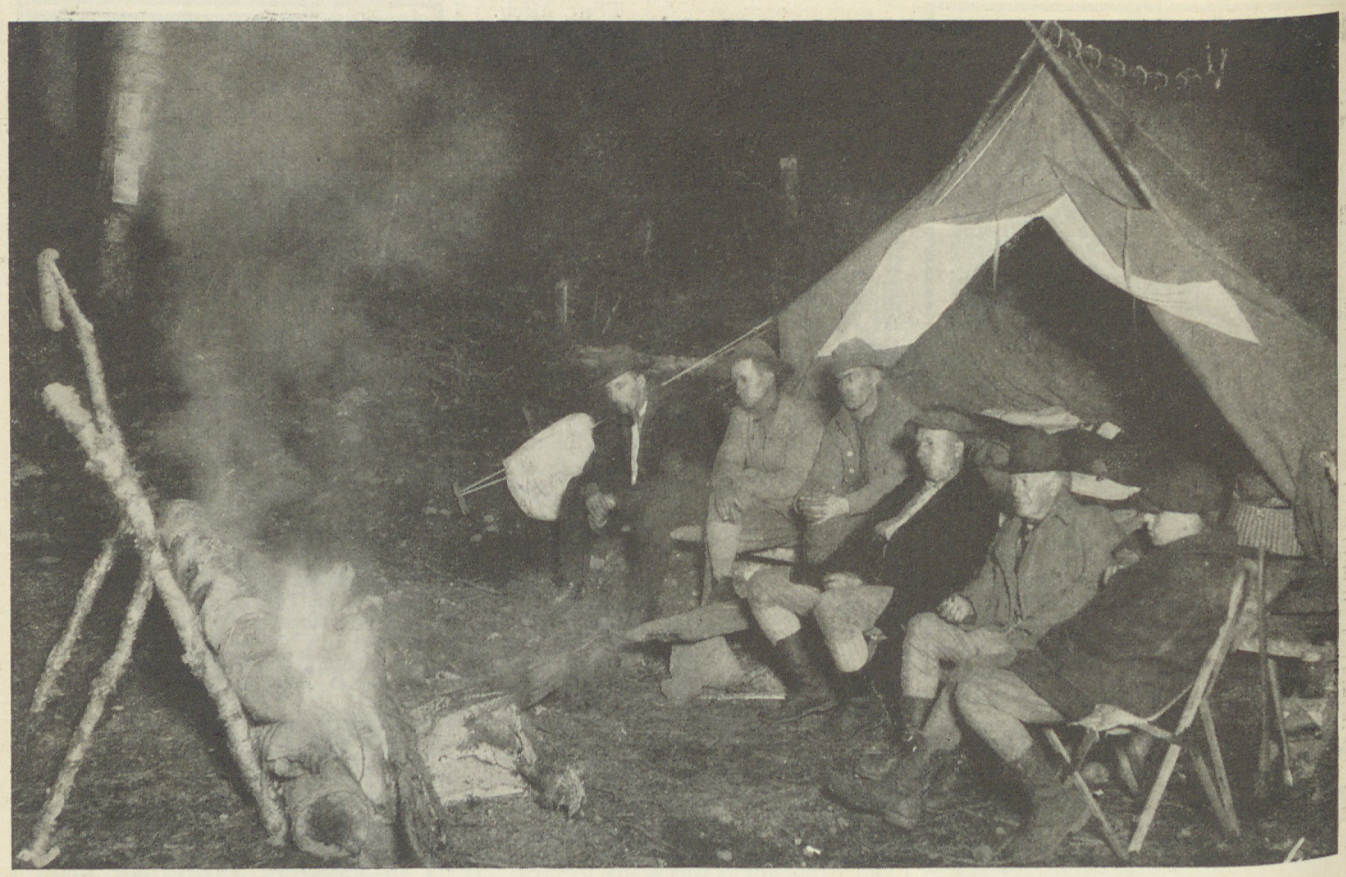

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Real Camping

CONDUCTED BY MURDO GIBSON

IT is unfortunate that school terms are so arranged that the majority of our young people, together with those older ones who must look after them, are denied the privilege of autumn outings in the north woods.

No season of the year holds greater appeal to camping enthusiasts, especially the ones fond of hunting and fishing. Yes, I do mean fishing. The pike and lake trout of Minnesota and Ontario respond to the lure much more readily in fall than in midsummer. They are also firmer bodied, better flavored. The warm, sunny days that may be expected during the early fall are fine for fishing, even though not the best for duck shooting. It were the part of wisdom to include tackle box and general utility rod in the hunting camp outfit.

If the last part of October is to be spent in camp, one should be prepared for some rather severe weather. Thinking back over a term of thirty years, it seems to me that a storm period sets in about the fifteenth of October and lasts three days or so. Clearing again, the weather grows steadily colder until near the thirtieth, when we may expect the blustery winds and snow-squalls that bring the northern ducks in millions to our rice beds.

If camp is to be pitched in the forest where unlimited fuel is obtainable and where complete protection from wind is possible, the Baker, or shed, tent is ideal. There is a glamour about an open front shelter, lighted and warmed by a cheerful fire of glowing logs, that more than compensates for the extra wood-chopping it entails. To those under the spell of the Red Gods, rustling wood is a labor of love and feeding the fire nothing less than the sacrifice of burnt offerings to their divinities. Although its shortcomings are obvious, the shed tent is likely to remain my favorite form of wilderness habitation.

The wall tent is really more practical for general use and, if furnished with a small stove, is virtually weatherproof. As the door-flaps may be spread out to admit heat and light from the open fire, it probably deserves its reputation for being "the best all 'round tent ever designed."

Whatever the style of tent chosen, it should be treated with one of the preparations or processes that enable cotton fabrics to resist water, mildew and sparks. Some of these are widely advertised, so it is unnecessary to describe them here.

A twelve-inch sod cloth ought to be sewn around the bottom edges of any tent in which browse beds are to be used. The ground sheet should be detachable, in order that it may be spread *over* the boughs after the bed is completed.

Either shears or crotched poles are more practical for wilderness use than the uprights and ridge usually furnished with wall tents. If your tent has no tie ropes for an outside ridge, slit the canvas just under front and rear peaks and run the ridge-pole through. Have it fairly straight, long enough to extend at least a foot beyond either end, and altogether free from sharp knots that might make holes in the cloth.

Properly constructed browse beds are truly delightful; but, carelessly made, their only charm is the odor of the balsam. In order to insure a firm, even resiliency that will last for weeks, make sure that the boughs are at least two feet in length, packed solidly together in an upright position and securely confined in a well braced frame to prevent collapse.

So much for the principles. Now for the method. Remove protruding roots and stones from the spot selected for the bed. Cut two logs seven feet long and six inches, or more, in diameter for the sides and two more for the ends. If foot log is to be used as a seat, its upper surface should be smooth and at least a foot above the ground. Arrange these logs so that they enclose a space seven feet long and the desired width, and brace them with stakes driven along their outside edges. The packed boughs will prevent any inward roll.

Select good sized balsam or spruce trees that are well "feathered"—those

growing in or near an opening will yield the most browse. Cut them down and trim all branches *close up to the trunks.* Leaving a lot of ragged spikes is slovenly and wastes labor. (The trunks will likely be used for fire-logs or other purposes, and be trimmed eventually.) Using the tree for a chopping block, cut the fans to a nearly uniform length of about 2 feet. Don't worry over the thickness of the stems. They will be needed to support your weight and will be unseen and unfelt in the finished bed. If the boughs have to be moved more than a few rods they should be stacked on a slender, hooked sapling which may easily be shouldered or dragged to the tent.

Commencing at the head log, stand the boughs *one* by *one* in a nearly *vertical* position, with butts down and tips pointing toward the head of the bed. The duration of the boughs' resiliency or springiness will depend upon the density of their packing, so do not skimp, even at the foot! And never place more than one branch at a time. The whole mass can be wedged securely by stuffing a few of the coarser boughs horizontally against the foot-log.

A practiced camper will take about an hour to build a bed of this sort: time well spent when it is to be used for a number of nights.

Although I have delayed its discussion, the fire is the soul of any camp and properly entitled to prime consideration. First, decide where it will be located; then place the tent accordingly. The essentials for an ideal fireplace are: loose, well-drained soil, sandy by preference, and smooth level ground somewhat higher than the tent floor is to be. It is important that the ground immediately surrounding be level and smooth, otherwise sundry pails and pans with their priceless contents may be capsized from time to time.

Several crotches left upon the uprights which support the crosspole, make adjustments easy. Don't attempt to drive forked sticks. Make holes for them by driving a stout, nearly sharpened stake a few inches into the ground and then withdrawing it. Uprights set too close together may burn off at a critical moment and spill the beans.

Be warned.

For greater convenience and to prevent undue smudging, the crosspole should be placed about neck high. Cooking utensils are suspended from it by hooked sticks of various lengths, whose lower ends are notched to hold the bails. For this purpose a small nail driven through the stick at a sharp angle will serve as well as a notch.

The beanhole is dug directly beneath the crosspole and should be, for a small party, about 3 feet long, 12 inches wide and 18 inches deep. Pile the excavated earth as close as possible to the edges. Drying gradually, it will sift back into the hole and become thoroughly heated.

Two short logs of green balsam or other slow-burning wood will serve for andirons—woodsmen call them "dogs"—to support the dry fuel which is laid lengthwise with the trench.

When the fire is going nicely all surrounding brush, boots or inflammable

(Continued on page 59)

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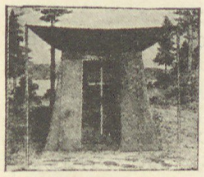

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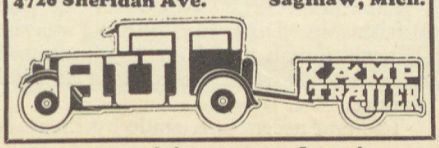

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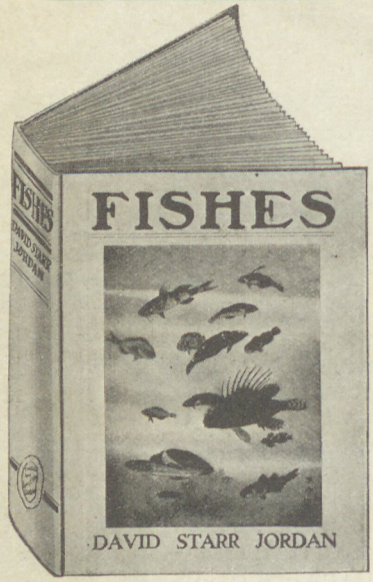

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Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by THOMAS AMBROSE
2nd Vice-president I. W. L. A.

The Science of Fly Fishing for Trout, by Fred G. Shaw, F. G. S., with illustrations, 341 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1925, $6.

Mr. Shaw, by birth an Englishman and by adoption an American, now domiciled in this country, has given us in this book what is probably the most exhaustive and comprehensive treatise upon the technical side of fly casting and fly fishing for trout that has found its way into the printed page. In saying this I do not except Francis Francis or the Father of the Dry Fly, F. M. Halford.

Both Francis and Halford devote much space in their books to descriptions of flies and direction for tying them, which features are conspicuously absent in Mr. Shaw's handsomely gotten-up book.

The author claims to be the inventor of the rigid wrist style of casting which he has practiced and taught since 1905.

He describes in detail how to make the Overhead, the Spey, the double Spey, the Loop, the Curve, the Switch, the Side, the Wye and the Galway casts, all illustrated by photographs, drawings and diagrams.

Actual fishing with the Dry and the Wet Fly are discussed at length and advice given upon choosing a rod, line, leaders and flies.

A chapter is devoted to water insects and their relation to fly fishing, with a list of favorite flies and their seasons, while another, upon the Senses of Trout, will afford the "contemplative angler" much food for speculation.

This volume is a valuable contribution to the great field of angling literature. The only criticism I venture is of a tendency of the author to over-elaborate in giving some of his directions, consequent no doubt upon the fact that he has given oral instruction in fly casting to some seven thousand clients, among them, members of the respective families of President Roosevelt and Governor Pinchot.

Our Greatest Mountain, A Handbook for Mount Rainier National Park, by F. W. Schmoe, B. S. F., Park Naturalist, National Park Service; with 64 illustrations and a map, 366 pages, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1925.

Mount Rainier rises abruptly from tidewater in Puget Sound, forty miles distant, to an elevation of 14,408 feet, nearly three miles.

The total area of its glaciers amounts to forty-five square miles. These glaciers radiate from the summit in all directions and some are four and six miles in length with a depth of a thousand feet. Rainier is an extinct volcano with a crater measuring nearly two miles across.

Captain George Vancouver in the British ship "Discovery" in 1792 was the first white man to see the mountain and he named it after a friend, Rear Admiral Rainier.

The first ascent was made by Lieutenant Koutz of the United States Army in 1857, who, however, did not get higher than 12,000 feet. The summit was attained thirteen years later by General Hazard Stevens and P. B. Van Trump.

Mount Rainier is now a National Park and its forests, flowers, and wild life are the heritage of the people forever. The Park is a rectangle about eighteen miles square, of 207,360 acres, and this national playground is now made accessible by a government-built motor road girdling the entire mountain.

Mr. Schmoe has assembled everything of interest that has been written about the mountain by explorers, naturalists, and scientists, which combined with his own exhaustive narrative makes a rounded out complete chronicle of the mountain and of the country round about.

Much space is devoted to the Flora and Fauna of the region and the photographs of flowers and scenery are especially beautiful.

Elk, bear, mountain goat, cougar and black-tailed deer abound and are protected, but fishing is permitted in the streams and lakes, which carry four varieties of trout.

As a guide for the tourist sojourner this handbook is invaluable.

Gus Harvey, The Boy Skipper of Cape Ann, by Captain Charlton Lyman Smith, illustrated, 197 pages. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, $1.75.

The author tells the story of The Boy Skipper from the richness of his experience as a deep-water sailor and it has the romance and flavor of the sea that appeals to red-blooded boys of all ages.

Gus Harvey, left an orphan at fifteen, was adopted by the big-hearted Captain of a Gloucester fishing vessel and taken from New York to Cape Ann. On the way they make a record haul of mackerel and have an exciting race to market with a rival schooner.

There is a glossary of five pages of nautical terms for the young sailor to add to his vocabulary.

Outdoor Reveries, by E. Parker Jaques, Aitkin, Minnesota, with illustrations by Francis Lee Jaques, 130 pages.

The author states in the introduction that he was guide and manager for a sportsman and his wife for three months every fall for a number of years, in the hunting fields of the Northwest.

After they became well acquainted the Captain detailed the guide to write a poem for each Sunday's diversion, for they never hunted on that day. The result is the thirty-five poems going to make up the volume.

While the author makes no pretentions to "scholarly attainments," the verses, mostly descriptive of the outdoor life led by the party, show keen insight, close observation and true appreciation of Nature in all her varying moods.

Some of the illustrations of game birds are cleverly done.

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Real Camping

Continued from page 57

rubbish should be burned therein. It thus becomes the camp incinerator and proves a great help in keeping the premises clean and safe from danger of spreading fire.

Almost any article of camp fare can be cooked better and easier in a beanhole than in any other way. Yeast bread can be baked when the weather will not permit the use of a reflector oven. Fruit, beans, meats, fish, cereals and coffee can all be cooked perfectly by this method, and it is most comforting to rise in the morning, knowing that breakfast is ready for instant serving. Also, upon returning to camp after an absence of hours or even days, it is positively joyous to find a thoroughly cooked and steaming hot meal awaiting. This style of cooking has many advantages. It requires no watching, and there is no arbitrary time limit. If one is detained half a day longer than expected, the dinner is not ruined, neither is it cold, and it has been protected from any and all animals except man.

Beanhole Beans.

Ingredients.

1 quart white navy beans.
½ lb. dry salt pork—sliced in six pieces.
1 medium sized onion.
1 level teaspoon salt.
2 tablespoons sugar or Black Strap molasses.
½ teaspoon dry mustard or red pepper.

Method—Wash beans in cold water, removing defective ones and foreign substances. Boil about one hour in large dish with plenty of water. When fully swelled, drain and pour half of them into the baking utensil, on the bottom of which two slices of pork have been placed. Put onion in center and a slice of pork on each side. Add salt, sugar and mustard. Pour in remainder of beans and put two slices of pork on top. Cover with water and bring to boiling point.

While this is being done, the bean hole should be scooped out and the loose hot earth piled neatly at the sides. When beans commence to simmer, remove from fire, put on the lid and place the kettle carefully in the hole, making sure that it rests firm and level. In replacing earth, put the hottest next to the kettle, the bail of which should be kept upright for convenience in retrieving. Cover to a depth of at least six inches and offer up a silent prayer for success. Time allowance eight to eighteen hours, the longer the better. If utensil is covered to a depth of six inches or more, it is immaterial whether or not a fire is built over it. When they are to be left in the hole longer than eight hours, they should be covered with at least an inch of water. Evaporation, though very slow, is constant and must be provided for.

Before lifting the lid from a vessel that has been taken from a beanhole, brush all sand from top and sides. Then wipe carefully with moss or paper. A good duster for this purpose is made by tying together a few branches of balsam, spruce or cedar.

Beanhole Stew—Slice of salt pork on

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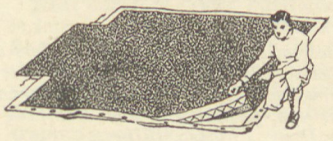

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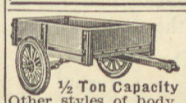

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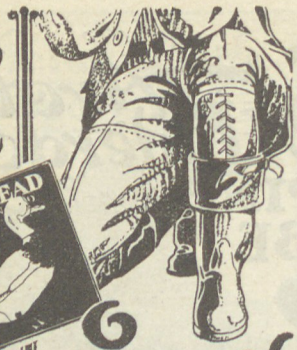

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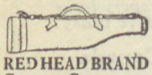

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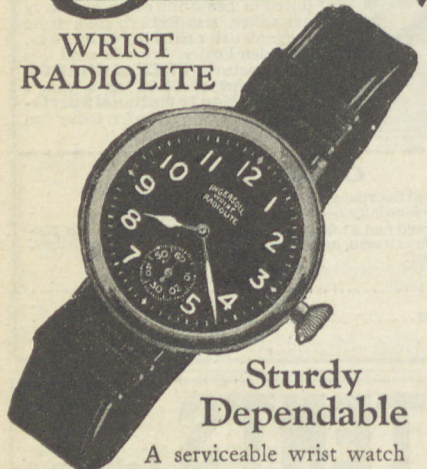

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bottom of pail. Alternate layers of vegetables and meat until pail is nearly full. Cover with water and bring to boiling point. Add desired seasoning and put in beanhole. Cover with hot sand to a depth of six inches or more. Time, 2 to 20 hours—the longer the better.

Theoretically, baking powder dumplings would be ruined by such long cooking. As a matter of fact, they are vastly improved by it. Try it and see.

Beanhole Coffee—May not suit everyone, but its convenience entitles it to a fair trial. Put the usual amount of ground coffee into a cloth bag. Bring water to boiling point; put in coffee, cover pot and bury in beanhole. Time allowance depends upon the breakfast hour. As in nearly all cooking, the longer the time, the better the flavor. Rank heresy, perhaps, in this case—but prove it for yourself.

Beanhole Ducks—Put an onion in cavity of bird. Fill with fully swelled wild rice and a piece of salt pork or bacon. Cover with water and bring to a boil. Skim. Put on lid and bury in hot earth. The very toughest ducks or mudhens will be tender when cooked in this manner. If suspicious about unpleasantly strong flavors in your wild game, parboil it in plenty of water to which has been added a teaspoonful of baking soda or saleratus. This should be drained off and replaced with fresh cold water for the final cooking.

Beanhole Porridge—Bring well-salted water to a boil and place kettle on hot sand or embers beside the fire. Enough meal should then be stirred in to form a rather thick mush, care being taken to have it free from lumps. A spoonful of bacon grease added at this time gives a flavor that is pleasing to most woodsmen. Less heat is needed for cooking cereals than for meats, so it is well to put only the moderately hot earth next to the kettle when covering it for the night. Otherwise, it may scorch around the edges.

The real camping department offers a distinct service to the Readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA. *Its purpose is not to relate interesting camp yarns, but rather to carry constructive ideas concerning life in camp. If you have any camping problems that bother you, please write Real Camping Department,* OUTDOOR AMERICA, *536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois.*

Motor Camping

Conducted by HOMER BOW

Just because fall is here and the days and nights are cooler, the hours of daylight less and most vacations over, is no reason at all why the equipment which accompanied you on the autocamping tour during the summer should be consigned to the moth balls.

Nature is at her best in this season, at least she is more generous for it is now that she bestows the greater part of her gifts upon humanity. She dresses, too, as if it were a gala occasion. Those who have missed the woods in the decline of the year have missed it at its best.

Of course, to most of us, there is business to be taken care of. The allotted time for rest and recreation is now past. But short week end excursions are still in vogue and a privilege. That favorite lake, some miles distant, where bass abound is now in a condition to yield plenty of fish and those fish will scrap more per pound than at any other time in the year.

When the sun loses its kick, the days shorten and the nights grow longer and cooler, the fishy inhabitants realize that winter will soon be here and start to feed heavily in preparation for the fast, or partial fast period, and therefore are more easily taken. Hunting season is upon us—birds, waterfowl, and small game—and the autocamping outfit is just the thing to get you on the job and be on the scene of action when day breaks.

A good night's rest in the cool air, breakfast over an open fire in the morning and then the trip to the hunting grounds under the sharp, bright stars that feature the heavens just before daybreak now, adds a spice to hunting that can not be had by sleeping at home and making a fifty mile drive to get under way.

The mosquitoes, flies, and what-not that made things rather uncomfortable at times during the summer are now either dormant, hibernated or in the happy hunting grounds. They will be conspicuous by their absence.

Of course the same clothing and bed clothing that was in use during the summer will not prove sufficient now. Plenty of blankets and other incidentals that will add to your comfort must be included. Breaking out from the warm bed will not be as pleasant perhaps as it was in the summer months but taking it all in all fall autocamping is a mighty attractive proposition and a short late season trip or two will break the monotony and be a real benefit.

Auto casualties are growing larger month by month. In the summer season while autocamping was at its height hardly a day slipped by without the press carrying an account of an accident of a more or less serious nature to some autocamping party.

The thing was vividly impressed upon my mind but a few weeks ago. While traveling a road in the middle west I was astounded to see a car attempt a very

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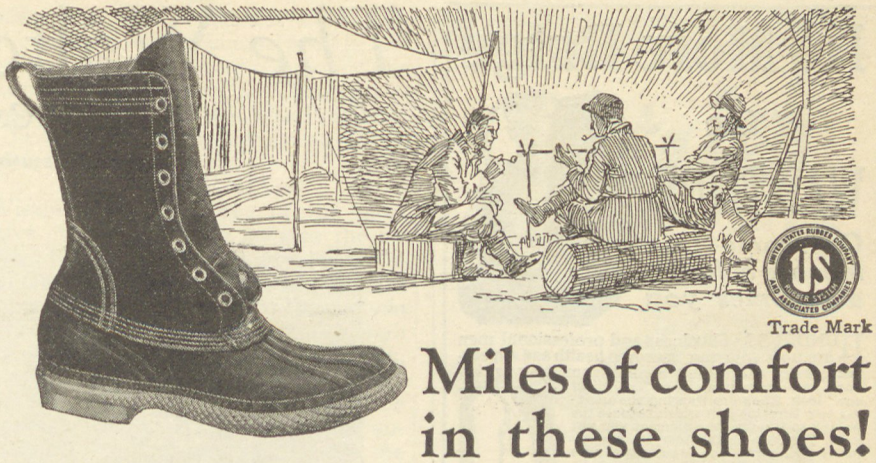
dangerous curve at a dangerous rate of speed, upset, and roll over. The people, a middle aged couple from Illinois, were dangerously injured, their car and equipment ruined.

After first aid was given and the injured pair loaded in an ambulance from a nearby city the surroundings were noted. The curve was very bad and loomed up rather suddenly, but a hundred yards from the curve was a sign bearing the words, "Right turn danger" and another hundred yards up the highway was still another sign reading, "Danger—slow down."

Two warnings and the curve itself visible by day. Make it a point to be careful, for your own sake and for others. Speed in its place is all right but excessive speed has no part in an autocamping tour.

There are thousands of motor campers and this number is increasing daily. There are also hundreds of little annoyances that may be eliminated on the road by having an accurate knowledge of this mode of travel. Homer Bow, who conducts this department, is ready to answer all questions pertaining to the open road from how to change a tire to the proper method of approaching an irate motorcycle policeman. Write him care of Motor Camping, OUTDOOR AMERICA, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois.



Trade Mark

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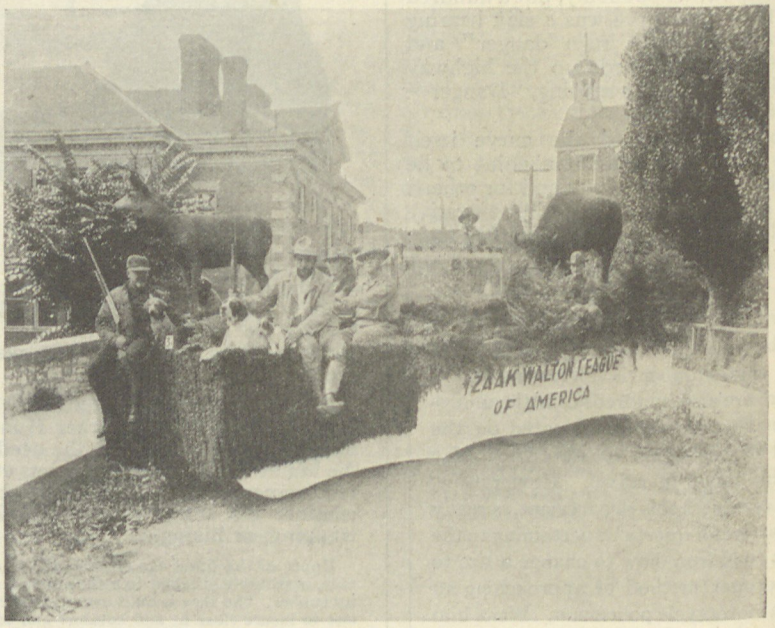

Deadwood and Spearfish (S. D.) Chapters' Prize Winning Float.

THE Editor of these columns is desirous of making this section of the Magazine just as attractive as possible and it is our intention to make mention, at some time or other, of all the activities of our chapters.

This can only be accomplished through the fullest cooperation of all chapters. The chairman of the educational and publicity committee (if your chapter has such a committee) or the secretary of the chapter should clip every item wherein the Izaak Walton League is mentioned and send it to us at headquarters.

We find that there are hundreds of important projects that our chapters have put across that we never hear of. Please make it a point to send these clippings to us at headquarters at least once a week.

In reply to the letters recently sent out from headquarters, advising of the National Membership Drive that will be conducted this fall, hundreds of responses have been received and the only fault most chapters find is that their quota has been placed too small. From the outlook at present, the Drive will be a decided success. Will you do your part?

ILLINOIS

Vermilion County Chapter, Danville, held a week's educational exhibit at the Illinois and Indiana Fair, Danville, August 31st to September 5th, presenting to thousands the doctrine of the Izaak Walton League.

A special booth was prepared by the members of the Danville Chapter and the members of the League took their regular turns at the booth, expounding the principles of the League.

Members of Wild Life societies, local game protective associations, wild flower societies, and the Audubon Society were pleased with the League program. The State Department of Fish and Game gave splendid cooperation. Officers of the Vermilion County Chapter are: President, Ernest Hutton; Vice. President, W. J. Parrett; Secretary, W. T. Byland.

TEXAS

Kerrville Chapter cooperated with members of the local Chamber of Commerce and raised $15,000.00 for the purchase of a fish hatchery site which was deeded to the state, and the State Game, Fish and Oyster Commission is now constructing one of the largest fresh water hatcheries in the United States. The members of this chapter also assisted in catching 600 black bass for breeders for the first year. The officers of this chapter are: President, J. L. Pampell; Vice-President, W. Scott Schreiner; Secretary, C. E. Salter.

Corsicana Chapter has awakened great interest in its community, in the Izaak Walton League. This chapter has its own fish hatchery, which has been operating successfully. It has also several game sanctuaries planned. The officers of the Corsicana Chapter are: President, Allan Lang; Vice-President, W. E. Pressly; Secretary, Charles Holloway.

Nacogdoches Chapter is seining a large number of lakes in their section where the water is getting so low that the fish are dying, and are transferring the catch of fish to lakes that contain enough water to withstand the drouth. At Horseshoe Lake, in the western end of the county, and in Moral Spread Lake, to the southwest, the fish are dying by thousands, and

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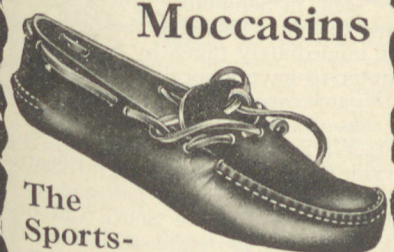

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SHOEMAKERS

WILTON, MAINE

fishing with bare hands was a common sight until the Waltonians stepped in and removed the fish to other quarters. The officers of the Nacogdoches Chapter are: President, H. W. Whited; Vice-President, A. D. Darnell; Secy. and Treas., E. E. Ivey.

CALIFORNIA

Visalia Chapter is one of the most active chapters that we have in the far west. Interest in all civic and conservation movements is displayed by this chapter, which is located near the Sequoia National Park, the gateway to the High Sierras, and the Kaweah and Tule Rivers. All streams in the vicinity of Visalia were stocked with fish by members of the Chapter during the past season, and appropriate signs were posted along the highway, directing the attention of all sportsmen to the fact that these streams are being cared for by the Izaak Walton League. The officers of the Visalia Chapter are: President, Geo. W. Stewart; Vice-President, F. R. Brann; Secretary, C. T. Buckman; Treasurer, R. M. Elliot.

OHIO

Strenuous efforts are being made by Dover Chapter to clean up pollution in the Tuscarawas River and other nearby streams. Mr. J. A. Godfrey, President of the chapter, reports that recently thousands of fish came floating down the river so thickly that nearly all the residents of the city turned out to see these fish. An investigation was immediately started, and it was learned that this was caused by the dumping of acids into the river near Canton. With the sound pollution law in the state of Ohio, odds are all in favor of the Dover Chapter. The officers of the Dover Chapter are: President, Jacob A. Godfrey; Vice President, Joseph Cox; Secretary, Joseph H. Streb; Treasurer, Don E. Frery.

Lima Chapter staged a mammoth picnic at Walton Park, near Lima, on Labor Day. It was estimated that there were between 1500 and 2000 people present during the day. A casting tournament, trap shooting, and coon dog trial were some of the events on the program and each event was well attended.

Lima Chapter has leased Macbeth Park, and has given it the name of Walton Park. A casting platform has been built in the lake and the lake has been well stocked with fish.

Mr. Arthur M. Herrett, Secretary of Lima Chapter, together with Judge Fred C. Becker, State President, are very enthusiastic about the acquisition of this park and will work hard to make this an ideal park for Izaak Walton Leaguers and their families.

The officers of the Lima Chapter are: President, Judge Fred C. Becker; Vice-President and Secretary, Arthur M. Herrett; Treasurer, Glen R. Butler.

Forest Chapter enjoys the distinction and honor of being the largest chapter in the state of Ohio, in proportion to population. They have 117 members, with a population of 1,000 people. They even question whether they are not the largest chapter in the United States, on this basis. Officers of the Forest Chapter are: President, Arthur Hall; Secretary, Murray Pfeiffer.

Canton Chapter is entering the literary

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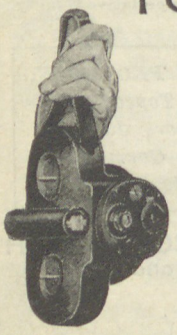

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field and will publish a monthly magazine. The first copy should be off the press in a very short time. Their meeting was enlivened by local boxers who staged several bouts. A quartet, furnished by Curley Burns, sang. The officers of the Canton Chapter are: President, A. H. Abrams; Vice President, John Jacob; Secretary, Homer Bow; Treasurer, R. A. Sheil.

A number of valuable dogs have been poisoned in the vicinity of North Baltimore. This chapter has offered a local reward of $25.00 for the arrest and conviction of anyone found guilty of this crime. The officers of the North Baltimore Chapter are: President, L. C. Gerdeman; Secretary, L. W. Biehler; Treasurer, R. L. Lamfrom.

NEW YORK

A report from Dr. E. M. Stanton, of Schenectady, states that thousands of small mouth bass are dying in Lake George. Until last fall, bass fishing in Lake George, south of the Narrows, was excellent. This season it is apparently nil in the southern half of the lake.

A few fish, caught by Dr. Stanton, were dissected, and examination showed that the fish are diseased. According to the Conservation Commission this is the first time such a disease has affected the bass in any part of New York State. A thorough investigation and report will be made later.

SOUTH DAKOTA

Lake Andes Chapter, although less than three months old, has started activities with a bang. Action is being taken to construct a spillway at Lake Andes and steps have been taken to restock the lake with black bass. Wild rice will also be planted in the lake for migratory bird feed. The officers of the Lake Andes Chapter are: President, J. W. Cluett; Secretary and Treasurer, W. D. Savage.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Summerville Chapter comes to the front and is listed among the real, active chapters of the country.

The state, in response to a request from the chapters, has removed the logs from the dam and spillway at Bacon's Bridge, so that fish can get up the river by passing through the narrow fish gate. It was decided, upon advice of experienced fishermen present at the meeting, that the fish gate was not large enough to accommodate all fish going up the river and that it was too easily blocked or netted.

A resolution was passed to further the project and to request, in compliance with the state law, that the dam be lowered enough to allow the fish to get over.

An emergency also exists in the fact that the season on doves starts September 1st. Hunters vouched for the fact that doves are still nesting in Dorchester and other lowland counties and that they have seen, in September, doves still too young to fly. This being the case, steps were immediately taken by Summerville Chapter to have a special request made to the governor to delay the opening of the season until November 1st.

Dr. William Simons, president of Summerville Chapter, expresses gratification over the organization of fish and game clubs in all sections of South Carolina, and offers neighboring associations the fullest cooperation of this chapter.

A special Izaak Walton column is being edited in the Summerville Journal by members of the League. The officers of Summerville Chapter are: President, Dr. William Simons; Vice President, M. M. Blakely; Secretary, J. F. Bishoff; Treasurer, L. S. McCants.

NEBRASKA

Members of the Fremont Chapter have leased the island in Morse Park for the private use of League members.

A club house, with casting contest facilities, bot landing pier, tenting, camping, and similar sports, has been built on the island, and arrangements are also under way to install an experimental fish hatchery.

Members of the League have done nearly all of the work in making this

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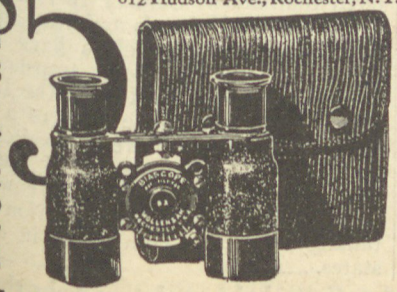


island a beautiful spot. Special meetings are held there. Members attended armed with rakes, spades, pitchforks, scythes, and grass hooks. They worked diligently in cleaning up the island. Casting tournaments are held fortnightly. The state game warden of Nebraska, the guest of C. C. Courtright, secretary of the chapter, stated he was pleased with the activities of the local chapter, and he has promised the fullest assistance and cooperation from the state. Fremont Chapter is less than six months old. The officers of the chapter are: President, C. V. Roberts; Vice President, Henry Heman; Secretary, C. C. Courtright; Treasurer, Arthur Baldwin.

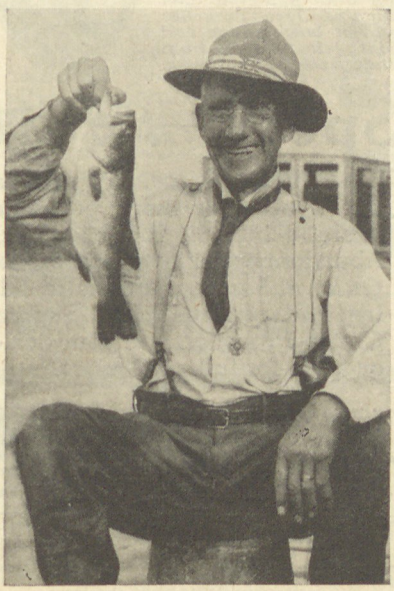
MINNESOTA

The first 8th district council meeting of the Minnesota Division of the Izaak Walton League was held at the August Johnson farm, Big Cormorant Lake, Sunday, August 16th, with Audubon Chapter as hosts. About two thousand people attended.

Lou Benshoof, of Detroit Chapter, was elected district chairman and will be directly responsible for the entire district. The afternoon program consisted of music and addresses by Fred H. Doellner, of Winona, Mayor A. C. Knutson of Detroit, and Senator Chas. H. Kelson of Lake Park.

A storm which took on the proportions of a tornado burst in the afternoon and those present at the meeting saw a gigantic whirlpool, covering the entire northern portion of the lake, followed closely by a solid wall of spray, running from ten to forty feet in height, striking the convention ground, this wall of spray literally flattened everything before it, tore down stands and wrecked furniture.

William Johnson and Eric Haukedahl felt some of the thrill of their Viking ancestors when they attempted the five mile trip down the lake with their kicker and tow of eight row boats. They were caught in the second storm and driven ashore without mishap. Luckily, no one was seriously hurt and Audubon Chapter stands ready to invite the district and the world to any other convention that may be called.



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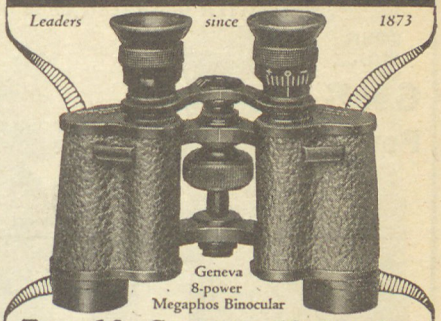

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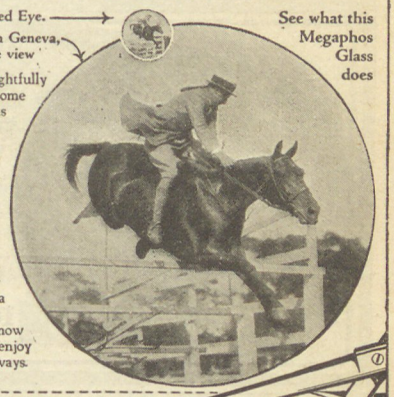

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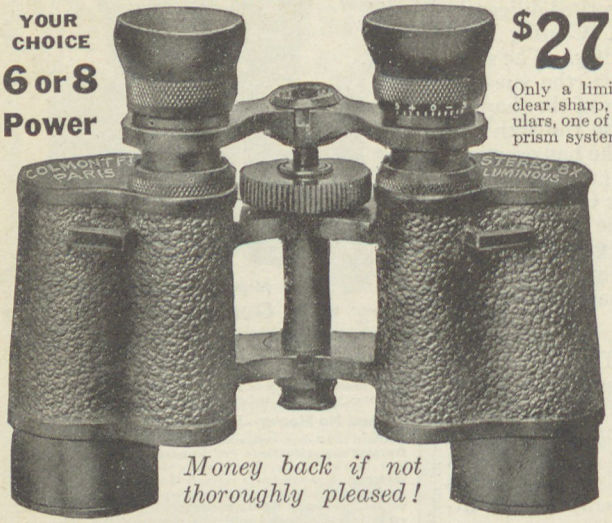

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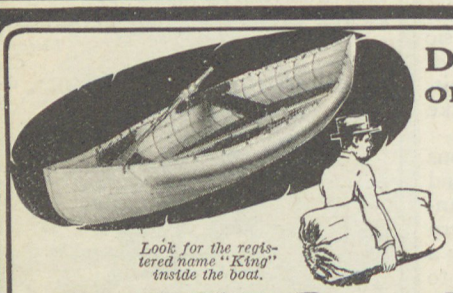

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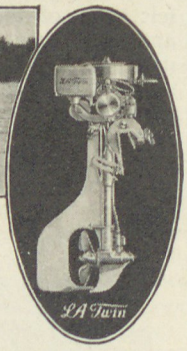

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DRIVES the ordinary rowboat 8 miles or more per hour. Weighs but 52 lbs. complete. Abundant power for every purpose. *Quiet exhaust.* Automatic Tilting and patented L-A Slipping Clutch Propeller. See your dealer or write for full particulars.

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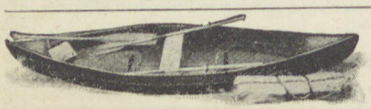

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Trap Shooting

Edited by Jack Smith

The registered tournament season of 1925 is rapidly drawing to a close. All state, divisional and zone tournaments have been staged; there remains only a few scattered tournaments to complete what has probably been the most successful season in trapshooting history. Early in the year it was freely predicted that the advent of a second governing body would create a chaotic condition in trapshooting affairs. Despite the fact that other sports maintain Eastern and Western Associations there was a strong belief that a similar condition could not exist in trapshooting. When we consider the fact that the attendance records at a great many state tournaments were completely shattered this year, and that in the face of a, more or less, general tightened financial condition the target manufacturers are enjoying the biggest business of their careers, it must be admitted that trapshooting interest has again been revived. Unlike other great amateur sports, trapshooting has always been largely supported by commercial interests. This condition of semi-professionalism has been responsible for a great many of trapshooting's ills. The Western Amateur Trapshooting Association has clearly demonstrated that it is quite possible to carry on all the business of a governing body without assistance from any commercial interest. The man or woman who shoots at the traps receives no benefit from the manufacturers' connection with the game. On the other hand, the trapshooter pays a tax of 10% on every box of shells he uses and there seems to be no possibility of this tax being removed so long as trapshooting is being supported by the manufacturers. Trapshooting will not be recognized as an amateur sport by the Amateur Athletic Union our Olympic team will not be treated with proper respect, and the amateurs will not control their own affairs until we sever our connections with commercialism and stand on our own feet as strictly amateur organizations.

A letter from Wm. Upham, State Secretary for Kansas, announces the formation of nineteen Walton Gun Clubs this season in his state. We know some of these clubs have become very active, as five have held one or more registered tournaments to date. The Iola Izaak Walton Gun Club will stage a tournament some time in November. The Coffeyville Gun Club, which is affiliated with the local chapter, will hold a three-day registered tournament October 18-19-20. It is due to Mr. Upham's activities that a great many of these clubs have been organized. "Bill" is not a trapshooter, but he is a great booster for the Izaak Walton League, and he believes a gun club, with its atmosphere of goodfellowship, is an effective method of keeping Chapter members together. We would greatly appreciate any information pertaining to Walton Gun Clubs in other states.

Our Advertisers help us, let us help them.

Pollution

(Continued from page 39)

taxpayers approximately $500,000.00. Twenty year bonds were issued, the payment of these bonds being made by taxation on all the property in the district. The assessed valuation is now approximately $11,500,000.00, and will require a tax of 33⅓ cents on the $100.00 assessed valuation to meet the interest and pay the principal of the bonds.

The building of a sewage disposal plant is an economical municipal program that makes it possible to handle the wastes of a people scientifically yet cheaper than it would cost the individual property owner to construct and maintain his own cesspool.

To prove this statement review the yearly cost for the payment of this plant, based on the figures previously quoted for a property having an assessed valuation of $700.00. This would be 7 x 33⅓ cents which equals $2.34 or at an assessed valuation $2100 which equals $7.02, etc. It has been estimated that the average yearly cost to each resident property in this district will be less than $5.00 per year. Compare this with the construction, depreciation and maintenance cost of the usual resident cesspool or privy. Maintenance alone, if cared for properly, will, in most cases, be more than this amount.

The white elephant of delay is still before us. What are we, as Waltonians, going to do about it? Action gets results. Visit the outlet of your cities' sewage system. You may be surprised. You may be satisfied. If your city is making a disease incubator out of the water courses due to its rapid and unexpected growth, see to it that your city's greatest need receives the serious attention of your citizenship and that your home town takes advantage of the sanitary law of your state, accepting the responsibility that a civilized people owe to civilization to make proper disposal of its wastes.

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WHEN they're flying high and the wind sweeps 'round the corners of your blind, you need a good, safe boat if you are going to retrieve every bird—a Dan Kidney Green Bay Hunting Boat.

Built of white cedar and oak; draws little water; flat bottom, 18 to 20 inches wide. Painted dead grass color. Made in four sizes. The standard for over 40 years.

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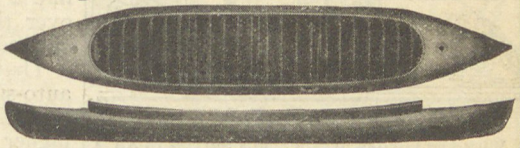

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which are guaranteed to grow and produce satisfactory results can be planted NOW. Large healthy seeds of a high germination at a lower price. Liberal discount on early orders. Write describing Waters and Conditions and receive free expert planting advice, Literature and Prices.

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Fishing and Hunting clubs, Conservation Organizations, etc. For dinners and meetings. Full of fish. Full of action.

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See "The Barbless Hook Girl"

Styles of fishing shown. Bait casting, fly fishing and live minnow fishing.

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No nets or gaffs are used. All fish taken on Barbless Hooks and landed with the hand.

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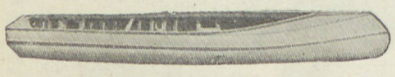
Hunters and Fishermen
Here it is at last!
THE NEOSHO HUNTER



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Weight, 90 lbs. Length, 12′. Width, 42″.

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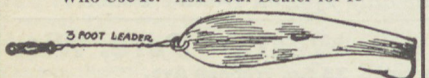

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metal body, nickel or copper, red fly, spinners, pork strip

½ oz., 2½ in.
The ACE *Casts like a bullet!*
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Angling Memories

BY MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE

Edited by Will H. Dilg

Every fisherman has one good fishing story in his system

Jumping Niagara

By A. D. Miller

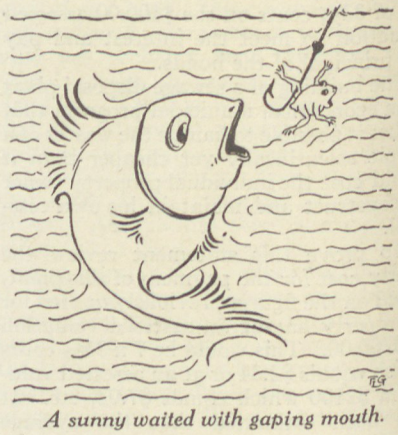
THE Druggist has been talkin' a lot lately about auto-suggestion; if some of these boobs would think a little more about auto-congestion that keeps a feller from losin' so much time gettin' out of town when he's goin' fishin', it would suit me better.

I'll stand my ground with a grizzly, but a Ford can have all the road—they take it anyway. The guy who said, "Fords rush in where Angels fear to tread," said a mouthful. Why, they'll dodge in between the mourners and the hearse if there's room. Well, anyway, it don't matter how much time you lose goin' fishin', you forget it as soon as your line hits the water. Five minutes fishin' will make a feller forget a road-hog—"Fish and forget Fords" is my motto.

I didn't take much stock in what the Druggist said about auto-suggestion until he give me a calendar with a big picture of Niagara Falls on it, and that give me an idea. The Fish and Game Commission had put chicken wire across some of the small streams that emptied into the Lake, to keep the fish from going up to spawn. Below this wire there was a lot of big trout tryin' to nose a way through; once in a while a big one would try and jump it.

Well, sir, I went up there and hung my calendar on one of them wires, which was about four feet above the water. One of them big trout looked up and saw that picture of Niagara Falls. Well, sir, he just commenced to wag his tail like a happy dog, and the discouraged expression went clean out of his face. He looked at the rest of the bunch and says, "Well, this is easy, watch me." Then he jumped for that water-fall, gave a regulation flip like a fish does when he's climbin' and over the wire he went, and the whole blamed bunch followed him.

That proved to me there is somethin' in auto-suggestion, and anyway, the hatchery fellers raised them wires four feet higher the next day.



A sunny waited with gaping mouth.

The Toad's the Thing

By F. L. Goll

There are bass in Neshaminy Creek, but just why they refused the assortment of delicacies provided for the day's menu remains unexplained. Crawfish, grasshoppers, crickets, delicious worms and goodness knows what else, all failed to arouse bass enthusiasm. We just had to hook something to make the day's outing complete, so paddled upstream to shallower water, determined to offer our bill of fare to sun perch.

In the clear water about a small brush covered island we observed numerous fat sunnies idling each with its nose shoreward. Parking our canoe we proceeded to try the line of foodstuffs upon these piscatorial beauties which seemed not the least disturbed by our presence. They were certainly concentrating upon something about that bit of land. Our choicest morsels were spurned, the wiggliest of wiggly fat worms even tickled their noses without so much as a blink from those shiny large eyes.

"D—— it, Bill! These sunnies are looking for something they want pretty badly and I'm going to find out what"

Surveying the spot I found a recent hatch of tiny toads none larger than one's finger nail. "Here, you infant, hop in there and let's see what happens." A captured toad was tossed into the creek—Swish!—which fish got it we couldn't tell.

Catching the tiny toads was easier than attaching them to the large hooks, but as fast as we thus fed them to the fourteen yearning sunnies, the winner lost!

A Bent Hook

By Mack Harlow

This story is offered as a helpful hint to parties who, while on a fishing trip, catch no fish, but wishing to save their reputation must do something.

To the truth of the following article I can solemnly swear, as I was in the party and helped to put it over.

About two years ago, while working in Muskogee, Oklahoma, a friend of mine suggested a fishing trip, and I being one who likes to fish and a "Waltonian,"

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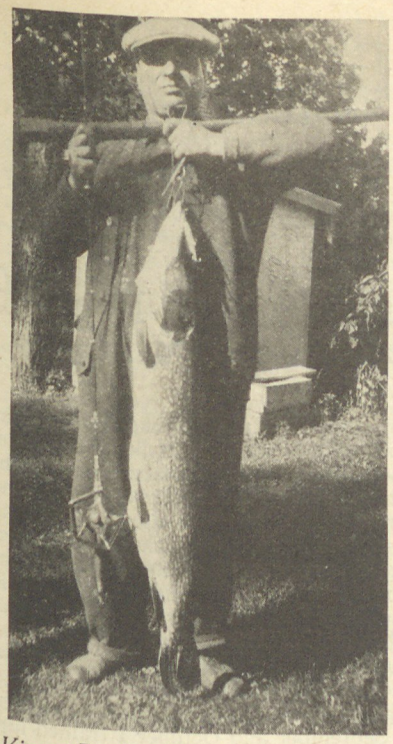


Vincent Parchen, Chicago, with a nice one.

could do nought but accept. To make the old saying "The More the Merrier" true, we invited Mr. S—— and his wife. Our party now consisted of Mr. W. —— his wife and daughter, Mr. S—— and his wife and myself.

Saturday evening we loaded the necessary junk in Mr. W's car and proceeded to the Grand River east of Muskogee, for a night and day fishing trip and general good time.

After a bountiful supper we spent the evening as an evening can only be spent in the great outdoors. Those of you who take these trips know the joy of the campfire, of the eats, the "skeeter" bites, the jokes, the fish stories and the many other pleasures that one can get only at such a meeting and place.

After duly adjusting our backs to the rocks, sticks, holes and a few other things under our blankets, we finally slept until five a. m., when Mr. W—— decided that the rock he was sleeping on was too hard to mash so he awoke all of us. There is no need to describe the breakfast that followed as you all know what breakfast at daylight is. Breakfast over, out came poles, bait, rods, flies, lines and away to the river we went. From the looks of our tackle one might think that the fish were in for an awful time.

However, imagine our surprise when after four hours fishing, using every kind of bait and lure we had, no one had had the faintest kind of a nibble or a strike. As this was not filling the frying pan, we three men decided to go up the river and try our luck. Fishing in every likely looking spot for a distance of four or five miles, we had no better luck. About two p. m., we finally decided that enough was enough and started the long walk back to our camp.

On the way back we spied an old fisherman hauling in his net and went down to see what his catch was. This old man makes his living catching fish, and as he was going to put out his net again we stayed to see the fun. Upon dragging in his net at the next haul, he had among the fish an eleven pound "Drum," and it was upon seeing this fish that the idea of which I am writing was born.

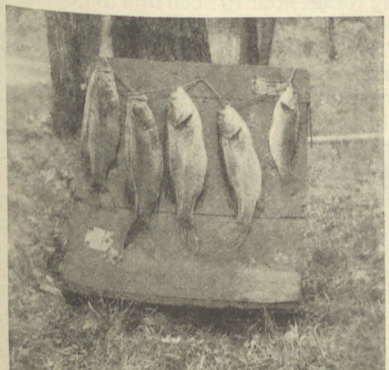
We purchased this Drum from the old man for $1.25, and after wrapping it in a wet tow sack, proceeded on our way. Deciding that practice makes perfect, we rehearsed our story of how Mr. S—— caught this fish, until anyone of the three could repeat it without a mistake. To

F. C. Calugi hauled this baby out of Pleasant Lake, Mich.

make the story look better, we fastened the hook in a tree and, with a rock straightened it until the curve was nearly gone; also, taking a pocket knife, we made a hole in the fish's thin lips, resembling the place where the hook should have been. Giving Mr. S —— the line with the bent hook and the fish, we were ready for our grand march into camp.

I shall never forget the look of wonder and surprise on those women's faces as they saw Mr. S —— and his fish. As far as we were concerned the whole thing had been prepared as a joke, but the women fell for it so hard that to this day, as far as I know, none of the women know about the $1.25 part of it, and I for one shall not tell.

The above may sound rather fishy, but then, after all ———— a fish story is only a fish story.



A Royal Flush, held by R. W. Roberts, Sharon, Pa.

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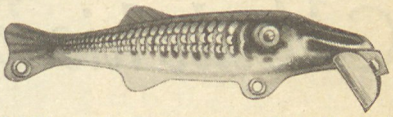

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LOOKS—Because the enamel colorings are on bronze metal, they flash like the sheen of a live minnow as it goes through water. Nine colorations—½ oz. Supplied with any hook combination. Hooks quickly detached.

The Bassy-Getum patterned after a baby bass and the Piky-Getum, make a great pair for muskies, bass and pike. Both sell at 95c.

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Address: Shady Lane, c/o Outdoor America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.

Edited by Shady Lane

Memories and anecdotes written by dog lovers of the I.W.L.A. to which all are urged to contribute.

Pointer owned by Herbert G. Taylor, of Missouri.

Pointers and Pheasants

By J. H. White

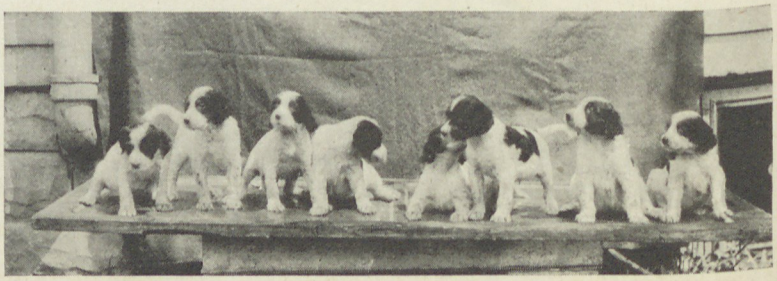
Prince came to me when he was about four months old, the most forlorn, dejected and scared pointer pup it has ever been my misfortune to see. His ribs stuck out, his tail dragged the ground and his head hung down as though he had not a friend in this world and at the least foreign noise he would run and hide. When he would see a broom he would duck his tail and give a yelp and run behind the kennel. I was almost disgusted with him and thought I never would be able to make anything out of him for all of his good markings, but with good feeding, petting and coaxing he began to come out of the kinks and lose his scrawny appearance as though he might make a worth while hunter.

At six months of age I took him into the field alone, and walked him around for a few miles to get him used to the grass and weeds. I was afraid he would be gun shy, as he seemed to be so timid when I got him, but after shooting a few times a distance away and he did not seem to be afraid, I came up close to him and shot. He jumped up, looked around and sniffed. I was satisfied then, for I knew he was not gun shy and that he had the hunter instinct.

Twice a week then for the next month I took him into the field where there were few birds, to get him used to the burrs and stubble, until the first of September, when his real training started. The first day of training I took him into a field where I knew was a covey of quail working around in a circle, getting in closer all the time. Soon he stopped and sniffed the ground. His tail started wagging and by keeping him under control I managed to get him up to the birds without flushing. After about fifteen minutes of criss-crossing he struck the birds and set; of course, his first birds, he was all excited and wiggled all over, and the birds, flushed and fluttering, did not scare him and I thought he would run them, but he just stood still and hung his head as though he was ashamed of what he had done. I sat down and petted and talked to him. Soon he had his confidence back again and was as eager as before to go on. For the months of September and October I trained him until he would mind perfectly. The bird season does not come in here until November, so had no chance to test his retrieving on birds, but on the medicine ball he was good.

When November came, Prince was eight months old and weighed thirty-five pounds. The first day of November came with a cool morning and a heavy frost, so we started. After getting into the field I held him for a while until he had got somewhat cooled down; then I let him go. In twenty minutes he had struck a scent. As it was a damp day the scent hung, and Prince "set," but with his tail in the air. I knew by experience that he did not have a body scent, but told him to take them. Instead of flushing in the usual way he calmly walked on and in another five minutes he had his birds, this time with his tail straight out and his right front leg in the air in the position he was when he struck. After a little talking to him he held perfectly, without a move. Then I told him to take them. He flushed. I shot four times. He stood until I was through, then started after the birds without being told. He brought in all four birds and laid them at my feet. I would not have taken two hundred dollars for him then. We stayed out an hour and brought in nine birds, but went out every day for an hour to keep him in good shape until the pheasant law came in.

The morning of the 10th of November came with a light snow, just right for pheasant shooting. This morning two of



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us went along north of town; I knew where there were two pheasants staying, but no quail, so straight for there we went. After hunting in a little patch we struck north over a little hedge and up a small hill along another hedgerow. After going up this line for about a hundred yards with the dog on the side with me, he turned around on two legs facing the way we had come, making a set with his nose in the air and his tail straight out. I turned to see what was the matter and, to my surprise, saw a pheasant coming to the ground in the little patch we had hunted over. Of course we went back for him. The dog went straight for him, making a pretty flush. Both of us shot. I hit the bird in the side and my pardner hit him in the back. Later we paced it off, and found from where the dog made his first set to the bird, was just one hundred and thirty steps. Now if that isn't distance record for scent will someone please go one better.

Prince now is two and a half years old and weighs fifty-four pounds and is in perfect trim for the bird season, which will be here now in two months, and I think Prince is counting the days until he can again go into the field to make another record for himself.

Valor

By L. R. Young

He wore no ribbons, just a plain iron cross for valor. He was the member of no great family, but all the degrees for intellectuality and culture that could be conferred upon a dog, were his. His father was a Newfoundland, and his mother a Collie, both honest, decent folks of their kind.

When he came to us he was just a fuzzy, black ball about seven and one-half by eight inches. The pressure of the deviltry within him was probably what made him so rotund. Until he was several months old, he was so busy doing the wrong things that he had no time to do as he was told—living for his own pleasure and doing his own willing. His day of ripening came, as it does to some of us, through almost infinite pain. He learned that the real joy of living is found in the pleasure that we can give to others.

If he were called, he would always go in the opposite direction. One day Dad said: "I don't think that pup will ever amount to a damn, but he will learn to mind today or we will bury him tonight."

The clothes-line didn't bring him; one of my fish poles and the clothesline didn't. The second pole and about four feet of shredded blue beech did.

Mother had baked a cake and cooled it while the fight was in progress. When it was over, poor Bob didn't have any front teeth and there wasn't any place to pet him. Dad fed him some cake and milk, and the lesson was over. He never had to be scolded after that, and no living man ever struck him again.

A gun shot or thunder would send him under the barn or the bed, the subject of the most pitiful agony imaginable, but

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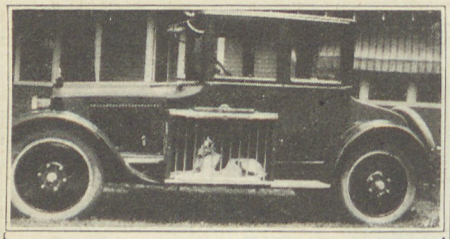

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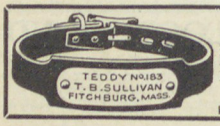

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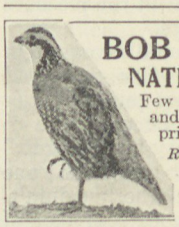

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there was nothing else on earth that he feared—not even Dad.

His first love affair came to him when he was about two years old. A neighbor with a female collie came to see Dad. The collie was young and a beauty. She started a flirtation with Bob. He was off on wings, following her with no thought of training or home or anything—no thought at all—just the universal, infinite urge. Dad called to him. He went on.

Dad picked up a piece of board and started. Bob sat down and waited. Dad raised the club and Bob crouched and bared his fangs. Dad dropped the club. Bob sat up. Dad squatted down and they shook hands. Here are Dad's exact words, "You win, old fellow. But, if I were you I wouldn't leave the place. I'd go to the barn." That is just what he did, and the collie went with him.

He became master of all that pertains to herding, and knew all the stock by name. Dad would say, "Go and get Bess" and a black streak would start for the pasture, and soon Bess would come mogging in, not hurrying and not tarrying alone.

His method of chastisement was to grab them by the middle of the tail. It was effective with cattle. He tried it once on a yearling colt. He collided in mid-air with the colt's hoofs and landed about twenty feet away. When he recovered his breath he sat up looking rather silly. Then he went after the colt. When the colt's heels went up he went under and caught the flank and held on until the colt squealed, but he had a lot of respect for the business end of a horse after that.

At one time we had butchered a beef and five hogs. Dad was called away before he had time to cut them up. The beef hung in the barn and the pork lay on a bench in an open shed about ten rods away. For six weeks, the only thing that touched that meat was mother. Nearly every day some dog went home very sorry, and when the snow melted, it uncovered the carcasses of nineteen cats that had just failed to reach safety in the orchard.

We moved from the farm to a small town, and there Bob had his troubles. He had been taught to keep trespassers off our place. Next door to us was an imported bulldog that outweighed Bob by over twenty pounds, who insisted on going where he willed. Bob was just as firm in barring encroachment, so there was serious friction.

Bob nearly always lost, but he never squealed. The bulldog would whimper. One day Bob had the bulldog nearly croaked when Dad intervened. He just said "Bob, let go." He did. The bulldog got him as he turned his head, one fang in the ear socket and one under the jaw. Bob always lost after that, but the bulldog never came onto our place without a fight if Bob could stagger to the yard.

From the small town we moved to another farm, and Bob came into his own. Here is the reason for this story, and the real dog.

My youngest sister (who is now the mother of an eleven-year-old girl) was then a few months old. Mother had spread a robe on the grass in the yard, and put the baby on it. We were frozen

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Kennel Service Dept.
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Gentlemen:—

Your Communication of September 25th, giving names of those wanting to buy dogs, at hand, and will say I appreciate this very much. I have heard from several of late and thanked them in your behalf.

I will truthfully say that Outdoor America has sold me out of dogs, having some fifty when I started my advertising with you. I ran three advertisements in the magazine and will say I have only four left. Two of these I will keep and will assure you you will hear from me later and also the good dogs I will produce from these Great Bitches.

I am for you heart and soul. Many thanks.

Respectfully,

E. J. CALDWELL SETTER KENNELS

(Signed) E. J. Caldwell.

The more results our advertising brings, the more advertising we will carry.

with horror to see a rattler, coiled and singing his war song, on the corner of the blanket, and the baby creeping and reaching for it. We were too far away to do anything but scream. Here, the barn was about fifteen rods from the house. Just about the time we saw the snake, we heard a sort of muffled, rumbling roar, and saw an undulating streak of black lightning coming from the barn. It knocked the baby off the robe and took the rattler with it.

Bob was hit. That was thirty years ago, but even now, when I recall the look of actual rapture he gave, when he found the baby unhurt, and then the look of despair he gave us as he turned toward the swamp, the brine flows. He came out of the swamp about ten days later completely caked with mud except the tip of his black nose. Just a staggering shadow with just enough strength left to say "How d'y do."

He was cured and lived to finally die with his boots on in the city of Kalamazoo where he was loaned to neighbors whose chickens were being stolen. Have I been tedious? Forgive me. He was my dog.

Springer Characteristics

By E. R. Hayes

Although I have owned and handled dogs all my life and spent all of my spare time in the forests or on streams and lakes, I have never had the fortune to have anything occur that I would consider unusual to any great degree. I have often read stories of some remarkable happenings and wondered why I had always been left out, as I had lived in the Adirondack Mountains for thirty-five years. However, this is not what I started to write about, so will get back to my subject.

I am a registered breeder of the English springer spaniel in the A. K. C., and have had plenty of chances to carefully observe anything that I would consider unusual to the ordinary layman.

I have in mind one of the matrons that I used in the field to a great extent. I have shot plenty of grouse over her under every conceivable condition and the peculiar part of it was that she seemed to have a clear knowledge that when I shot a bird and it fell in my sight, she would merely go to it, and if found dead and I was in sight of her, she would go along with her hunting and never retrieve it to hand, but on the other hand if the bird fell over the crest of a hill or into a thicket she would snap it to hand very quickly. I never could understand why she acted this way as she was instructed to bring the bird in while in my sight but would not, and again no command was needed for the bird out of vision.

My experience with a dog catching a live bird in the woods unassisted has been only twice. A cross cocker and water spaniel one day, when hunting the shores of a river where I was hunting ducks from a boat surprised a flock of black ducks in an osier thicket and before they could clear the bushes, jumped into the air and caught one of them. The other time, a springer of mine was covering a balsam

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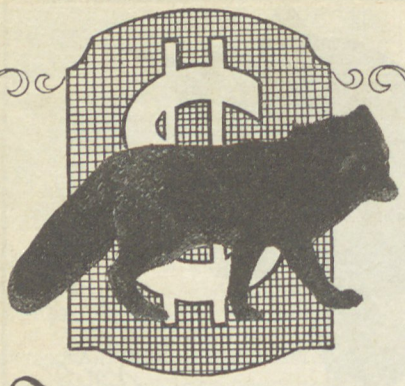

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WRITE FOR MY FREE FOLDER
"60 Facts About Silver Foxes and Prices"
WESTERN RESERVE SILVER FOX RANCH
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swamp in late fall and flushed some grouse and caught one of them and brought it to me in an uninjured state, and I kept it in a box for a few days and liberated it and it was none the worse for wear, taking to the air as though nothing had happened.

When Bob White Calls

Continued from page 33

panion worthy of his effort, worked doubly hard. It was a rapid pace and the old boy, despite his grit, was beginning to fall behind.

He flushed two coveys right under his nose (the first two he had flushed since his puppy days) and his tail dropped. He rolled over on his back and whined as we walked up to him.

This time all three of us patted him and I put the leash on him, thinking he would walk along with me. He tugged on the chain and whined to get away.

I couldn't stand it any longer, so I slipped the leash and unsteadily the old boy galloped on ahead.

Cautiously he paused at a clump of briar and, with his whole body wagging in anticipation, crept along. Suddenly he froze and looked back. I motioned him on.

A covey of five sailed upward. I let go at them, but my thoughts were with Mac and I missed with the left barrel and winged one with the right.

There are few things faster on their feet than a quail, and the one that fell was only slightly wounded.

Mac shot after him with all of his old time zeal. Through the briar clump they went and into tangle of raspberry bushes and scrub oak.

I yelled at Mac to return, but he didn't hear me. Suddenly I saw him dive into a clump of briar and fall flat. I hurried to the spot. Mac saw me coming and with his remaining strength arose, with the quail in his mouth, and headed straight for me.

I stopped and he came up slowly, wagging his tail. He laid the bird at my feet, looked up in my face, then lay down, quivered, and peacefully went to sleep. His body gave one convulsive jerk and Mac was gone. It was a fitting finish for a glorious old pal.

Bob White is calling again and once more we have answered the call, but somehow or other it doesn't feel the same.

There's a Lewellyn yearling ranging out ahead in the stubble, flushing every other covey in his youthful enthusiasm, just as Mac did when I first took him afield.

Maybe this youngster will turn out all right. I've named him Mac.

There he goes after a rabbit—

"Come here you *) ! ! ! "

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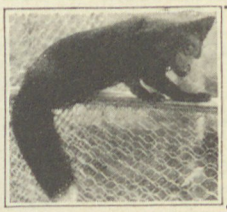

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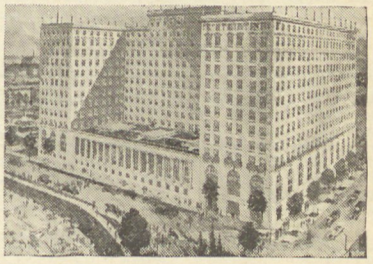

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For additional classified advertisements, see pages 78 and 79.

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SCIENTIFIC Gas Saver. All autos. 1 free to introduce. Critchlow, A89, Wheaton, Ill. (3-11)

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AN easy riding car, free from spring squeaks. Broken leaves reduced to a minimum, are results obtained by using the McCleod Pat. Spring Cover. Average car complete, $4.00. The Morris Supply Co., Wheeling, W. Va.

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$15.00 For brand new 4 cyl. 4 cycle 12 H.P. motors. Surplus stock. Few left. I. C. Murray, Traverse City, Mich.

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MUSKRAT Farming now considered a profitable enterprise. Up-to-date information on fencing, farming, general care and marketing. Cloth bound, $1.75, postpaid. Earl Hummell, 1121 Seminary St., Kalamazoo, Michigan. (3-1)

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SUNSET Cove Tourist Hotel on Lake Nipissing. Fisherman's paradise. Best accommodations. Good automobile road to hotel. Situated in the best duck hunting grounds. Rates $4.00 per day, boats and guides extra. Also Deer hunting camps of the best. Seventy-five dollars for the season. Everything supplied except guns and ammunition. For further particulars communicate with Robert Byers, Powassan, Ont., Can. (3-12)

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Dogs

Airedales

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AIREDALE pups. Best blood lines. Eligible registration. Write today for attractive prices. Geo. C. Stickney, Box 60, Jay, N. Y. (3-12)

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AIREDALES. Brood Matrons; Puppies, $10 and $15. Dr. Long, Lake Andes, So. Dak. (3-12)

SPECIAL Sale. Pedigreed Airedale Pups. $5.00 each. O. Robey, Maryville, Mo.

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LABRADOR Retrievers. Trained dogs and puppies, imported English Field Trial stock. McArdell's Labrador Kennels, Brynmarl, Vancouver Island, B. C., Canada.

Dogs

Chesapeakes and Spaniels—Cont'd

SPRINGER Spaniels. Beautifully grown puppies from Field Trial parents. None better. Bargain Prices. Frank Finkbine, Storm Lake, Iowa. (3-1)

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BEAUTIFUL Registered Cocker Puppies. Famous hunting strain. Easily trained. Rowland, Greensville, Ont. (3-11)

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CHESAPEAKE Bay Puppies. Papers furnished. E. A. Gaston, Axtell, Kansas. (3-1)

HIGH Class Chesapeake Retriever Pups for sale. C. H. Morgan, Tyndall, S. D. (3-11)

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WHITE Collie Puppies of best breeding. Variety Farm, Gilman, Illinois. (3-1)

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THE World's Largest Dog Kennel has for sale Big Game Hounds, Foxhounds, Coonhounds, and Rabbit Hounds. All dogs individually schooled and trained by our famous canine specialists and shipped on trial. Delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Trained dogs, $50.00 to $150.00 each. Thoroughbred puppies, $15.00 to $25.00 each. Large illustrated catalog ten cents. Oorang Kennels, Box 9, La Rue, Ohio. (3-1)

ON account of a change of location, I am going to offer my two real jam up coon dogs at half their real price. They are 4 years, fast and true. Stick to tree all night. Rabbit and fox proof. This is the kind you read about. Guaranteed and sold only on trial, $50.00 each. C. T. Howard, Box No. 3, Raleigh, Tenn.

FORCE Sale: Pair 5 year old coon hounds of the very best possible type, broken and raised in Miss. River bottoms. These are real true and game dogs, finest lookers ever. You seldom find this kind for sale. They will deliver the goods; $50.00 each. Trial. T. T. Allen, West Memphis, Ark.

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For additional classified advertisements, see pages 78 and 79.

Dogs

Hounds—Continued

FOR Sale—Famous Arkansas coon hounds, $50.00 to $75.00. Good combination hunters, $37.50 to $45.00. Champion rabbit hounds, males, $20.00; females, $15.00. Trial. LePelley Bros., Mena, Ark.

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TRAINED Coon, Skunk, Opossum hounds. 10 days' trial. Ozark Kennels, Sarcoxie, Mo. (3-1)

GOLD Ribbon Range Raised Guaranteed English Beagles. Fernwood Kennels, Norwalk, Wisc.

FOR Sale—Registered greyhound pups. Prices reasonable. Peter Bielen, Springfield, Minn. (3-1)

HUNDRED Hunting Hounds. Fur finders. Catalogue. Kaskaskennels, R. 15, Herrick, Illinois.

A NUMBER of exceptional coon hound puppies at $8.00 and $10.00. Edgar Hunt, Barron, Wis. (3-12)

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FOR Sale—A few high-class Red Bone coonhounds and combination tree dogs. A. F. Sampey, Springfield, Mo. (3-11)

FOR Sale—Beagles; Highly trained. Registered puppies. Stud service. Priced reasonable. V. Hershey, Orrville, Ohio, 3. (3-11)

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RABBIT Hounds. Cheap, $17.50 each. Fox hounds, skunk dogs. $25.00. Free trial. Joab Hicks, Hanson, Ill. (3-11)

HUNDRED Hunting Hounds. Fur finders. Catalogue. Kaskaskennels, R. 15, Herrick, Illinois.

RED Registered Redbone Pups. Bred to get the coon. S. E. Keever, Terre Haute, Ind., R. R. "A." (3-11)

REGISTERED Beagles, broken dogs; puppies, nicely marked, not shy. Wells Kennels, Farina, Ill. (3-12)

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TRAINED Stag Hounds for sale, all guaranteed; also pups from a 32-inch sire. W. A. Carlisle, Cherokee, Okla. (3-11)

Dogs

Hounds—Continued

WRITE Porter Bros., Higginsville, Mo., for any breed of hounds. Farmers Bank for reference. (3-12)

COON, Fox and Rabbithounds on trial. Geo. Walters, Seven Valleys, Pa. (3-12)

FOR Sale—Beagles, all ages. Harold Evans, Cold Springs, Indiana. (3-12)

TRAINED rabbit and beagle hounds. Ed Leichtle, Cold Spring, Kentucky. (3-12)

HUNTING hounds. Trial. Cheap. C. O. D. Ginger Kennels, Herrick, Illinois.

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REGISTERED English, Llewellyn, Irish and Gordon Setters, Pointers and retrieving Cocker and Irish Water Spaniels. Grown dogs. Puppies. Bred bitches and dogs at Stud. Bred in the North. Hardy and beautiful individuals. Sales list free. Golden West Kennels, Dundee, Minn. (3-12)

PURE-BRED beagles, setters, pointers, coons, fox, opossum, varmint and rabbit hounds. All dogs are farm raised. Reference: Harrison Deposit Bank. Don't write unless you want to buy. E. R. Gossett, Cynthiana, Ky.

LABRADOR Retrievers, all ages, best of breeding. Write me your wants. Will sell a pair of coon dogs also. Ross Stobbart, Chariton, Iowa. (3-12)

SELLING healthy intelligent registered mammoth Great Dane, St. Bernard and Newfoundland dogs. N. C. Smith, Box 23, New Richmond, Ind. (3-11)

THE O. K. Kennels of Marydel, Maryland, have for sale broken setters that will please any sportsman; also Maryland bred rabbit hounds on trial. Pamphlets free. (6-1)

ENGLISH Bull Dogs. The dog you will eventually own. Photos ten cents. Triangle Kennels, Box 9, Jackson Center, Ohio. (3-1)

ST. BERNARD pups—big massive fellows. Real dogs. At reasonable prices. M. W. Willan, Morgantown, Ind.

FOR Sale—High class German Police and Airedale puppies. Santa Rita Kennels (registered), Nogales, Arizona.

AIREDALES, Beagles, Hounds, Setters, Pointers. W. M. King, Cynthiana, Ky., R. D. No. 5. (2X)

FOX Terriers, collies, bulldogs. Pretty puppies, $10.00 each. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Ind. (12-2*)

BULLDOGS—Trained fighters or pups. Bulldogs, 501 Rockwood, Dallas, Texas. (6-1)

FOX Terriers, Spitz. $8.00 up. C. L. Buckingham, Ridgeway, Wis. (3-12)

Pointers and Setters

INABILITY to hunt causes sacrifice. Brace real high class shooting dogs. One pointer, 3 years. Does it all fast and snappy. Best of retrievers. Also big high headed setter dog, 3 years. Staunch, steady and a real dog. Both guaranteed to please, $75.00 each. T. T. Allen, West Memphis, Ark.

ENGLISH Setters. Just right for this fall's training. Bred from a strain of dogs that have made setter history. You cannot afford to pass these up and you won't, if you write for pictures, price and pedigree. Satisfaction guaranteed. H. C. Guinea, Weiser, Idaho.

CAROLINA Frank bitch. Well broken. A beauty. Coming 3 years old. Four pups, year old. Carolina Frank blood. Partly broken. Being worked daily; registered. Priced to sell. Write me, Oakleigh Farm, R. D. No. 10, Springfield, Ohio.

TRAINED Pointer dog three years old. Retriever, staunch on points, backs, good nose, $75.00. On 5 days' trial, C. O. D. You pay express both ways. We have others. Murray Kennels, Brighton, Tenn.

ENGLISH Pointer puppies—bred from finest shooting stock. Sire and dam both registered in Field Dog Stud Book. Papers furnished with each puppy. J. M. Drumm, Mercersburg, Pa. (4-11)

POINTERS and Setters for sale. Broken dogs one to three years old. Puppies from five months to one year. My dogs sold on guaranty that they are as I claim them to be. J. L. Collier, Welch, West Va. (3-12)

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeak Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1X)

Dogs

Pointers and Setters—Continued

BIRD Dogs of Class: Brace well broken 3 year old pointers, fast and all day hunters, $75.00 each. Pair the swellest looking setters you wish to see. Well trained. Do it all. $75.00 each. All guaranteed. C. C. Howard, Hulbert, Ark.

ENGLISH Setter puppies for fall work. Sire, National grouse Champion Nugym 61099. Dam, Flapper Bell 88947. Approved mating. L. C. Fletcher, Staunton, Va.

LLEWELLYN and English setter puppies. Riley Frush, Stad Hawk, and Caint Moring blood lines. Priced reasonable. All papers. F. H. Adams, Hartley, Iowa. (3-1)

CHAMPION Jersey Jo. Jo. puppies out of champion Nugym bitch. A rare choice for breeding stock. Females, $40.00. L. C. Fletcher, Staunton, Va.

FOR Sale—English and Llewellyn Setters of the world's best breeding. Write for list and prices. Henry Willaert, Green Bay, Wisc.

ENGLISH Setters whelped November, 1924, by Royal Son of Champion Riley Frush; Dam by Kirk's Master Boy. E. R. Ryan, Pomona, Mo. (3-11)

IRISH Setter Puppies. Sire, Wellington of Boyne. All papers. Price, $15.00 for quick sale. A. P. Weingartner, Minneota, Minn.

POINTER, 2 years old, liver and white, well broke, staunch on point, fair retriever. U. S. Routzong, Cotter, Ark.

REGISTERED Setter Puppies. Sired by Eugene's Gleam. Females, $18.50; Males, $20.00. H. J. Dulle, Chamois, Mo.

SETTERS, Pointers, Hounds. Shipped on Trial. Guaranteed. Address: J. D. Swinford, Route 9, Cynthiana, Kentucky. (3-1)

ENGLISH Setter Pups. Best of breeding. All papers. Priced right. Trial. McGough, Backus, Minn. (3-1)

THOROUGHLY trained pointer bitch. Under five years. Cheap. Ray Johnson, Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin.

EXCEPTIONALLY well bred five months English Setters. Shirley Bramble, Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin.

ONE pointer bitch, age 14 months, well trained, good nose, wonderful retriever. Price reasonable. F. H. Garbacz, Batesville, Ark. (3-11)

POINTER pups, dogs, $25. Bitches, $20. All papers. From fine shooting stock. George Parker, Groveland, Mass. (3-12)

POINTER and Irish setter puppies from America's, England's and Ireland's finest champion blood. R. E. Valbert, Girard, Illinois. (3-12)

DESIRABLE registered Pointers and Setters. Pups, eight months. $25.00. Golden Rule Kennels, Palmyra, Ill. (12-12)

IRISH Setter Puppies—America's best breeding. Earl Askins, Lakewood, Illinois. (3-12)

REGISTERED Pointers and puppies. Write C. G. Robison, Lincoln, Ill. (10-11)

THOROUGHBRED Pointers and Setters. Cheap. Lee Nauenburg, Spalding, Nebr.

Police Dogs

FOR Sale. Police puppies and grown matrons. Berkmeyer, Jung Tell von Kriminalpolizie, Starkenburg, Uckermark, and Horst von Boll blood lines. Puppies, $30.00 and up. Matrons, $60.00 and up. Sold on approval. T. Njaa, Prop., Riverside Kennels, Cooperstown, N. Dak. (3-11)

FOR Sale—Thirty beautiful light, dark and silver grey police pups; sired by imported trained sire of Dustenbrook, Kremenalpolizie blood line; big, husky, healthy pups, $30.00 and $35.00; sold on approval; hundreds of satisfied customers in past 12 years. Dr. Almkler, Cooperstown, N. D. (3-1)

BUY a Crestland puppy and win. Sired by Champion Hans Von Koenigsweg and International Champion Iso Von Doernerhof out of first prize winning dams. Also 14 month old brood matron. Crestland Kennels, 1208 Huestis Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind.

POLICE Dog Pups for sale. $30.00 up. Shipped on approval. Safe delivery guaranteed. Best of breeding. Eligible. Arthur Anson, Mose, N. D.

DOBERMAN Pinscher Puppies. Well-bred, eligible American Kennel Club. Shipped on approval. Reasonable. Delivery guaranteed. Masters Pinschers, Bowerston, Ohio. (3-11)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

For additional classified advertisements, see pages 76 and 77.

Dogs

Police Dogs—Continued

BEAUTIFUL registered trained Police Dog. Twenty months old. Color wolf gray and sable. Fond of children. Write for photo. A bargain at $100.00. E. J. Fitzpatrick, Wautoma, Wisconsin.

POLICE pups, out of imported blue ribbon Angekort stock. $30 up. Land O'Lakes Kennels, Route 5, Camden Station, Minneapolis, Minnesota. (3-11)

PEDIGREED police pups, grown dogs; champion strains; females, $25.00; males, $35.00. Shipped on approval. Bollhart Kennels, New Ulm, Minn. (3-11)

DOBERMANN-PINSCHER Puppies, the original German Police Dog, for sale. Dr. Lueschen, Columbus, Nebr.

SELLING Kriminalpolzie bloodline police pups. $30.00 up. M. H. Dumermuth, Elgin, Iowa.

BELGIAN Police Puppies, beautiful watch and defense dog. Ideal companion. Belgo Kennels, St. Hyacinthe, Quebec. (3-11)

GERMAN Police Pups. Sire is brother of Strongheart. Price right. N. S. Mumpower, Bristol, Tenn. (3-11)

FOR Sale. Pedigreed Police Puppies, $25.00 up. On approval. Write T. M. Helmer, Hanaford, No. Dakota. (9X)

WANTED—Police and other puppies. Give age, color, weight and price. P. H. Sprague, Maywood, Illinois. (3-12)

Terriers

DARE Devils (Irish Terriers)—Only absolute one man dog. Game and fierce with strangers; a He-man's dog. Hunters, Guards and Pals. Pups and bred bitch for sale. Imported Champion at Stud. Red Top Kennels, Teague, Texas. (3-1)

WIRE Haired Fox Terriers—Brood Matrons, young females. A. K. C. show quality. $35.00 up. G. H. Norgang, Center Point, Iowa. (3-1)

AT STUD—Six-pound bat-eared Toy Fox Terrier, $15.00. Toy puppies for sale. G. Schondel, Marshallville, Ohio. (3-1)

BOSTON Terrier puppies, several litters, eligible to register, $15.00 and up. Hi-Test Kennels, Excelsior, Minn.

FINE Irish Terrier Pups. Both sexes. From prize winning stock. Ellsmere Kennels, Macksburg, Iowa. (3-11)

IRISH Terriers. The Game Kind. Raised Right. Used to Children. A. K. C. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (3-11)

LARGEST kennels of smooth fox terriers in America. Puppies by imported Model Cavalier. Wells Kennels, Farina, Ill. (3-11)

Dog Remedies and Supplies

FOR Worms in Dogs—Use Carbon Tetrachloride chemically pure; found 100% effective in Government test, and safest to use. Cures and prevents "Running-Fits." In capsules for dogs and puppies; 18 doses, $1.00. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (11-X)

WEBER'S Famous Distemper Remedy and Preventive will save your dog. One trial will convince you of its merit; $1 per package, postpaid. J. R. Weber, Harrisburg, Pa. (3-11)

FREE Book about Dog Diseases, Nursing, Dosing, Prevention. Burhans, Publisher, Dept. O. A., Waterloo, Iowa. (3-11)

FOR Sore Mouth Dogs, write or wire I. F. McAdams, Jefferson, Texas. Guaranteed Cure.

Firearms

DID you never shift with the House of Shiff the Gunman, North Woodstock, New Hampshire? Largest stock standard guns. In 54 years absolutely never "Near," Inferior or Defective guns at any price. Exchanging on a straight 10% charge with four days' trial. My list is worth any man's stamp. (3-12)

GUN Bluing—12 Formulas, for coloring Iron and Steel. 8 good miscellaneous formulas included. All sent postpaid, for 50c, with full directions. Geo. A. Sutton, Eureka, Calif.

WILL Sell—U. S. .45 automatic government pistol holsters, fine, used, each 50c, plus postage. Kanawha Hardware Co., 511 Kanawha St., Charleston, W. Va. (3-1)

Firearms—Continued

OUR high-grade three barrel guns. Over and Under, give best results. Send for catalog. Abesser & Merket, Gun-Makers, Suhl, Germany. Agents: Sloan's Sporting Goods Co., 88 Chambers Street, New York City. (3-12)

LOADING Tools, Moulds, Scales, Measurers for Metallic Cartridges and .410 Shot Shells; also M. J. Bullets, Primers and Cases. Handbook and catalog 10 cents. Modern-Bond Corp., 805 West Fifth St., Wilmington, Delaware. (12X)

SELL Winchester, Remington, Savage, Marlin Repeating Shotguns, New and Used Firearms List 100 Guns, 10c. Frayseths Hardware, Milan, Minn. (3-12)

BLUE-FINISH your guns at home. Small cost. No paint. Formula like factories use, mailed for $1.00. E. Simons, Dane, Wisconsin. (3-1)

ANTIQUE firearms, swords, daggers, rifles, powderhorns, flasks, molds, war medals, 1926 catalogue, 4 cent stamp. Nagy, 8 South 18th Street, Philadelphia.

FOR Sale—256 Newton, new, 160 shells—$60.00. 250-3000 Savage used three years, $27.50. H. G. Blue, Sturgis, Mich.

IMPORTED Highpower Over and Under with telescope. Value, $200.00. Will sell at $125.00. Lippold, Beach Sands, Margate City, N. J.

FOR Sale—1E Ithaca shotgun, Savage N. R. A. rifle, both perfect. Geo. Gustin, Roann, Ind.

ARMS-Ammunition catalog, 10c. Lowest prices. Sequoia, 17 Spear St., San Francisco. (3-12)

Fish and Game Attractions

WILD Rice. New crop seed now ready for delivery. Best seed obtainable, from the great source of supply—Northern Minnesota. Guaranteed delivery in perfect condition. Waterfowl come where Wild Rice grows. Booklet. Also other best aquatic materials for waterfowl, fish and fur bearers—food and shelter. Write for literature. George D. Hamilton, Box 35, Detroit, Minnesota. (3-11)

BRING DUCKS to your waters. Plant natural foods—Wild Rice, Wild Celery, etc. We show you how. 29 years' successful experience. New illustrated folder and planting advice free. Write Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 28 L. Block, Oshkosh, Wis. (4-11)

MINNESOTA Hardy Wild Rice Seed. Write for special price on orders for immediate delivery. MacGregor-Dennerly Company, Aitkin, Minn. (3-12)

Fish For Sale

RAINBOW Trout Fry. 150,000 Rainbow Trout Fry from this spring's eggs. Just what you want for restocking that trout stream. Hardy stock being raised under natural conditions at St. Croix Falls, Wisconsin. Will sell all or part. Reasonable price. Also Rainbow and Brook Trout Eggs in season. Address Big Rock Creek Trout Club, 514 Guardian Life Building, St. Paul, Minn. (3-11)

Fishing Tackle and Bait

SOUR clams, best catfish bait, 2 lbs., $1. Doughbait, guaranteed to catch carp, 2 lbs., $1. Preserved minnows, 2 lbs., $1. Postpaid. J. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-11)

EXPERT Fishing Rod Repairing. Tournament rods to order. P. Wm. Arend, 3605 S. Broadway, Denver, Colo. (3-11)

Food Products

WILD Rice; an appetizing delicacy for the family table; unexcelled as a dressing with wild game; book of recipes with each order; parcels post delivered at 45c per lb.; 10 lb. lots, 40c per lb. G. W. Gunderson, Mahnomen, Minn.

PURE Maple Sugar in cakes. Three pound box, $2, postpaid. E. R. Blackman, Neillsville, Wis. (5-12)

11 LBS. Pure Maple Syrup, $3.25 per gal. Wm. Simpson, Birchwood, Wisc. (3-1)

For Sale or Exchange

SPORTSMEN Exchange: Guns, rifles, revolvers, rods, reels, cameras, field glasses, watches, musical instruments and furs, bought, sold and exchanged. Write us what you have, and we will make offer by return mail. Wanger & Co., 302 Market St., Dept. A, Phila., Pa. (3-11)

BUY, Sell and Trade all Makes of Guns, Fishing Tackle, Binoculars, Field Glasses, Watches, Diamonds, Old Gold, Gold Bridges, and Platinum. Watch repairing and diamond setting. Bankers' reference is required. Sam Efron, 170 E. 4th St., St. Paul, Minn. (3-12)

GUNS, Pistols, Field Glasses, Musical Instruments, Typewriters, Cameras, Watches, Books, and everything bought, sold and exchanged. Trade what you have for what you want. Write us. Everton & Sons Hdwe. Co., Logan, Utah. (3-1)

POULTRY, Wild Geese, Ducks, Peafowls, Pigeons, Pheasants, Stocking Game, Dogs, Milk Goats. Exchange. Pauly's Pheasantry, Kahoka, Mo. (3-12)

EXCHANGE — Stereo Prism Binocular, 8 power, $30.00 value. Want high power rifle or shotgun. B. A. Ferringer, Mayport, Pa. (3-11)

WANTED to exchange—One Monarch motion picture machine for Sept movie camera. F. J. Clifford, Brewster, Washington.

For Smokers

HOMESPUN Chewing and Smoking Tobacco—5 lbs. $1.25; 10 lbs. $2.50; 20 lbs. $4.50. Hickory Ridge Farms, Mayfield, Ky. (3-1)

HOMESPUN Tobacco, 5-lb. chewing, $1.80; 5 smoking, $1.00; prepaid. Jim Foy, Dukedom, Tenn. (3-12)

Game Birds and Animals

LIVE Decoys—guaranteed to please. Mallards, $4.50 pair, 2 pairs, $8.00; Gray Caller Decoys, $5.00 pair, 2 pairs, $9.00. Black ducks, $7.50 pair, 2 pair, $14.00. All other ducks, geese, swans, Canada geese, $17.50 pair. Prompt shipment, money back if not satisfactory. Possum Hollow Gamefarm, R. F. D. No. 46-A, Springfield, Ohio. (11X)

FOR SALE: Pure bred English Call Ducks, Canvas Backs, Red Heads, Teals, Pintails, and Widgeons, raised in captivity. Geese, Canada, Hutchins, Cackling, White Fronts, Snows, Ross, and Blue. Brants and Pheasants. Earl Haswell, Tekamah, Nebr. (3-1)

FOX Squirrels, $5.00 pair; Cottontail and Jack Rabbits Possums, $3.75 pair; Coons, skunks, minks, muskrats, Foxes, and other fur animals. Karakul fur sheep, Bear cubs, and Deer. Possum Hollow Game Farm, R. F. D., No. 46-C, Springfield, Ohio. (11X)

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Quebec. (6-4)

FOR Sale—Mallard Decoys, 1925 stock bred from trained callers. $5.00 per pair, $8.00 trio. Frank P. Zaleski, 1404 Jefferson St., Des Plaines, Illinois.

WE sell fur bearing animals and game of every description. Genuine wild turkey, squirrels, wild rabbits for stocking. Tarman's Fur Farms, Quincy, Penna.

WILD Mallards, $4.50 pr. Blackie Mallards, $8.00 pr. English Calls, $8.00 pr. Wild Geese, $20.00 pr. Highland Park Wild Fowl Preserve, Washington, Iowa. (2-12)

RINGNECK and Fancy Pheasants, Partridges, Quails, Wild Turkeys, Peafowl, Doves, Wild Waterfowl, Game and Ornamental Birds. Possum Hollow Gamefarm, R. F. D. No. 46-B, Springfield, Ohio. (11X)

BREEDER, trainer and shipper of English and Fitch Ferrets. Price, quality and safe delivery guaranteed. Correspondence solicited and catalogue free. Thos. L. Sellars, New London, Ohio. (3-12)

FOR Sale—Blue foxes, red fox, mink, skunks, raccoons, ferrets, opossums, muskrats, squirrels, rabbits. B. Tippman, Dept. N, Caledonia, Minn. (3-12)

Results mean more advertising. Help our advertisers get results.

For additional classified advertisements, see pages 76 and 77.

Game Birds and Animals—Cont'd

WILD Rabbits. Ozark Cotton-tails are better. Live arrivals guaranteed. Five years' successful experience. Order now for winter delivery. J. S. Frost, Box 266, Cassville, Mo. (3-11)

FOR Sale—Pure Bred English Call Ducks. Good quackers, $5.00 a pair. Two hens and drake, $7.00. Wm. Buntenbach, Washington, Iowa. (3-11)

SALE—Hundred Mink, $45.00 pair. Wild waterfowl. Game Birds. Animals for every purpose. Clinton Game Farm, Fayville, Ill. (3-1)

WILD Mallard Ducks. Fine for decoys. Pair, $3.75. L. D. Ford, Shawnee, Okla.

RELIABLE Rabbitry. Flemish Giants, New Zealands, Belgian Hares. Maikranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Pa.

DECOY Neck Holders. 25c each. $2.00 dozen postpaid. O. Robey, Maryville, Mo.

MALLARDS, pure wild strain, bred from Callers. U. S. Routzong, Cotter, Ark.

FERRETS, hand trained, regular pets, $4.50. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-12)

FANTAIL Pigeons. All colors. Ten dollars a pair and up. Roy Schmedel, Watertown, Wisc. (3-11)

FOR Sale—Wild Mallard Ducks for decoys or stocking, $2.00 each. Special price in quantities. Dr. Arthur, Covington, Ohio. (3-12)

FERRETS for killing rats and hunting rabbits. Stock guaranteed. C. E. Crow, New London, Ohio. (3-11)

FOR Sale—English call ducks, six dollars pair. Satisfaction guaranteed. G. C. Schuler, Orfordville, Wisc. (3-11)

PHEASANTS—Amherst and Golden. Japanese Silkie Bantams. Choice breeding stock. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (3-11)

WHITE and Brown Ferrets. Prices free. Book "On the Care," 10c. Bert Ewell, Wellington, Ohio. (3-12)

BANTAMS—Forty varieties. Catalog, 2c. F. C. Wilbert, Grand Rapids, Mich. (3-12)

FOR Sale—Silver, Patch and Red Foxes. T. R. Lyons, Waterville, N. S., Canada. (2-11)

FOR Sale—Wild Mallard ducks for decoys. C. Middleton, Modale, Iowa. (3-11)

LIVE Mallard decoys, four-fifty pair. Hugo Antl, Waterville, Minnesota. (3-12)

WILD Mallard Decoys, $3.00 per pair, $1.50 each. John Lee, Eureka, Ill. (3-11)

Help Wanted

MEN wanting forest ranger, railway mail clerk and other government positions, write for free particulars of exams. Mokane, Dept. B-37, Denver, Colo. (6-12)

Indian Goods

FOR Sale—Genuine Navajo Indian rugs. An exceptional gift from the far West. Suitable for any occasion. Hand woven from pure wool by the Navajo squaws. Price, $7.50 up. Delivery paid. As gifts these rugs have never failed to please as proven by the rush of orders at Christmas time. Satisfaction guaranteed. Illustrated folder upon request. Buel Canady, Winslow, Arizona. (10X)

BOW, Arrows, $1.60. Beaded Watch Fobs, $1.00. War Clubs, Belts, Necklaces, $3.75. Dozen Arrowheads, $2.00. Moccasin, $4.00. Beaded Hatbands, Headbands, $2.75. Modern Indian Curios, Stone Age Relics, Navajo Blankets. Birch Bark Canoe and Price lists, 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. O., Harbor Springs, Michigan. (11X)

Miscellaneous

PERSONS Pronounced Incurable from Rheumatism, Neuritis, desiring quick relief and guaranteed recovery, order Complete Treatment, $1.50. Satisfaction or Money Refunded. Address Prof. Guha, Huntington College Chemist, Box L-166, Huntington, Ind. (3-12)

BIG Game Hunters! Take a bottle of Buck-Lure along—double your chances. New way to hunt big game. Guaranteed to kill human scent—gives an attracting odor. Bottle for the season—$1.50. Use Buck-Lure and be successful. Buck-Lure Co., Dept. 23, Clayton, Mich.

BE an Auctioneer. Receive from $25.00 to $100.00 per day. Send for free illustrated catalogue. Also how to obtain Home Study Course free of charge. Reppert Auction School, Box 14, Decatur, Indiana. (3-1)

Miscellaneous—Continued

TRAPPERS, Attention—Use modern methods. Take skunks and other furbearers from dens without traps, smoke, water or digging. Instructions 50 cents. David Amstutz, Ranson, Kansas. (3-1)

ABSOLUTE Guaranteed Waterproof Shoe Grease. Send 35c for one; six cans, $1.50. Mailed to your address anywhere in United States. Ole Hansen, Ludington, Mich. (3-1)

RADIUMACT removes warts, moles, superfluous hair, coal, powder and tattoo marks. Particulars sent free. Radiumact Co., 1416 Cadwallader St., Philadelphia, Pa. (3-1)

"STA-SET" prevents rabbits tripping. Coyote—fox traps. Circular. Trapper's Exchange, Muldoon, Idaho. (3-1)

WATERWEEDS removed easily and effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. (8X)

HIGH blood pressure inexpensively overcome, without drugs. Send address. Dr. L. Stokes, Mohawk, Florida. (3-12)

TYPEWRITERS—$20 up. Easy payments, free trial. Payne Company, Rosedale, Kan. (9-5)

Outing Equipment

BEST Wool Blankets, Sleeping Bags, Wool Shirts, Stag Coats. Indian Handwoven Blankets. Theo. Langguth, Boise, Idaho. (3-12)

Photography

A BEAUTIFUL Present. An oil painting from your snapshot. Particulars, W. Taylor, 173 Spencer St., Vancouver, Canada. (3-1)

ENLARGEMENTS, 5x7, 25c; 8x10, 50c. Negatives sent safely returned. John Frey, 53 Walnut St., Newark, N. J. (3-12)

Printing and Stationery

A MAN'S Gift! A tip for wives, and for pals. Give him a card-case filled with 100 name cards. An all-the-year remembrance which costs but $1.50 for both. Satisfaction guaranteed. National Card Shop, Corfu, N. Y. (3-1)

$3 DELIVERED, 500 Watermarked Bond Letterheads, 8½x11, and 250 envelopes, money with order. Job Printing Specialty. National Printing Company, Goshen, Ind. (7x)

GUMMED Labels—3000, $1.00. Catalogue 2 cents. MacTaggart, 1235 Arch, Philadelphia, Pa. (3-1)

WE print stationery, booklets, catalogs, circulars. Samples. Fancier's Press, Box 1, Batavia, Ohio. (3-11)

Real Estate

FOR Sale—Pecan groves and farm, 880 acres. 475 acres under cultivation. Two cottages, water works, barn, cabins, etc. Three miles from town, well wooded. Mrs. Wm. H. Doughty, No. 822 Greene St., Augusta, Georgia. (3-1)

FOR Sale—640 acres, fine hunting grounds, four miles from Alger, Michigan; 520 acres with nice lake, 12 miles from Gladwin. Eugene Foster, Gladwin, Mich. (3-1)

SELL Your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-12)

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-12)

FLORIDA. 20 acres, Wauchula Hardee County. Fine climate. Soil, high, dry, well drained. Peace river fishing. Easy terms. F. B. Spoor, Byron, Ill. (3-12)

GUARANTEED Groves. Monthly payments. Suburban Orchards, Dept. A, Biloxi, Mississippi. (3-12)

OREGON Homesteads—Recently opened, offer exceptional opportunities. Map and details, $1. F. G. Thompson, Sheridan, Oregon. (3-12)

FOR Sale—One cottage, cottage lots near Lake Umbagog. For information write Cedric Judkins, Upton, Maine.

Stamp Collecting

UNITED States Stamps. Complete stock Postage, Dept's., and Revenues. Price list free. Voorhees, 7 So. Dearborn St., Chicago. (3-1)

BUY stamps from Cole's approvals. Cole, 3019A Wallace Street, Chicago. (3-12)

Taxidermy

A VERY rare newly mounted Alaska woodland caribou head. Forty-two points. Double brow Palms—main shafts fifty-one inches long. Perfect in every way. Edwin Dixon, Taxidermist, Unionville, Ontario. (3-1)

FOR Sale—Two large newly mounted Alaska moose heads. Fifty-eight and fifty-six inches spread of Horns. Wonderful heads. Perfect in every way. Edwin Dixon, Taxidermist, Unionville, Ontario. (3-1)

FOR Sale—Two newly mounted very rare Alaska white sheep heads. (Dalli) Elk and Deer heads. Edwin Dixon, Taxidermist, Unionville, Ontario. (3-1)

LET me mount your birds, animals, heads, fish, true to life; moth-proof. E. C. Shabilon, Artist Taxidermist, Orangeville, Ill. (3-11)

Wanted

WANTED: Old lithographs and prints of American sailing ships—views and buildings in large American cities—California, Baltimore and New York especially wanted, including Fifth Avenue Hotel and American Express Building. A. Stainforth, Winthrop, Mass. (3-11)

WANTED—Tame young birds and animals for School Park. Starlings, Motmots, Magpies, Crows, Ravens, Toucans, Parrots, Macaws, Parrakeets, Agoutis, Pacas, Squirrels, Raccoon foxes, Kinkajous, Foxes and other pets. Emerson School, Gary, Indiana. (12-6)

STORIES, Poems, Plays, Descriptive articles, etc., are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. or write Literary Bureau, 556, Hannibal, Mo. (12-10)

Wearing Apparel

KNEECAPS for cold knees, very nice wool hose and mittens knitted and repaired by Mary L. Church, 63 Pringle St., Kingston, Pa. (3-12)

REAL Harris Tweed, direct from the makers by post, $2 per yard, carriage paid; patterns free on request. S. A. Newall & Sons, 162 Stornaway, Scotland. (5-12)

Classified Results

Firearms

FOR Sale—256 Newton, new, 160 shells—$60.00. 250-3000 Savage used three years, $27.50. H. G. Blue, Sturgis, Mich.

BLUE & GILHAMS
STURGIS, MICHIGAN
KLINGER LAKE, MICHIGAN

Sept. 28, 1925

Outdoor America,
Chicago, Ill.
Sirs—

Enclosed check to cover advertisement. My ad in August issue brought over forty answers.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) H. G. Blue

Game, Birds and Animals

FERRETS, hand trained, regular pets, $4.50. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa.

CHARLES GALLAGHER
SPENCER, IOWA

Sept. 16, 1925.

Outdoor America,
Chicago, Illinois
Gentlemen:

Enclosed money order to continue my ad in your magazine. I intend to keep my ad in as long as I have anything to sell.

I am getting good results.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) Charles Gallagher

Bait and Fly Casting Department

National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs

Edited by Frederick J. Lane

L. F. Guerin of the San Francisco Fly and Bait Casting Club won the all-around championship of the third annual tournament of the Western Association of Scientific Angling Clubs at Sellwood Park pool yesterday when his manipulating of the rod and reel in both fly and bait events brought him a total of 7391 points. B. B. Farr, University Casting Club of Seattle, was second in the all-around race with 7299 and Walter F. Backus, Multonmah Anglers' and Hunters' Club, third with 7269.

The Multnomah Anglers' and Hunters' Club of Portland took the trophy for scoring the greatest number of points in the team event. Multnomah, through the efforts of its members who took several first prizes in addition to the numerous second and third places, had 39 points. Seattle Casting Club was second with 30, San Francisco third with 19 and the University Club of Seattle fourth with two points.

HEDGE WINS DISTANCE EVENT

With Guerin, Backus and Farr running a close race for the all-around honors, the final three events on the program yesterday were the deciding factors for the greatest honor of the tournament. Guerin who was leading when the first event got under way, cinched the prize when he took second in the distance fly event. Marvin Hedge of Portland won this event with an average of 116 1-3 feet. He also had the longest individual cast of 119 feet.

Backus and Farr tied for the all-around fly-casting championship with 3431 points each. They flipped a coin for the first prize and Backus won. F. J. Nist, one of the class B anglers of Seattle, won the all-around accuracy bait title, while the all-around distance bait honors went to L. F. Guerin. T. C. Miller, president of the University Casting Club of Seattle, scored the greatest number of points in the all-around fly championship in the novice class.

WORLD MARK THREATENED

Stanley Forbes, veteran caster of San Francisco, won the fisherman's plug accuracy event yesterday with a percentage of 99.7. He came within one point of tying the world's record for this event held by Dr. E. C. McFarland of Portland. Forbes had three demerits chalked against him. Dr. McFarland set the world's mark in the national tournament held here in 1921 with but two demerits against him.

The fisherman's plug distance event went to Orville Reed of Portland, who held a big lead with an average of 171. Dr. E. C. McFarland was second with 166 2-5 average, and D. C. Reid, Seattle, third with 165.

The tournament staged under the direction of A. K. Downs, general chairman of the tourney committee, was voted the most successful held by the association by the visiting anglers. The final event, an accuracy plug test for the women, was won by Mrs. F. J. Nist of Seattle; Mrs. O. L. Stout of Seattle was second and Mrs. J. J. Ross, also of Seattle, was third.

NEW OFFICERS ELECTED

San Francisco won the 1926 tournament. Officers elected for next year are Stanley Forbes, president; C. H. Kewell, vice-president; N. C. Unger, secretary-treasurer. All are members of the San Francisco Club. Trustees of the Association elected at the annual meeting were: C. A. Nearing, Portland; B. B. Farr, Seattle, and B. B. Perrew, Tacoma.

Following are the scores for yesterday's event:—

FISHERMEN'S PLUG ACCURACY—B. B. Farr, Seattle, 99.1; Jack Boehme, Missoula, 98.9; F. J. Nist, Seattle, 99.4; Walter Backus, Portland, 99.4; W. Edholm, Seattle, 99.0; O. L. Stout, Seattle, 98.5; L. F. Guerin, San Francisco, 98.9; N. LePage, Portland, 99.0; E. C. McFarland, Seattle, 98.9; H. W. Heitmiller, Seattle, 98.6; D. C. Reid, Seattle, 98.7; T. C. Miller, Seattle, 97.9; R. E. Lyttaker, Seattle, 99.1; M. R. Hedge, Portland, 99.1; George E. Shafer, Seattle, 99.1; B. B. Perrow, Tacoma, 99.2; H. R. Croson, Seattle, 98.8; C. H. Kewell, San Francisco, 99.3; H. B. Kirk, Seattle, 97.9; J. J. Ross, Seattle, 98.8; A. Van Austerhaut, Seattle, 99.3; Mrs. T. C. Miller, Seattle, 98.7; O. H. Reed, Portland, 97.8; F. E. McCoy, Portland, 98.6; Duke Wellington, Seattle, 98.6; D. C. Bryant, Seattle, 98.4; W. A. Cornell, Portland, 98.1; Stanley Forbes, San Francisco, 99.7; William Block, Portland, 99.5; A. E. Burghduff, Portland, 98.8; F. Kincaid, Portland, 99.0; J. W. Huberd, Newburg, 97.9; M. H. Butler, Portland, 98.9; R. J. Kirkwood, Portland, 98.6; C. Keller, Portland, 97.7; W. Kaiser, Portland, 98.6.

FISHERMEN'S PLUG DISTANCE—L. F. Guerin, San Francisco, 144 3-5; E. C. McFarland, Portland, 166 2-5; W. F. Bacus, 145 2-5; W. M. Edholm, Seattle, 130; B. B. Perrow, Tacoma, 155 4-5; H. W. Heitmiller, Seattle, 155 4-5; B. B. Farr, Seattle, 139; William Block, Portland, 115 1-5; H. R. Croson, Seattle, 148 1-5; George E. Shafer, Seattle, 120 3-5; C. H. Kewell, San Francisco, 110 2-5; W. Connell, Portland, 106; D. C. Reid, Seattle, 165; M. R. Hedge, Portland, 164; D. C. Bryant, Seattle, 121 2-5; Jack Boehme, Missoula, 90 1-5; Duke Wellington, Seattle, 43 1-5; J. J. Ross, Seattle, 118 2-5; S. Forbes, San Francisco, 97 2-5; F. J. Nist, Seattle, 50 1-5; N. LePage, Portland, 158 3-5; O. H. Reed, Portland, 171; R. E. Lyttaker, Seattle, 87 1-5; J. W. Huberd, Newberg, 113 1-5; Mrs. T. C. Miller, Seattle, 92 2-5; H. B. Kirk, Seattle, 63 3-5; W. Kaiser, Portland, 118.

DISTANCE FLY—W. C. Block, Portland, 95; B. B. Farr, Seattle, 107 1-3; W. F. Backus, Portland, 97 2-3; Stanley Forbes, S. F., 99; Jack Boehme, Missoula, 87; W. M. Edholm, Seattle, 78 —3; R. E. Lyttaker, Seattle, 91 —3; L. Guerin, San Francisco, 108; T. C. Miller, Seattle, 78 1-3; C. H. Kewell, San Francisco, 89; D. C. Reid, Seattle, 93; M. R. Hedge, Portland, 116 1-3; Duke Wellington, Seattle, 92 2-3; B. B. Perrow, Tacoma, 88; E. C. McFarland, Portland, 76 2-3; F. E. McCoy, Portland, 83; M. H. Butler, Portland, 95 1-3; H. W. Heitmiller, Seattle, 79 2-3; O. H. Reed, Portland, 104; W. A. Cornell, Portland, 95 1-3; H. B. Kirk, Seattle, 65 2-3; H. R. Croson, Seattle, 94 1-3; J. J. Ross, Seattle, 79 1-3; W. Kaiser, Portland, 91; J. C. Myers, Portland, 106 2-3; M. H. Davis, Portland, 93.

DRY FLY ACCURACY—W. C. Block, Portland, 99.4; B. B. Farr, Seattle, 99.5; W. F. Backus, Portland, 99.9; Stanley Forbes, San Francisco, 98.10; Jack Boehme, Missoula, 99.5; W. M. Edholm, Seattle, 93.3; R. E. Lyttaker, Seattle, 99.00; L. Guerin, San Francisco, 99.2; T. C. Miller, Seattle, 97.11; Chas. H. Kewell, San Francisco, 98.14; D. C. Reid, Seattle, 99.4; O. L. Stout, Seattle, 98.11; M. R. Hedge, Portland, 99.6; Duke Wellington, Seattle, 99.6; B. B. Perrow, Tacoma, 99.6; E. C. McFarland, Portland, 99.5; F. E. McCoy, Portland, 98.14; H. W. Heitmiller, Seattle, 98.9; O. H. Reed, Portland, 99.1; W. A. Cornell, Portland, 98.14; H. B. Kirk, Seattle, 98.7; H. R. Croson, Seattle, 98.12; J. J. Ross, Seattle, 98.8.

DRY FLY, UNKNOWN DISTANCE—W. C. Block, Portland, 99.3; B. B. Farr, Seattle, 98.8; W. F. Backus, Portland, 99.1; Stanley Forbes, San Francisco, 99.1; Jack Boehme, Missoula, 99.3; W. M. Edholm, Seattle, 98.9; R. E. Lyttaker, Seattle, 99.2; L. Guerin, San Francisco, 99.3; T. C. Miller, Seattle, 98.2; C. H. Kewell, San Francisco, 98.9; D. C. Reid, Seattle, 98.9; O. L. Stout, Seattle, 98.9; M. R. Hedge, Portland, 98.3; Duke Wellington, Seattle, 99.2; B. B. Perrow, Tacoma, 98.9; E. C. McFarland, Portland, 98.8; F. E. McCoy, Portland, 98.6; H. W. Heitmiller, Portland, 98.6; O. H. Reed, Portland, 97.9; W. A. Cornell, Portland, 98.8; H. B. Kirk, Seattle, 96.5; H. R. Croson, Seattle, 99.4; J. J. Ross, Seattle, 98.2; F. J. Nist, Seattle, 92.8.

HALF-OUNCE ACCURACY BAIT—B. B. Farr, Seattle, 98.8; Jack Boehme, Missoula, 98.1; F. J. Nist, Seattle, 99.1; Walter Backus, Portland, 82.2; W. Edholm, Seattle, 97.9; O. L. Stout, Seattle, 97.4; L. F. Guerin, San Francisco, 98.3; N. LePage, Portland, 97.1; E. C. McFarland, Portland, 98.0; H. W. Heitmiller, Seattle, 98.6; D. C. Reid, Seattle, 98.2; T. C. Miller, Seattle, 97.3; R. E. Lyttaker, Seattle, 97.9; M. R. Hedge, Portland, 96.8; George E. Schafer, Seattle, 97.6; B. B. Perrow, Tacoma, 98.0; H. R. Croson, Seattle, 97.5; C. H. Kewell, San Francisco, 97.4; H. B. Kirk, Seattle, 97.7; J. J. Ross, Seattle, 96.4; A. Van Austerhaut, Seattle, 97.6; Mrs. T. C. Miller, Seattle, 98.1; O. H. Reed, Portland, 98.0; F. E. McCoy, Portland, 97.6; Duke Wellington, Seattle, 97.4; D. C. Bryant, Seattle, 96.7; W. A. Cornell, Portland, 98.2; Stanley Forbes, San Francisco, 97.3; W. F. Block, Portland, 98.3; A. E. Burghduff, Portland, 97.7; F. Kincaid, Portland, 97.7; J. W. Hubard, Portland, 94.8; M. H. Butler, Newberg, 96.1.

HALF-OUNCE DISTANCE BAIT—L. F. Guerin, San Francisco, 205; E. C. McFarland, Portland, 170; W. Backus, Portland, 168; W. M. Edholm, Seattle, 157; B. B. Perrow, Tacoma, 179; H. W. Heitmiller, Seattle, 142; 154; B. B. Farr, Seattle, 169; W. F. Block, Portland, 142; H. R. Croson, Seattle, 128; George E. Schafer, Seattle, 123; C. H. Kewell, San Francisco, 137; W. Cornell, Portland, 137; D. C. Reid, Seattle, 130; M. R. Hedge, Portland, 171; Jack Boehme, Missoula, 150; F. E. McCoy, Portland, 170; Duke Wellington, Seattle, 98; J. J. Ross, Seattle, 117; S. Forbes, San Francisco, 125; F. J. Nist, Seattle, 126; N. LePage, Portland, 144; O. H. Reed, Portland, 182; R. E.Lyttaker, Seattle, 161; J. W. Hubard, Newberg, 116; Mrs. T. Miller, Seattle, 72.

RESULTS—ALL-AROUND—Guerin, San Francisco, 7391; Farr, Seattle, 7299; Backus, Portland, 7269; Edholm, Seattle, 6700; Perrow, Tacoma, 6668; McFarland, Portland, 6598; Reid, Seattle, 6461; Hedge, Portland, 6484; Boehme, Missoula, 6319; Heitmiller, Seattle, 6145; Block, Portland, 5977; Croson, Seattle, 5904; Forbes, San Francisco, 5900.

¼-OUNCE ACCURACY BAIT—B. B. Farr, 99.2; Jack Boehme, 99.2; F. J. Nist, 99; Walter Backus, 98.9; W. Edholm, 98.8; O. L. Stout, 98.8; F. Guerin, 98.7; N. LePage, 98.7; Stanley Forbes, 98.6; E. C. McFarland, 98.6; H. W. Heitmiller, 98.6; D. C. Reid, 98.5; Tom C. Miller, 98.3; R. E. Lyttaker, 98.3; M. R. Hedge, 98.2; Geo. E. Shafer, 98; B. B. Perrow, 98; H. R. Croson, 97.6; Chas. H. Kewell, 98; H. B. Kirk, 97.7; J. J. Ross, 97.6; A. Van Asterhaut, 97.5; Mrs. T. C. Miller, 97.3; O. H. Reed, 97.3; F. E. McCoy, 97.2; Duke Wellington, 97; D. C. Bryant, 97; W. A. Cornell, 95.7.

¼-OUNCE DISTANCE BAIT—F. Guerin, 161; E. C. McFarland, 152; W. Backus, 149; W. Edholm, 144; B. B. Perrow, 143; H. W. Heitmiller, 140; B. B. Farr, 138 3-5; Wm. Block, 135; H. R. Croson, 131; Geo. Shafer, 127; Chas. H. Kewell, 126; A. Van Austerhaut, 122; W. Cornell, 120, D. C. Reid, 120; M. R. Hedge, 106 1-5; D. C. Bryant, 106; Jack Boehme, 102; F. E. McCoy, 101; Duke Wellington, 98; J. J. Ross, 93; S. Forbes, 93; F. J. Nist, 92; N. LePage, 87; O. H. Reed, 84 2-5.

ACCURACY FLY—W. C. Block, 99.6; B. B. Farr, 99.5; W. F. Backus, 99.5; Stanley Forbes, 99.4; Jack Boehme, 99.3; W. M. Edholm, 99.1; R. E. Lyttaker, 98.14; L. Guerin, 98.13; T. C. Miller, 98.12; Chas. H. Kewell, 98.12; D. C. Reid, 98.11; O. L. Stout, 98.9; M. R. Hedge, 98.6; Duke Wellington, 98.7; B. B. Perrow, 98.4; E. C. McFarland, 98.3; F. E. McCoy, 97.13; M. H. Butler, 98.1; H. W. Heitmiller, 97.12; A. Van Asterhaut, 96.11; O. H. Reed, 97.7; W. A. Cornell, 97.11; H. B. Kirk, 97.10; H. R. Croson, 97.6.

THE FOREST AND STREAM CLUB OF WESTMINSTER, MARYLAND, HAVE ANNUAL TOURNAMENT

All casting was done under the rules of the N. A. S. A. C. and scores were good for the first time under these rules.

The casting championship was won by Henry L. Hobby who won first the following events: ½ ounce accuracy, 98.5; ¼ ounce distance, 123.8 feet; fisherman's distance, 148.7 feet.

The longest cast of the half ounce weight was made by Guy W. Steele, 210 feet, with Edwin M. Mellor a close second with 207 feet. The longest cast of the quarter ounce weight was made by Guy W. Steele, with 140.5 feet, and with the 5-8 plug F. LaMotte Smith made the longest cast of 201 feet.

The most interesting event of the contests was that of the five-eighths ounce plug. In accuracy F. LaMotte Smith's score was 99 and the Club membership is pleased that this score should be made by Mr. Smith, who is a newcomer.

"He's deadlier 'n any snake!"

"If a moccasin bit him, the moccasin would die. He's master cunning. He's led more 'n one poor traveler into Sam Mason's grip. He can dress and act like a fine gentleman. He can enter a church and preach a mighty good sermon against sin. If his shoulders was even he'd be the most dangerous man in the country. . . . He's as bad at heart as ever Big Harp was and as sly and cunning as the devil. . . . Dancer is the queerest man you ever heard tell of. He won't strike when there's risk to himself. Never! But he's worse than any Injun you ever heard of when it comes to remembering a grudge. He's just b'iling pizen 'til he can even up a score. And he's got a grudge against me, Jeffy."

Read about Dancer — this stealthy, deadly murderer in Hugh Pendexter's great new serial, "The Border Breed." It's a stirring tale of exciting adventure in those turbulent years of 1800 to 1814. Hugh Pendexter is hailed as probably our greatest writer of early American times and this novel, "The Border Breed," is one of his best. Read it not only for its swift action and breathless suspense, but because of the picture it will give you of the earlier days of our nation. Mr. Pendexter is known for his accuracy in historical facts as well as for his ability to tell a rattling good story.

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